

FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

London.

MDCCCXLIII



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Painted by F.P. Stephanoff.

Engraved by Augustus Fox.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill, London.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLIII.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says— Forget me not !"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1843.

London : STEWART and MURRAY, Old Bailey



TO

HER MAJESTY,

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

The Editorial Speech, we are sorry to say, cannot this year be entirely of a congratulatory nature. It is true we have to report the continued favourable disposition of the public, and to return the same warm thanks as usual to our contributors, both lords and commons; but a circumstance of a vexatious nature has occurred which demands some notice.

On comparing the list of Embellishments with the actual contents of the volume, it will be found that there is one wanting; and unfortunately this one (after a beautiful painting by Cattermole) would have greatly added to the interest of our collection. It was put into the hands of Mr. Brain, who covenanted to

furnish a first-rate engraving within a given time; but owing, as he states, to some fault in the steel, he has not yet been able to complete the work.

We are happy to think, however, that the superior value of the Embellishments of the present volume more than compensate for this small diminution in their number; and our readers, we trust, will thank us for the FRONTISPIECE, in which, independently of its merit as a work of art, we have been able to present them with the only complete group existing of portraits of the Royal Family.

While returning thanks to those who have adorned our pages with their contributions, we feel it to be our duty to mention one name, because from the individual in question, we have received services of a different and more laborious nature than those of an ordinary contributor. To the zeal and skill of MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN, therefore, we acknowledge ourselves much indebted; and we hope her numerous literary friends will accept through her our respectful thanks for their assistance.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

I.—The Royal Family. Comprising correct Portraits of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal

Engraved by Augustus Fox; from the Original Painting by F. P. Stephanoff ..... *Frontispiece*

II.—The Presentation Plate. Engraved by J. W. Cook; from a Painting by H. Corbould ..... *Title*

III.—The Castle, &c. of Amboise. Engraved by Edward Goodall; from a Drawing by J. R. 72

IV.—The Dying Chief. Engraved by J. Brain; from the Original Painting by G. Cattermole 109

V.—Norah. Engraved by E. Radclyffe; from a Drawing by P. F. Poole 145

VI.—The Anxious Wife. Engraved by J. H. Kernot; from a Drawing by L. Corboux 204

VII.—Shipping at the Nore. Engraved by A. Le Petit; from the Original Drawing by R. P. Bonnington 253

VIII.—The Harvest Meal. Engraved by G. A. Periam; from a Painting by E. Corbould..... 305

IX.—The Beetle Worshipper. Engraved by J. Brain; from a Painting by Charles Scottowe 373

CONTENTS.

Page

The Frontispiece. By Miss Camilla Toulmin 1

Memoires pour Servir. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 6

Sonnet. To Catherine * * *. By C. S. H. 36

The Adventures of a Cashmere 37

Lines on the Dandelion. By Miss Mary Roberts 59

The Broken Chain, (concluded from last year's volume). By J. R. of Christ Church, Oxford 61

The Emigrants in England. By Miss Emma Gray 86

Lines Written on hearing of the Death of L. E. L. By Miss Alicia Jane Sparrow..... 105

Sonnet. By E. H. F..... 108

Page

Gonzalvo's Daughter. A Tale. By Miss Grace Aguilar.... 109

Canzonet. By Major Calder Campbell..... 143

Sonnet. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley..... 144

Norah. A Leaf from "My Scrap Book." By Mrs. F. Macarthy 145

Narcissus. By Miss Mary Anne Browne..... 157

April the First. By Mrs. Abdy 160

To Caroline 162

Jessy. A Tale of Old London Bridge. By N. Michell, Esq, Author of "The Fatalist," &c. 163

The Death of Montrose. By Lord John Manners..... 172

New Year's Eve. (From the German of Jean Paul Von Ritcher.) By Mrs. Charles Richardson 175

On a Friend. By M. F. T. 178

The Reproach of the Rose. By Miss Anna Savage 180

Some Passages in the Life of a Governess. By Miss Helena Herbert 182

Impromptu. By Miss Elizabeth Youatt, Authoress of "The Price of Fame," &c. 200

Sonnet. By Walter Prideaux, Esq. 201

Page

Sonnet. A Picture. By Walter Prideaux, Esq. 202

Evening Influences. By Major Calder Campbell 203

The Anxious Wife. By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson 204

Coquetry; or, Cyril Mowbray. A Tale. By Mrs. Walker .. 205

The Twin Sisters. By Miss H. B. Macdonald 219

The Novice. A Tale. By the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton .. 221

Written after spending three hours in Lough's Studio. By Miss Camilla Toulmin 248

A Lyric. By Miss Florence Wilson 252

The Return 253

A Poet's Wealth. By Miss Mary Anne Browne 255

Jacob. A Tale of the Jews in Germany. By Miss Celia Moss, Authoress of "The Romance of Jewish History," &c. . 257

A Fragment. By Miss Marguerite Power 273

Death of "the Geraldine." By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. 274

Retaliation. By Miss Camilla Toulmin 280

The Mountain Maid. By Miss Elizabeth Scaife..... 303

The Lady Lillian. A Border Ballad. By Miss Anna Savage 305

The Mutiny on Board the Hermione; and the Conspiracy on Board La Renommée 309

Page

The Fountain of Tears. An Arab Tale. By Miss Eleanor Louisa Montague..... 318

To my Library. By Joseph Fearn, Esq., Author of "Schism and Repentance," &c. &c. 320

The Desert Isle. By Mrs. Abdy 323

The Twice-Betrothed. (Abridged from the German.) By Alexander Patten, Esq..... 325

The Gods of Greece. (Translated from the German of SCHILLER.) By Leopold J. Bernays, Esq. 363

To a Lady at Bridgenorth on her Birth-day. By C. S. Hervé, Esq., ... 369

On being asked to make Myself useful 372

The Beetle-Worshipper. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 373

Keepsakes. By Miss Anna Savage 375

The Dreams of Old. By Miss Mary Anne Browne 379

Stanzas. By Victoire Victoire 383

THE FRONTISPIECE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Our own loved Queen! Each loyal heart now leaps
At thoughts of thee and thine. Whence is the spell
Ere early youth be passed, that wins and keeps
The hearts of millions, who can feel, not tell
The mystic power which binds them, and doth swell
Into a holier chain than that was known
Which cold allegiance forged,—when first there fell
Upon a nation's ears, thy name—a tone
Whose syllables now have a music of their own!

'Tis a strange fancy—yet when I have trod
Those holy fanes, where rest the royal dead,
I've thought their spirits hovering o'er the sod
And letter'd stones which echoed to my tread,
With viewless hand, and spirit whisper led
My thoughts to hold communion with the things
Of their far years; and thus, methinks, I read
—As each some noble gift around Thee flings,
Heart-greetings to thee, from old England's greatest Kings!

To fancy, their cold ashes tongues do own,
And I could dream the best and wisest there,
Those who the noblest bore the heavy crown,
And yet most felt its weight—those spirits rare,
Whom death releasèd from a monarch's care,
Do greet thee with parental love and pride.
What joy! if they with Banquo's mirror fair
—Those antique sires by wisdom's lessons tried,
Had traced thyself—thy virtues on its crystal side!

Almost a thousand years have passed away
Since the "great" Alfred ruled our sea-girt land,
And shed upon its darkness the bright ray
Of his pure intellect, which did expand
And herald forth to climes beyond our strand,
A dawn which promised day. Ah! yes, I ween
The root *was* princely, and the tree did stand
The shock of ages; branches brave were seen
To rise and flourish, but no flower like our fair Queen!

Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor—those
Were grafted on that regal Saxon stem,
Which seemed, when Brunswick's fair-haired race uprose,
To gain congenial strength; from each of them
Thou dost inherit as a peerless gem
Some glorious attribute: Plantagenet
(Who twice was crown'd with England's diadem)
Bequeath'd his "lion heart," for never yet
Was soul so firm in such a lovely casket set.

E'en while I write *—as with an earthquake's shock,
The angry nation reels from shore to shore,
And now thy grateful people fondly flock
To tell thee how they love—the peril o'er,
To render thanks on high.—Oh! if before
Thou wert most dear, what word can half express
Those burning feelings, we but coldly pour
Into the mould of speech—that hour's distress
Proclaimed the "lion's heart," yet woman's tenderness!

But for this stern appalling deed my lyre
Perchance had wakened to a gayer strain,
Such as best suits the fitful, sparkling fire,
That gladness kindles in a poet's brain;
But burning thoughts, that smould'ring there had lain,
Consume mere joyous fancies, and demand
A sterner, graver measure—and their chain
Leads me to point thus, at the traitorous hand,
That wounded every English heart throughout the land!

It is an hour of rest,—sweet, holy, dear,—
No crown doth press upon that forehead fair,
But he, the chosen of thy heart, is near,
To whose fond love and ever anxious care
Thyself was given. Granted is the prayer
That rose from millions, when thou didst select
That noble nature in whose lustre ne'er
Could even envy's factious breath detect
One spot or shade to darken his high intellect!

* June 1st, 1842.

But 'tis not only mind—or poet's gift,
Or skill o'er painter's pencil—or such powers
Which do our hearts in reverent homage lift
Unto The Prince, howe'er life's fleeting hours
Are winged and hallowed by the lavish showers
The mind can scatter from its countless store;
All these are his and thine, of both the dowers,
And yet of love heartfelt and flowing o'er—
The generous noble heart, and kindly words win more!

It is an hour of rest—sweet, holy, dear,
In which affection's fount is all unsealed,
Whose gushing waters, deep, and bright, and clear,
Find here pure channels for their course revealed.
Oh, what a wealth of tenderness concealed
Dwells in the fond caress and circling arm!
A balm by which fate's deepest wounds are healed.
Flowers at your feet! fit emblems,—would a charm
They had to overgrow all weeds that sting and harm!

Thy first-born clinging to a mother's knee
In all of infant beauty's untaught grace!
With Fancy's eye a smile of joy I see,
And thoughts beyond her baby years I trace,
Rejoicing that the brother of her race
Hath ta'en away with firm but gentle right,
The shadow of a crown that Time must place,
And cares, and heavy sceptre, from her sight,—
Now flowers and gems alone shall press those tresses bright!

'Tis a proud title, beauteous boy, is thine,
Borne by full many of the great of old,
Belonging only to that regal line
Whose sires are thine. Oh! dead or marble cold
The heart that does not fond remembrance hold
Of him " the Black" of Poitiers'—Cressy's fields,
Boy conqueror—who won, as true as bold,
The filial motto England never yields,
From wild Bohemia's brave old king for *both* your shields!

How rare the host revealed by memory's light,
Who bore the title England's heir must claim,
And bore it like a star upon the night
Of those dark ages when the warrior's name
Almost alone was trumpeted by fame!
But happier omens than star-gazing seers
(Who in those days such oracles became)
E'er conjured 'mid their frantic hopes and fears,
Young Prince, shed influence sure upon thy opening years!

God grant you life—long life, ye royal pair!
Not all unselfish is the prayer, I know,
That we may bask beneath the sunshine rare
Of your pure influence—your children grow
Beneath its high protection—till they show
The pattern of a princely house. And may
The gathering drifts of many winters' snow
Fall gently o'er you, ere the last sad day
Leaves to a child of yours Old England's realms to sway!

MEMOIRES POUR SERVIR.

A Friendship's Offering for Romancers.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

When the world one day gave us a hint that it would no longer, by reading our fictions, debar itself from the advantage of our more important services, we quitted the romantic department of literature in such hasty dudgeon as to leave unused a considerable quantity of valuable materials. In this case an author suffers severe loss, for his materials, unlike all others, have no pecuniary value in the market. He cannot advertise, for instance, either for public auction or private contract —

Lot I. The Plot of a Story, excepting the main incidents, and some of the principal characters.

Lot II. A Sketch of a Play, with the hero wanting, but the denouement well on to being imagined.

Lot III. The Skeleton of an Epic Poem, all but the rhymes and measure.

As for the professional publishers of fiction, they will have nothing to do with materials — they must

have three volumes of three hundred and fifty pages each; and it is understood that some of the leading members of the fraternity, in order to save trouble of a practically useless nature, have devised a plan for paying at so much per thousand lines, for all manuscripts indiscriminately, — that is, in those rare cases when they pay anything at all.

Materials on hand, however, are a great vexation. They lie like a sin upon the conscience, upbraiding their collector with wasted time, and misused thought. They resemble an anonymous bantling which one wants to leave at somebody's door, if nothing else can be done with it; and for our part, since we cannot otherwise dispose of our burthens, we have conceived the idea of giving them away, in a Friendship's Offering, to any well-disposed person who will take them in hand. The following is the first donation, which anybody who chooses is at liberty to take up; and we are in hopes it will be found useful, when the new system above alluded to comes into practice.

VOLUME I.

It was a cold, gusty, gloomy October day, and the wind blew in fierce eddies over one of the largest and most sterile commons in the North of England. On the road which stretched along the side of this desolate area, some score of travellers combated the adverse gale. They were of the lowest class of society — the very Pariahs of the land, without occupation or fixed abode; and seemed to be for the most part unconnected

with each other in their desperate fortunes, but drifted together on the present occasion, like the loose tufts, sticks, and rubbish of the common, by the storm.

One of the party was a man of middle age, but bowed prematurely by disease, intemperance, and neglect. His wasted features were at this moment flushed by drinking; and his hollow eye was lighted up with the wild mirth of the desperado. He staggered along the road, singing, cursing, and coughing, by turns, and was followed by a little boy, who trotted after him with his feet, legs, breast, and head bare to the weather. Why did the boy follow *him?* He received from him neither food, nor shelter, nor instruction; living on broken victuals, lying in a barn or under a hedge, and learning patient endurance, daring, and guile, from cold, and hunger and stripes, and curses. But the man was his father; and so the little lad, without knowing why, trotted after him during the day, and crept near him when they lay down at night.

It came on to rain, and the rain was cold, and the drops dashing against the faces of the outcasts by the wind, seemed to cut like so many flints. They were at this time opposite a gentleman's house (not a gentleman's seat) and the wanderers, with one accord, took shelter in an open veranda. The gentleman sat in his room within, which was warm and comfortable, and well but not expensively furnished. He sat by the side of a cheerful fire, with wine on the table, and a friend sitting on the opposite side, and a pretty little girl, his only child (whose mother was dead) playing

at his feet. This party looked at the other through the window, but by reason of the wire blind, could only be seen imperfectly in return, and the gentleman remarked to his friend, as he sipped his wine :

"These stupid people have been loitering upon the common, although they must have observed the rain coming on. Look how ill that man is, and yet the wretch has been drinking ! I dare say that little boy who is flattening his nose against the window is his son."

"Yes," replied the friend, sipping his wine too ; "and if that boy should pass this way thirty years hence, you will find him the counterpart of what his father is now. He is a predestined vagabond, placed in a vortex of circumstances which he can no more control than yonder straws that are dancing in the gust."

"Still harping on 'the unspiritual god !' What if we put the thing to the test, ha ? Shall we buy that little boy, Edith, and try what we can make of him ?" Edith opened her round, wondering orbs as she looked up at her father, and then turned a glance of fear to the window, where a pair of eager eyes, surmounting the flattened nose, were gazing at the comfortable fireside.

"You may buy him," said the friend, "with little cost to you, and great advantage to him. In the course of a few weeks, by the mere change of circumstances, you may convert this helpless vagabond into a respectable parish apprentice."

The two friends discussed the idea at first merely for the sake of conversation; but as they talked and sipped, and as the fire grew brighter in proportion as the shadows of the afternoon darkened, it seemed to become less and less extravagant. By this time the vagrants had passed on their way—all but the father and son.

"Let us ask him what he will take," cried the gentleman suddenly; "that will do no harm." And opening the window cautiously, and holding his handkerchief to his mouth to defend himself from the air—

"Ho, friend!" said he; "come, have done with that cough, and don't keep me in the cold—what will you take for your son here? I want a boy."

"A glass of rum and a shilling," replied the man readily, his cough rendered more frightful by the laugh with which it was now mingled. This reasonable charge decided the question. The gentleman thought, somehow or other, that his purchase was an affair of economy, and the bargain was completed on the spot.

"Now, in with you, Ned," said the man, "for I must be off; go right in through the window."

"Won't you go too?"

"No,—'cause it's a boy the gentleman wants; he don't want me at no price—ha! ha!"

"If you won't, I won't; I'll go with you."

"There's an undutiful wagabond! get in, or I'll pitch you right smack at the head of the little gal!—Don't you be a fool," added he, in a softer tone; "don't you see I am on my last legs? Why, I shall be dead

in a ditch before this shilling can well melt into gin!" The struggle was ended by a servant, a strong coarse woman, who had taken her master's post at the window, seizing the boy by the rags, and dragging him into the room. The shutters were then closed; the cheap bargain was carried off to be shorn, ducked, and scrubbed; little Edith remained gazing in silent pity, fear, and wonder at the door through which he had vanished, and the two gentlemen returned to their wine and metaphysics.

Ned had often been ducked, but never washed before; but he submitted with the sufferance which is the badge of his tribe, although resolving with its equally characteristic resolution, that he would remain no longer than he could help it in a house where such heathenish practices were carried on. Besides, he wanted his father, for he *belonged* to him; while here he was among strangers who made no scruple to cleanse people from head to foot with soap and water. He traversed his bed-room, where he was locked up in it for the night, like a wild beast, munching his supper all the while; and at length when the coast was clear, he raised the window noiselessly, and by the aid of a sturdy vine climbed down the wall like a cat. He was soon on the common, and with the wind beating in his face, pursued his lonely way in search of his father.

On the left was a thick and lofty hedge, enclosing the reclaimed lands from the very eyes of the wanderer; while on the other hand lay the dusky common, "stretching many a rood." Before him the solitary road led he

knew not whither. It was dark, cold, and gusty; but the little lad trotted briskly on, thinking that the next public-house could not be *very* far off, and that his father would surely stop there till the shilling was spent. He at length reached the very confines of the common; and there, leaning against the boundary-stone of two meeting parishes, he found the object of his search.

"Is it you, Ned?" said the man faintly; "what business had you to leave that snug crib?"

"Don't beat me much," whimpered the boy, "now don't ye! I couldn't stay—I wanted you."

"You are a fool, Ned, and you have injured the respectability of your family by preventing your father —ha! ha!—from dying with money in his pocket. I could not get on farther; this infernal cough would not let me; and I could not trust those riff-raff with the shilling to get some gin—for why? because I saw they thought I should be dead before the pot-boy could reach me. Run, good Ned; the public-house is close by, and it is a hard thing to die with a shilling to spend. Bring a quartern of the physic, or a half pint when you are about it—and a loaf for yourself—run!" His words became fainter and fainter, and the boy, after gazing for a moment in his father's face, flew like lightning to execute his commands.

The people at the public-house asked him whether he had not seen a dead body on the road near the boundary-stone, where a party of travellers had reported it would be found; but Ned replied that if he

could only get back in time the body would be living enough, as gin always did his father good; so he sped back, as he had come, like lightning, not even waiting to take a mouthful of the medicine himself. His father had sunk upon the ground, where he sat leaning his back against the stone, too weak to speak; but when the boy poured some of the accustomed cordial into his mouth, nature rallied for a moment.

"It won't do, Ned," said the dying man; "and why?—because my time is come. It is of no use—that was my last sup in this world. But I say, Ned, promise me you won't drink what is left when I am dead—promise me that, for I have a reason."

"I do promise. I would spill it now, but you may want it. You will sleep very well under the lee of this stone; and I will sit beside you, and keep you warm. In the morning another sip will set you on your legs again, and we shall get on."

"But where, Ned?—where?—answer me that. Do you know even the name of the next town—or do I? Where have I been going all my life?—where am I going now—now—now? But I say, Ned, what have you stolen?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!—why you *are* a fool! Go back, boy, the instant I am dead; and say that you only went out for a lark upon the common—say anything to make them take you back; and mind—mind, Ned,—don't you run away again till you get hold of something worth stealing—something that will do you good—something

that will set you up. It is a bad thing to be a wagabond all one's life—desperate bad, Ned; with no place but the road to die in; no pillow but a stone; no one to care for you but a little boy!—and then to be cast into the earth like a dog! But I will plague them yet, dead or alive. Draw that leg separate a bit, and put my back right at the middle of the stone. Is it so?"

"Yes, father."

"Then I am in two parishes, my boy! Wait till the overseers come. My eye, what a game there will be! There will be fighting about the corpse, as sure as you are alive—fighting as to who shall *not* bury it! There will be a treat for the wagabond's son! What noise is that, Ned?"

"Three or four men coming across the common, and three or four more along the road."

"Are the overseers there? Is it the workhouse gangs?"

"I think it be," said the boy, beginning to sob for the first time.

"Ha! ha! that is glorious fun! Don't let me down, Ned; keep me right between the two parishes. Where are you, boy? I can't feel you. When I used to curse you, Ned, I didn't mean it—mind that. There, it is enough—let them have a leg a piece, ha! ha!" and the unhappy vagrant yielded up the ghost.

An overseer, and several paupers carrying a stretcher, now reached the spot, panting, for they had descried the approach of the other party.

"He is not dead!" cried the functionary; "I knew

he could not be dead in our parish. I say, young one, no loitering here. Take your father to the other end of the stone. Come, my men, help the poor little fellow a bit."

"Hold!" shouted the other overseer, arriving at the critical moment; "stand off, paupers; we shall have no carrion in our parish but what Heaven sends. I say, Mr. Timbs, the body is yours—" giving it a shove with his stick.

"It is a lie, Mr. Tomkins!" replied Mr. Timbs, shoving on the other side; while the paupers, entering warmly into the feelings of their chiefs, began to push against each other with the two stretchers. At this moment, the gentleman, who had quite finished his wine and metaphysics, entered upon the scene of contention, preceded by a lantern. He was in search of the living vagrant—not of the dead one, (and of the former only to take care that he should not perish in that inclement night upon the common, in which case he, the gentleman, might suffer blame); but when he understood the nature of the fracas, he found little difficulty—being a gentleman—in persuading the parochial functionaries to come to a compromise. The body was hurried to the workhouse across the common; and the metaphysician, who had blamed severely both his wine and his philosophy, went home very well satisfied to see the poor little boy whom he had bought, following the cortége, till all was lost in the gloom.

Ned, however, only waited to see, at a safe distance,

and sobbing bitterly, but silently,—the remains of his father swallowed up by the workhouse gates; he then turned round, and bounded again like a dog across the common. On reaching the gentleman's house, he climbed up the sturdy vine as stealthily as he had descended,—got once more into his snug bed-room, and laying himself down, for the first time in his life, upon a decent bed, was soon fast asleep.

VOLUME II.

The life of Edith Browne was as smooth and even as her temper. Apparently a little cold, and really a little devout, she was precisely adapted for the common sphere in which she moved, and would have regarded with dread the idea of being transferred to a higher one. During her father's life, she was a petted child, with few companions, and no friends; and although assuming suddenly but unconsciously at his death the manner of the young woman, but little other change that was perceptible took place in her position. She remained contented in the paternal house that looked over the common, and which was now her own property; and although esteemed quite a wealthy heiress in that part of the country—possessing an unincumbered income of three hundred pounds a-year—she was troubled with no suitor whom it cost her a pang to refuse, and with none to whom her refusal was a very severe infliction. Edith, notwithstanding, was undoubtedly pretty, with regular features, and pre-eminently sweet blue eyes; but her sedate deportment, her calm though melodious

voice, and her whole air, that seemed to indicate the absence of passion, appeared to exercise a curative influence over those who were touched by her beauty or attracted by her fortune.

Yet this passionless and retiring girl was not without her own secret cares and solitary dreams. She had no brother, she had now no father, she had no intimate friends; but, for all that, the human sympathies were alive in her bosom, and they cannot live without an object. To say that she loved, in the usual sense of the word, that outcast lad who had been her playmate for so many years, and who had vanished as suddenly as he came, before she had quite ceased to be a child, would perhaps be improper; but he was to her instead of brother, and father, and friend, and companion, and the feelings which all these might have shared were concentrated on him. She could now recall, although unconscious of it at the time, the opening of his fiery and masculine mind—the longing, yet defiance with which he looked abroad upon a world where there was not one living soul to whom he was anything, or who was anything to him—the perpetual struggle between the bitterness with which he felt the neglect, and the gratitude with which he received the benefits of his patron. Suffered to remain in the house, at first from indolence and procrastination, then from habit, if not affection, he grew up, neither a son nor a dependant, but now treated like one, now like the other, and always, whether in kindness or harshness, wrung by retrospections that were sometimes meant to admonish, some-

times to chastise. He received no regular education, but learned the tasks of Edith with a speed which soon outstripped hers, and devoured the miscellaneous library of Mr. Browne with an avidity which was truly remarkable. When these pasture-fields were at length stripped, his mind began to prey upon itself. He became restless, irritable, unhappy; and at length, on some dispute with his protector, he left the house suddenly, partly of his own accord, and partly ordered, in a moment of anger, to be gone.

Edith never forgot that parting! The difficulty with which she brought herself to believe that Ned was actually about to leave her—the warmth, almost fierceness of the clasp with which he pressed her to his bosom—the look of mingled grief and admiration he riveted upon her face—and the torrent of tears which at length, notwithstanding his convulsive efforts to subdue it, burst upon her shoulder—all returned to her again and again with undiminished vividness, till in process of time the picture which caused the girl to weep made the woman pant and tremble. Neither did Edith forget her own share of these adieus,—the attempt she made to restrain him, by sheer force, from so desperate an adventure—the look of terror she turned upon that unknown world, far, far beyond the common, into which he was about to plunge so madly—the eager entreaties with which she conquered his shame, and compelled him to accept of the whole wealth of her pocket-money—and then the comparatively tranquil tears and painless sobs with which she

entrusted him to his fortune, rich in a whole unbroken crown piece!

Some years passed away before the outcast was heard of, when suddenly a little box of delicate things that grow in far eastern countries brought with it, more prized than all, a letter from her friend. An interval of some years more took place, and she heard from him again. He was in London. He spoke of prosperity, of competence, that had opened out to him, and only *hinted*—but in language intelligible to her heart—that he was toiling for the privilege of asking her to share his fortunes. The next was a more desponding letter; then another interval, terminated with brighter hopes: —and so poor Edith's life run away, tranquil and almost sluggish to the eye, but with an under-current of care and thought, which, though hidden, formed the main body of the stream.

At her father's death, she was free in person, and independent in property. Is it wonderful that she should have thought it necessary to visit London, on some little matters of law which might have been as well arranged by letter? As Edith approached the metropolis, however, she would have given her whole fortune to be at home again. He had never written a word that could be construed into an actual proposal, and what monstrous indelicacy it was in her to come from the other end of the country to present herself before him! Although provided with a letter of introduction from the rector of the parish, which would procure for her every friendly assistance, she

had intended to send for Edward (no longer Ned!) to request him to go with her to the lawyer's; but she now determined to transact her little business—and *probably* to return to the country—without seeing him. This latter resolution, however, she could not keep; and when her errand was accomplished, she made up her mind to write to him on the following morning, and only deferred it till then that she might consult her pillow as to the terms of her note.

In the meantime, being particularly fond of music, she took advantage of an invitation from her new acquaintances, and went with them to the Italian opera. "I shall not see him there," thought she, "for it is the resort only of the rich and luxurious!" But she was mistaken. When they were coming out, some obstruction was caused by a party of fashion, composed of several ladies and gentlemen; and as Edith heard titled names pronounced, she stopped like the others, to gaze with curiosity on the distinguished individuals. She was attracted more especially by a very lovely face, which seemed to her the very beau ideal of high aristocratic beauty, expressing externally gentleness and condescension, but with an under current of pride too proud for any vulgar demonstration. The gentleman on whose arm this radiant creature leant, and whom she heard mentioned as Lady Georgiana Mortonville, she did not at first observe; but as they came near she saw, with what surprise may be imagined, that he was —the vagrant's son!

His features were a little bronzed, but otherwise

unaltered ; although they had probably acquired from time the depth and precision which the last chiselled touches of the sculptor give to a marble statue. He was elegantly dressed, and possessed all the ease of high breeding ; and as he led forward his charge,—seeming to hang upon his very breath,—her eyes caught his with an expression composed of mingled love and triumph. Edith, with the instinct of a woman, looked at her own humble dress as they drew near, then shrank behind her companion, and in a moment the glittering apparition had swept by, and vanished from her sight. The next morning the heiress took her seat in the coach, and returned to the desolate common.

The wonderful change in the appearance and apparent fortunes of her father's protegé, which had struck Edith with so much surprise, will not appear wonderful to those who have traced his history throughout the present volume. Without trade or profession, without friends or family, the youth had grown into a man, the sport of those vicissitudes which the inexperienced term adventures, and the religious, judgments or providences. He had secured no anchorage in the world, but was drifted along at the mercy of the wind and the tide. Always striving to rise above his origin, every new connection he formed as the old one was dissolved, carried him yet farther into the higher ranks of society ; although, always thinking with terror of the last words of his unhappy father, he still found himself unable to escape the fate which seemed to pursue him into every grade of life—the doom of the vagrant and outcast.

He never had a shilling which he could properly call his own; for his fictitious station and ambitious plans, required an appearance far above his means, and thus he lived, as it were in advance, a pensioner of hope and a dependent on casualty. His friendships, as the world calls them, were alliances of interest, in which the great and wealthy lent their countenance and support to intellectual power; and thus when circumstances occurred to dissolve the union, it passed away so utterly as not to leave an acquaintanceship behind. Still there was a vigour in this man's mind, which, united with a jealous integrity of character, commanded respect where it did not win affection; and often did the patron quail before the proud bold glance of the protegé. Both his good and bad qualities, as have been seen, arose out of the circumstances in which he was placed in early life, and his incessant struggles to surmount them. He thus became daring and impetuous on the one hand, and self-denying and patient of toil on the other; thus, if he drew on the bank of Futurity, he paid the debt when the time came to the uttermost farthing, and at any personal sacrifice; and thus the bare suspicion of dishonour was a burning wrong, and an intolerable insult, to the vagrant's son.

His connection with the Earl of Mortonville seemed like many former ones, to be now his only chance; but this connection was a brilliant one, and might have been envied by half the younger brothers in the country. The earl was a political man, of small calibre, but great natural astuteness, and much superficial know-

ledge of the world. He had a large family of portionless daughters, whom he had married well, all but one; but unfortunately he had no son, nor other very near male relation, to take a part in the schemes of his ambition. He had wrought away as well as he could for many years with secretaries; but till he fell in with Edward Temple he had never known what it was to have a man of all-work without the name, and a fountain of ever clear and ready advice, unembittered with the insolence or selfishness of the adviser. Having just talent enough to appreciate talent in others, he saw at a glance the value of the treasure he had found, and with an ardour which the world called generosity, he set about making as much of it as possible. Edward had already become known in the political circles as an author, but his noble friend introduced him as a gentleman. Possessing a ready pen and a logical mind, he had on several occasions startled and delighted his party by a well-timed and brilliant pamphlet; but his noble friend became the connecting link between the comparatively obscure organ and Government itself, and the poor Edward was speedily gratified with his first order on the Treasury for a sum intended to cover what was politely called the expence of paper and print. The farther progress of the connection lay less upon the surface.

Lady Georgiana Mortonville, notwithstanding her noble birth, fine person, and brilliant talents, had not met with the success in the world predicted for her by her father and herself. At eighteen she had angled for

a duke, at twenty would have been glad of a marquis, at twenty-two condescended to an earl, at twenty-four was far from scorning a viscount, and at twenty-six stooped her lofty pretensions even to a baron. Then came an interval of more than a year, a pause of reflection, during which she discovered that a woman of genius had something else to do in the world than

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

She applied her versatile mind to politics; acted to a considerable extent as her father's *private* secretary; and determined that if she had had the fortune to be a man she would have been prime minister long ago. Edward Temple entered upon the scene just in the midst of this new dream; and, by degrees imperceptible to herself, Lady Georgiana came to adopt him as the hero — since there could not be an ostensible heroine — of her airy schemes. Edward had a little vanity, as well as a great deal of pride, but the idea of marriage with an earl's daughter never entered his head; and so he fluttered and flattered, and circled round the flame, singeing a little, it may be, his idle pinions, but never sufficiently so as to render flight impossible—and this continued up to the very night he was seen by Edith with his high-born mistress hanging upon his arm.

On that night Lady Georgiana had informed him, in the close whisper the theatre permits, that her father had just obtained a promise from the minister of one of the richest of the Stamp Distributorships, and

that he meant to bestow the office, together with the representation of Mortonville in Parliament, on *the same individual.* This was said with looks that, seconded as they were by the luxurious scene around them, and by recollected hints never before understood, made his heart beat and his breath come thick; and the vagrant's son, with his hand vowed to another, dared to think for a moment of the high-born and high-bred woman beside him as of a mistress who could never be a wife.

This intoxication lasted long after he returned home, but at length he was able to think. He had not been wholly unprepared for the munificence of Lord Mortonville, neither had he the modesty to attribute it entirely to generosity; for, in point of fact, it had long been arranged that his post of service was eventually to be the House of Commons, and his reward a reasonable share of the loaves and fishes. These had come, however, before their time, and through the interference, as it appeared, of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of his patron. Some years ago, this fortune would have seemed too wild even for a day-dream—was the hand of Lady Georgiana, viewed from his present vantage ground, an object more distant and impracticable? His brain reeled for a while at the thought—but his habitual integrity triumphed. It is true, he had as yet made no distinct proposal to Edith, but every letter he had written for many years conveyed the idea, and in every line of hers he could trace the image he had purposely presented to her fancy. The result of his deliberations was to end the debate

which he dreaded to see had arisen in his mind, by sitting down that moment to state plainly his new position and prospects, to declare his unaltered and unalterable love, and make a tender of his hand and fortune to Edith Browne.

When this fateful letter was dispatched his mind was easier; but the next day a note from Lord Mortonville, confirming all that had been announced by his daughter, came upon him like a thunder-bolt. "But since I thus take upon myself," concluded his lordship, "the advancement of your fortunes, you will allow me to make it a *sine qua non* that you marry—and marry well. Look high, Temple—the higher the better. Be not discouraged by nobility itself; but at all events take my advice, and that of your friend Georgiana, before proceeding a step."

Edward was stunned for a moment; but he felt that under the circumstances that delay would be at once impolitic and dishonourable, and with his characteristic promptness he at once replied, that he was on the eve of marriage with a lady to whom he had been attached from boyhood. On the second day after, a note from his lordship informed him blandly that the electors of Mortonville promised to be more wilful than he had anticipated, and that the candidate, therefore, must possess some influence to back his own. The distributorship, of course," added he, "goes with the seat; but after all, domestic happiness is the main thing, and I hope, my dear Mr. Temple, that you may long enjoy it!"

On the same morning the general postman brought him the following:—

"I am touched and flattered, dear Edward, by your letter; and to prove my gratitude I lose not a moment in saying that I have neither desire nor intention to change my condition. Even were it otherwise, our tastes and pursuits are far too different to admit of a more sacred union than that of friendship. That the brilliant destiny which awaits you may bring with it happiness as well as greatness, is the fervent prayer of Edith Browne."

By the same post he received a letter from the continent, on the back of which he scrawled the following lines as the substance of his reply: "You are right: both in my strength and my weakness I am unfit for the struggle — but how to live without it? Another plan has failed—the labour of years of sleepless nights and care harassed days, and I am again without a friend or an occupation in the world. Fain would I lay out a thousand pounds in the way you mention; for to me it would be like an anchor, and I should ride out the storm of life obscurely, perhaps, but in safety. That sum, however, will be expended in paying my debts, and the remainder will only suffice for a brief visit to you,—for I have need of absence from England, of the breath of the sea to blow away the gathering cobwebs from my brain, and of time to reflect upon the past, and make arrangements for the future."

VOLUME III.

It was with a far more solitary and desolate feeling that Edward Temple left London, on a somewhat circuitous journey to the continent, than he had entered it many years before, yet at that time he knew not a single face among its myriads of population, and poor Edith's crown-piece, though he had hoarded it to the last, was no longer unbroken; while, since then, his own name had become as a household word in the great city—he had sat down at good, ay, and at great men's feasts—and on the very day preceding that of his departure, he had paid with a thousand pounds those debts which most men in similar circumstances would have found it convenient to forget altogether. He was accustomed, it is true, to the vicissitudes of an adventurous life; but he had never before played for so high a stake, and lost all so suddenly. The man of the world, whose intellect he despised, had made the man of genius his dupe. Lord Mortonville, being the only ostensible party known to government, had the destiny of his dependent entirely in his hands; and the moment Edward offended the pride of his patron, his "occupation was gone" without retrieve.

He was on the top of a stage-coach, bound for a seaport town between which and the continent some trade was carried on, and which he had chosen as the point of his embarkation on account of its obscurity,—and also because the road to it led along the dreary common where the elegant and accomplished Edward Temple

was first presented to the reader in the character of a little ragged outcast boy flattening his nose against Mr. Browne's window in his eagerness to look at the strange comfort within. As the coach drew near the common, his heart began to throb painfully. But little change was visible in the aspect of the neighbourhood, except that the little public-house where he had bought his father's last medicine was now a way-side inn at which the stage-coach passengers alight to dinner; and leaving his fellow travellers here, with the intention of rejoining them at the other end of the common, he walked on alone.

It was a calm and beautiful afternoon, and the level expanse of heath and furze looked like some smooth bay bounded by low, wooded shores, where here and there a cottage-roof or a church-tower of the simplest architecture was visible among the trees. The more aristocratic dwellings were hidden by shrubbery, so as only to be indicated by a volume of grey smoke rising drowsily up in the stirless atmosphere. All was silence and peace but the heart of the wanderer. He stood by the boundary-stone where his father had died; he leant his head upon it; he put his arm round it; he felt as if there he knew some one, as if he was not utterly alone. He followed the track across the common, by which the corpse was hurried to the work-house at the farther side, and found his way to the still church-yard, and to that humblest nook where the parish paupers were buried. He endeavoured to recognize the grave he sought by some familiar mark by which

he had known it year after year; but the spot was now distinguished by a small head-stone of neat execution, bearing the single name "William" and the date. This was the only name by which he had ever known his father; and bitterness was mingled with his sadness as he remembered that he owed the one he bore himself to chance, the surname of the gentleman whose metaphysical arguments had been the cause of the change in his destiny having been bestowed upon him in joke! But the bitterness was again sweetened by the thought, that he owed this delicate tribute to Edith on her accession to her little property; and with a softened heart he retraced the path across the common, by which, when a boy, he had returned to that house where his moral being was destined to sustain so complete a change.

"I would see her once more," thought he, "rejected as I am,—even though scorn will be added to that rejection when she knows that her coldness or prudence has saved her from marrying a beggar. But I will not myself be seen; I will not give her pride the triumph.—Pride! she has no pride; she is in mind all meekness, and kindness, and innocence, as she is in form all loveliness, and delicacy, and grace. Let me see her at a distance—let me catch but a glimpse of her shadow as she passes across the room, and I will be satisfied." He approached the house circuitously, by a well known path among the trees at the side. Not the slightest change had taken place; it seemed as if the very branches continued to twist themselves in the

very same form as of yore; even the old vine, by which he had climbed into his nest was as sturdy as ever. But there was an air of solitude about the place which it had not been accustomed to wear, and Edward asked himself with a start of alarm—for the heart speaks in the language of Wordsworth—

"If Lucy can be dead!"

At that moment the door was opened, and a little girl came out, and leaving it ajar began to play on the gravel walk. It appeared evident that the mistress of this modest mansion was not at home; and Edward ventured to approach and ask the question, determined, however, in case it should be answered in the affirmative to make a hasty retreat. But Miss Browne, he learned, had gone out for the evening, and the servant, it appeared, had taken the advantage of her absence to go out too, leaving the little girl in charge. Under these circumstances Edward determined to indulge a strange inclination that had beset him — to sit down once more in the well known parlour; and the guardian of the premises offering no more opposition to this very questionable proceeding than a stare of wonder, he went in.

The first object that struck him on entering the little parlour was a tiny book-case over the mantle-piece, in which were enshrined, in costly binding, the pamphlets and other volumes he had himself published; his rude attempts at drawing were handsomely framed, and hung up round the room; and his juvenile toys were placed as ornaments on a little table. The whole place,

in short, seemed to be a temple to his memory; and he who had endured unmoved, at least in the external indications of emotion, such sudden and fearful vicissitudes, and who had just now visited without a sob the most mournful localities of his history, was completely unmanned. He threw himself on a chair by the table, and burying his face in his hands, wept like a child. On recovering his self-possession he drew out his pocket-book hastily, determining to leave a word of adieu written on one of its blank leaves; but a glimpse of the single bank-note it contained alarmed his pride, and putting it up again with a tremulous hand he quitted the house.

When Edward had performed what Catholics would call his "stations," if the shrines he visited had been connected by heavenly instead of earthly associations, and at length arrived at his port of embarkation, he found that no vessel was expected to sail for several days. The time hung heavily on his hands, but it passed, however slowly; and he was ascending the steps of the inn, on the evening before the morning fixed for his trip to the Continent, when a little adventure occurred which disturbed the sombre monotony of his feelings. A woman, touching him on the elbow, put a letter into his hand, and then, without speaking, wheeled about, and walked swiftly away. Being an entire stranger in the place, he at first considered that it was some mistake, and after losing a minute or two, he pursued the retreating figure,—not the less eagerly that after a while he saw clearly it was her

purpose to escape. He at length tracked her, unseen himself, to a particular house; but on making inquiry at a shop in the neighbourhood, was told that no one lived there but an elderly female and a little girl. The person he had followed could have been neither of these, being apparently, from her motions, a young woman, though being closely cloaked and hooded, it was impossible to guess more nearly. Almost ashamed of the trouble he had taken, he retraced his steps; and it was not until he reached his own chamber that he opened the packet. It was a blank envelope, addressed to himself, and containing a one thousand pound bank note!

Edward flushed painfully at the sight of this surprising charity—which was the exact sum indicated by his continental friend, and which he had himself longed so ardently to possess as the means of retrieving his desperate fortunes, and securing him for the future from the fatality of which he had hitherto been the sport. But in vain he endeavoured to recollect to whom he had mentioned the circumstance. And if he had mentioned it to anybody he knew, which of them would have replied in this way. 'Edith? Impossible. She was not only the most unlikely, where all were unlikely, to know anything whatever of his real position; but the funds producing her little income were locked up in London in such a way, that even if she were mad enough to wish to break upon them, this could only be done by legal steps, involving not only expense, but considerable delay. As a sudden idea

LIBRARY
OF THE
SUP.·.COUNCIL,
O.·.JURISDICTION.

struck him, however, he snatched out his pocket-book to look for his friend's letter : — the letter was gone ! —and in a few minutes Edward Temple was on horse-back, galloping like a madman towards the common.

It was dusk when he arrived, but there was light enough for him to see large bills stuck upon the walls and windows of the house, announcing the premises for sale.

" You are too late," replied a passer-by, in answer to his breathless question ; " the property was sold this forenoon,—and the poor young lady's need must have been desperate indeed, for if she could have waited only another day, there were several more bidders expected who were anxious to be present." Edward turned his horse before the man had finished speaking, and in another moment was galloping like a madman back to the town.

He left the horse at the inn, and then threaded his way rapidly through the silent and almost deserted streets, for it was nearly midnight. On reaching the house where he had seen the bearer of the packet enter, a little girl was just going in ; and Edward with the impetuosity of his character brushed past her, and entered the parlour. The coarse cloak and hood, which he recognized, were lying on the table, and on her knees beside a chair was a female figure, with her face buried in her hands, and her dishevelled hair hanging like a cloud upon her shoulders.

" Edith !" cried he—and the prophecy of his heart was true, for Edith sprang upon her feet with a scream.

"It is thus the wanderer returns to his benefactress," said he, his voice choked by tearless sobs—"a beggar and an outcast as before!"

"Not so, Edward," she replied, a bashful yet sunny smile breaking through her tears—"I have offered you but a small portion of what is mine, while you sought to endow me with your all."

"And you refused it?"

"That was — I believe — a mistake," said Edith, faintly, and her blushes were hidden in her lover's bosom.

SONNET.

To Catherine * * *

BY C. S. H.

I loved thee—as the youthful heart can love
But once, in passion's first devotedness,
And loving, worshipped:—had I deemed thee less
Than one whose beauty claimed with Heaven's above
Most sweet affinity, I did not well
In loving thus my early youth away
To taste the poison of that sure decoy,
Which lurks for ever 'neath the dooming spell
Of woman's scorn—yet have I thus adored,
Thus worshipped,—thus thy fickleness deplored:
And thus—(could Fortune's magic wand, in all
Their pristine freshness those sweet years recall)
Would I adore thee—worship thee again,
So sweet was loving thee—e'en though in vain.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CASHMERE.

A CASHMERE! . . . there is something magical in the sound, which, to the ear at least of a fair Parisian, conveys a world of delightful meaning.—A cashmere! . . . it is for this that the blooming girl of eighteen looks forward with delight to the day of her marriage with the old banker of fourscore, who seems literally bending beneath the weight of his own gold — for this that the opera figurante redoubles her agility and her airy graces, in hopes of attracting the attention of her monied admirer in the first tier of boxes — and for this, alas! that the humble sempstress and the lowly flower girl are induced to barter their good name and honest reputation! Virtue in one scale and a cashmere in the other! Poor human nature is too weak to resist! . . . In short, if man is described as a laughing animal, woman must be designated as a cashmere-wearing one. The words 'to live,' or 'to vegetate,' are literally comprised in having a cashmere — or not having a cashmere.

These thoughts involuntarily rose to my mind the

other day, on passing through the *Temple*,* once the abode of all that was chivalric, and now of all that is ragged — the head-quarters of Christianity fallen into the hands of the Jews! Perhaps I might have paused to moralize on the retributive justice, that delivered up to the Israelites this stronghold of the Christian knights, who depopulated the fair fields of Palestine, and with fire and sword drove its Mussulman inhabitants from the sacred city.—But besides a certain reverential admiration, that in spite of myself I cannot help retaining for these holy banditti, and a conviction that their misguided zeal was merely one of the errors of the dark age to which they belonged; the place is one so little fit for abstract speculation, that all medi-æval reflections were put to flight by the presence of modern squalidness and misery. Amid the soiled garments of all degrees of comparison, — from the coat the exquisite had cast but yesterday, down to the soiled jacket of the workman that disfigured the walls of the ancient sanctuary, the object which most arrested my attention was a cashmere, old, worn, and faded, that a picturesque-looking Israelite was endeavouring to show off to the best advantage to a shabbily dressed customer, who was scrutinizing its defects with a critical eye. It was evident the shawl had once been beautiful, but it had passed through many hands,—it was soiled, it was darned, and the moths had nestled in the once glorious colours of its graceful palms, as I had an opportunity of seeing, when the customer unexpectedly

* The Rag Fair of Paris.

held it up to the light. Poor cashmere! thought I, like many another beauty, your day is over: yet who knows but that your texture, fragile though it be, may have long survived the charms of your first owner. Could you but relate your adventures, what curious secrets might you not unfold! . . . And suddenly, as if my wish became realized, fancy seemed to unroll the history of the shawl, and, unlike the monuments of past ages that we vainly question, it appeared to satisfy my curiosity in the following manner:

I was once the richest shawl ever produced by the looms of the gorgeous East. In my early days I was proud to encircle the waist of the bravest young Arab chieftain who ever mounted a war charger. Many were the times that we scoured the desert on his coal-black steed, free as air, and rapid as the flight of the bird. But happiness is not made for shawls any more than for man. My master was attacked by robbers; he fell overpowered by numbers, though fighting to the last, and the breath had not left his body before I was eagerly untied and secured as a valuable prize, and thus denied the privilege of serving as a pall to the brave Arab from whom I unwillingly parted. Of the robbers, originally seven in number, but three remained, my master having slain the four others, and these, after dividing the gold into equal portions, took, one his horse, another his sword, and a third his shawl. Besides these spoils they took possession of all the clothes and money of their dead companions, and promising to meet again in a year's time, within a mile of Cairo,

to see how each other had prospered in the world, they took leave, and went different ways. Each thought himself on the high road to fortune. The one who mounted my master's steed, laughingly told his companions that when next they met, his retinue of horses would be twenty-fold what it was now. "And I," said my present owner, "will come accompanied by a similar number of slaves, each wearing a cashmere as handsome as this."

"And I," cried the third, "will have a like number of slaves, each wearing a Damascus sword, ornamented with jewels surpassing these."

At the end of the year they met, indeed, as agreed, because each had an interest to seek the other; but in how different a condition from these sumptuous promises! Two of the robbers had barely rags enough to cover them; the third, who in all his vicissitudes, had never been able to resolve to part with me, but ill concealed his shabby appearance beneath my folds.

"How now, my friends!" said my owner, for I never could consider him as my master, "I thought to find the road blocked up with your horses and camels.—Where are the slaves with the Damascus blades? where are . . ."

"Ask yourself where are *your* slaves with the cashmeres," interrupted the others in a breath.

"I had counted on finding succour from both of you," said the first speaker; "but it seems you are worse off than myself."

"It is the will of Allah," they at length all agreed,

as they sat down under a tree, and each pulled out what provisions he had left, to contribute to a general meal. Meanwhile, they told their adventures, and by the candour with which my owner confessed his crimes and errors, I judge that the two others were correct in their statements. When I consider the wretched condition to which they were now reduced, I could not help thinking that they were in a fair way of discovering that honesty was the best policy after all. "Now," said one of the robbers, "as all is common between us, you must sell the cashmere, and the price of it will serve to clothe us all three, and to maintain us, till we can meet with something that will set us up again."

But my owner could not resolve to do this. He took so much pride in me, that he had often fasted for two days together, sooner than sell me, and even now starvation seemed preferable. After promising his friends to think about it, he stretched himself on the ground, and the heat of the day soon made him fall fast asleep. No sooner was he snoring, than the two robbers said to one another, "This coxcomb is so fond of his shawl, that he would rather die with it than live without it.—So, faith, he shall die *of* it." And with these words they gently unwound me, and tightening my folds round his neck, I became the innocent accessary to his murder. After this, they took me to Cairo, where a shawl merchant gave a liberal price for me, and soon after sold me with a large profit to one of the officers of the Pacha's household. I now

felt redeemed from the degradation of captivity, I was admired by all, and no dress was so handsome, but what became still more beautiful by my means. But my triumph was short. The plague broke out in my master's household; he was the first to fall a victim to it, and his effects were all burnt, and the house he inhabited pulled down. I was saved by a miracle, by one of the slaves, who secretly conveyed me to the bazaar and offered me to one of the merchants. The latter suspected something wrong; but on the slave's solemn assurance that I had never been touched by any of those who had died, but had been carefully locked up, he was contented to take me even with a damaged character at a low price, after which he sold me to a dealer who was going to Constantinople. After the tedium of the voyage, I now again awoke to scenes of magnificence, and my beauty caused me to be bought by the Vizier, who presented me to a favourite Circassian slave, who was the loveliest woman in the harem. The Circassian accepted me willingly enough; but by no means gave her heart in return to the donor, having already disposed of it in favour of a young Albanian, as superior in good looks to the Vizier as I am reckoned to a shawl of Lyons manufacture. The Greek and the Circassian corresponded by means of flowers, and being adepts in the floral language, they laid their plot so well, that at a certain preconcerted hour during the festival of the Baïram, my beautiful mistress tied me to the balcony of a window that looked into the garden, and let herself down into the arms of her faithful

lover, with whom she effected her escape. As for me, I remained waving in the breeze, a standing witness against her whom I had, not unwillingly, assisted. A great deal of surprise was manifested by her fair sisters in captivity on finding me, and many conjectures were made; but, as I was dumb, they luckily could not corrupt my honesty, and they were obliged to rest satisfied with untwisting and folding me up. Some short time after this, the French ambassadress came to pay a visit to the Vizier's wife, and seeing me lying about, she admired my texture exceedingly. The Vizier's wife shook her head, and said to a Greek lady who served as interpreter, that the shawl had been the means of a very disgraceful occurrence taking place, which being explained to the ambassadress, she smiled, and answered, that since the Vizier knew no bounds in the number of his wives, he could not in justice complain of the Circassian's growing tired of one husband. But the Greek lady did not think fit to repeat her observation, but said something personally complimentary to the Vizier's wife instead, which so charmed her, that she loaded the ambassadress with marks of affection, and immediately offered me to her, though she said I was scarcely worthy her acceptance. The ambassadress returned home delighted with her visit. Her other shawls had now become worthless, and she could scarcely feast her eyes sufficiently in gazing at me. I became her inseparable companion, and when she was not wearing me, I was lying on the sofa to be admired by all her visitors. My new mistress was not

of a majestic cast of beauty, like the Circassian; she was little; but extremely pretty—and when I wrapped up her fragile form, I felt as if my folds were too cumbrous for her sylph-like proportions.

"You have not complimented me yet on my new cashmere," said the young ambassadress one evening, stepping into the balcony, where a handsome *attaché* had been standing for the last quarter of an hour, apparently gazing at the flowers that transformed it into a second garden.

"No, madam," replied he, "to tell the truth, I had not observed it."

"Not seen my beautiful cashmere?" said the coquetish little ambassadress; "what then have you been looking at?"

"At—the wearer," replied he, in a faltering voice.

The ambassadress involuntarily looked back into the room. Her stern important looking husband was busily talking politics with his diplomatic staff. She coloured slightly, and turned her head towards one of the plants, while the attaché gently lifted one of my corners, and reverentially kissed me. The ambassadress pretended not to perceive his action, and perhaps to divert more serious thoughts, she said in a gay tone: "But tell me now your opinion of my cashmere."

"It is certainly the most happy of shawls," he said.

"You mean the most beautiful," said she, smiling.

"No, the happiest.—Has it not the envied privilege of embracing you? Would that I were a cashmere for a single day, though I were to die the next!"

"Alexis," said the ambassadress, in a very low voice, "you should not have followed me here."

"How could I do otherwise?" said the young man, "Paris became odious to me the moment you left it."

"The evening air is getting cool," said the ambassadress, wrapping me round her, and slowly leaving the balcony, while her heart beat quickly under my protecting folds.

Scarcely a year had passed before my beautiful mistress had sunk away to a mere shadow, and was rapidly descending to her grave. I was in constant requisition to keep her warm. She hugged me to her heart, yet her emaciated figure was trembling with cold, while the flowers were bending their heads beneath the oppressive noon-day sun. But how could I avert the chill of death?

"Madam," said the stately ambassador, approaching the bed where his suffering wife was lying, "I hope you are satisfied that everything has been done for you, which could be done — and that you authorise me to report as much to your friends at Paris."

"Yes—yes," said the ambassadress, "you have done all you could do — God alone had it in his power to make me happy; the fault was not yours;" and as she spoke her thin fingers fell unconsciously on me as I lay in a heap beside her bed, and turning her head away from the unfeeling diplomatist, she breathed out her last sigh, convulsively clasping the very corner on which the young attaché had imprinted a kiss the day she stood in the balcony.

The lady's-maid next came in, and after shedding a few tears over her poor mistress, removed me with sundry other articles into another room, where there was a large press, into which she proceeded to place us after carefully folding me up with the assistance of a fellow-servant, during which process she unburthened her heart by many invectives against his excellency, who seemed all along to have been in her bad books. Her sainted mistress had never loved him — how indeed could she? Her relations had married her to his title, without concerning themselves whether the wearer had a single quality that rendered it possible even to esteem him. And how he had neglected her! . . . . Yes, she had done right to die to awaken him to a sense of his cruelty. Thus she ran on, mingling expressions of regret and commiseration for the ambassadress, with aspersions, by no means unfounded, on the husband, whom, had she been on a jury, she would willingly, I believe, have brought in guilty of deliberate murder. I was then locked up. The hotel of the embassy became silent as the grave. The lady's-maid was discharged, Alexis returned to France, and I was left to my meditations or to — the moths had they pleased to molest me. At the end of a tiresome twelvemonth, I was, however, taken out, and found to be still in all my pristine beauty, and reckoned worthy to accompany his excellency back to Paris. Here I was consigned to a drawer for a few weeks, at the end of which the ambassador had chosen a successor to my pretty mistress, and his sister came to look whether I

was fit to be offered as one of the cashmeres that he was to present to his bride. She announced me faultless, in consequence of which favourable verdict, I was laid in a handsome *corbeille* with three other shawls not worthy to be compared to myself — in fact two of them were Lyons cashmeres, and I felt the same degree of indignation at coming in contact with them, as a peer might experience in rubbing against a *chiffonier*. The young lady who knew how to appreciate good things, was highly delighted with me, and when her little sister asked if she were really going to be married to that ugly, disagreeable, old gentleman, she cut her short by saying: "Our parents chose him for me—*my* only business is with the cashmere — is it not beautiful?" My self-love was flattered—I now perceived that I stood first in the heart of my new mistress — it was plain she would have married the devil in person, provided she could have obtained me by the means. My triumph rose to its full pitch of intoxication on the night the marriage contract was signed, when I was exhibited to the gaze of all the relations in a brilliantly lighted room, and fondled by all the fair hands present, enviously by some — admiringly by others — undoubtedly the prime attraction to all — for what would a wedding be without a cashmere? The bridal morning at length appeared. My new mistress looked radiant and handsome in her snow-white dress, and the costly veil of the finest lace Flanders had ever produced set off her fair hair to great advantage —for second wives being always chosen in direct contrast to

the first one, this lady was a blonde *because* my former mistress had been an attractive brunette. Just as Mademoiselle Palmire was giving a last look at her toilette in the looking-glass, there appeared at the door a showy-looking woman very elegantly dressed, who curtsied to the bride, and told her she had desired to be admitted to say a few words to her. The bride eyed her with astonishment; the lady's-maid was curious to hear what such an interview portended, when the stranger briefly said: "You may marry the ambassador if you will, I only warn you, mademoiselle, that you must do so at your peril — another week shall not find you alive."

The bride gave a loud scream, upon which her mother and several female relations rushed in to know what had happened. The stranger had, however, bowed and left the room by the door she had come in at before they made their appearance, and it was only from the maid's account they could learn what had passed, as the bride was too much agitated to speak for several moments. Upon learning the alarming words, the mother went to hold council with her husband, and they decided that the marriage should be put off for that day, that they might take informations about the woman, and find out what faith was to be given to her assertions. It turned out that she was a figurante who had been the ambassador's mistress before he went to Turkey, and wishing to regain possession of his heart, she had imagined the singular expedient of frightening her rival by menaces which she might or might not have put into execution.

So far she gained her point.—The marriage was broken off—and Mademoiselle Palmire was obliged to relinquish me, though not without tears of bitter disappointment. The ambassador having now four cashmeres on his hands, began to look about seriously for another wife—and his sister, who was quite as good a diplomatist as himself, having busied herself in his behalf, he was enabled at the end of about three weeks to place them in the hands of a young lady of good family and fortune, and very pretty, though in consequence of his hurry he had been obliged to forego some of his predilections. Mélanie was neither blonde nor tall—and her calm manner and gentle style of beauty reminded me strongly of my lamented mistress; and there was a pensive sadness when arrayed in her bridal dress that might tell any beholder very plainly that neither a title nor four cashmeres could make a disagreeable man palatable. But help was at hand. Again the indefatigable Bayadère appeared to intercept the hymeneal rites; again she succeeded in throwing the apple of discord amongst the bridal party. Never shall I forget how the fair young Mélanie, on returning to her chamber, absolutely threw herself down on her knees to thank Heaven for having broken off her marriage, and how joyfully she threw off the veil and wreath that seemed to bind her brows like an iron circlet. Yet I was hanging on a chair most temptingly—I who had never before known what it was to be slighted! . . . Nor had I the triumph of occasioning one expression of regret on being sent back to the discomfited bridegroom; on the

contrary, Mélanie was laughing the whole time her mother was packing us up,—a species of humiliation as new as it was painful to me. The ambassador, enraged at these two failures, immediately set his friends to work to find him another wife; but the story of these broken-off matches had got about, and as no reports ever reach the public ear in their primitive state of truth, he had acquired a sort of Blue-beard reputation, which made many families averse to his alliance. He, therefore, thought it best to appease the figurante by paying her debts, and taking a handsome apartment for her, and then secretly ordering post-horses, he went to his estate some sixty leagues distant from Paris. Here he chose a wife of provincial education but of unexceptionable family, and some personal charms, whom he married without delay, and installed in the possession of the four cashmeres. Of course I became the favourite, and when the new couple returned to Paris, I was in constant request, whether for promenades, soirées, or evening visits. My new mistress made a good deal of effect at first, by means of a very brilliant complexion, in nowise indebted to the perfumer's art, which, with tolerably regular features, constituted an imposing *tout ensemble*, and she laboured hard to acquire the ease and graces of a fine lady. But there remained some of the leaven of provincialism in her speech and manner that was not to be eradicated; and many who had been attracted at first, and hovered round her to obtain a word or a smile, grew tired of the want of animation of their new idol, and went to

offer their incense to some more piquante beauty. But why has that young man taken possession of the chair beside her? He addresses her some common-place phrase, yet he starts and trembles as if some under-current of strong emotions was at work in his soul. But it is not the beauty of the lady, whom he beholds for the first time, that either astonishes or subdues him —no—but he has recognized her cashmere, and the sight of it recalls associations that time has not yet effaced; and without being charmed either by the wit or the intellect of the wearer, Alexis found an intense, though melancholy pleasure in remaining not in *her* vicinity but in *mine*. Here again was a proof that matter may triumph over mind! Long after the ambassadress had quitted her chair, leaving me behind her, Alexis sat with one arm leaning over the back of the seat, and fondly contemplating me as a dear and familiar friend, whose mute eloquence spoke volumes to his heart. I believe he would have given the wealth of the Indies to have purchased me, and I am certain it was entirely owing to my attractions that he frequented the ambassador's house, and was so often ready to hand the ambassadress to her coach on leaving a party, merely to have the pleasure of placing me on her shoulders. The ambassadress who had rather lost than gained ground amongst her admirers, was not sorry to receive these attentions, and did her best to be very amiable and encouraging to Alexis; but she soon had occasion to find that, as Samson's strength lay in his hair, so her attractions all resided in her cashmere,

(not to say myself, which sounds vain), and one luckless evening, having left me behind her after sitting in the Tuilleries, she lost her shawl and her admirer at one blow — the attaché became unattached from that fatal moment. It was strange that neither she nor her companion perceived her fatal oversight till she had reached her carriage, when she sent her servant in great alarm to recover the lost treasure. But a *chevalier-d'industrie* had been beforehand in the field, and was walking at a quiet pace through the passage Delorme with me in his pocket, while the ambassadress's scout was reviewing the whole regiment of chairs that fill the garden, and disturbing all the sitters with his anxious questions and researches. But I was gone for ever. "Qui me néglige me perd," is an excellent saying, certainly originally meant for all who leave their cashmeres behind them. It may be thought that I did not remain long in the hands of the finder. He lent me, however, for one Sunday only to his wife who was going to St. Cloud; but I felt myself so degraded by the sort of company I was thus forcibly brought into, that I have tried to forget all that took place on that unhappy day; and I was truly glad to escape from the hands of this disreputable couple, and find myself once more amongst my kindred at a shawl-dealer's. The star that ruled my destiny had certainly some connexion with the ambassador's, for by a singular coincidence, I was admired and bought by the very Bayadère who had deprived two other ladies of the advantage of possessing me. She had now so completely won back the ambas-

sador's good graces, that he had forgiven her for breaking off his two good matches, and, convinced that so passionate a display of jealousy argued a great attachment to his person, (which, by-the-bye, no disinterested being in the world had ever shown,) he had loaded her with all the luxuries of a splendid establishment. A day or two after her new purchase, her *calèche* passed the ambassadress's carriage in the Champs Elysées, when the latter, recognizing her shawl, bid her coachman stop the Bayadère's equipage, and having drawn up beside it, she began to inform the stranger that she was, however innocently, wearing stolen goods. I have already said that my late mistress had not yet learned to be a woman of the world — and there was a vehement eagerness in reclaiming her property, mixed with such an imperious self-consciousness of her rank and importance, as if the whole world must bend before them, that she could hardly fail of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of her rival, to whom she was well known by sight. The figurante told her coolly and sarcastically that she had paid for it and should keep it. The ambassadress reddening with anger, insisted that she had no right to buy what no one had a right to sell.

"Madame," replied the Bayadère, "I shall neither return your cashmere nor your husband's heart. The one I have honestly bought, and the other was freely given me—till both are old and worn out I shall not part with either!" and with a bow of mock civility she ordered her coachman to drive on.

"Detestable creature!" exclaimed the ambassadress, "she shall pay for this."

Meanwhile I, the harmless cause of the quarrel, had waited impatiently to see who was to gain the day. Even after we had left the incensed ambassadress's carriage far behind us, I flattered myself that matters would yet be arranged so as to restore me to a more respectable owner. My former mistress lost no time in relating the whole affair to her husband, and requested him with tears to revenge her for the insult she had received, demanding at the same time an explanation of the insulting hints the figurante had thrown out. Another man would have been taken aback; but the ambassador who had made his way by never seeming surprised at anything, gravely assured her he knew nothing of the matter; but that she might trust to him for seeing her righted. That same evening he went to sup with his Bayadère, and was extremely amused at her account of the morning's scene. She mimicked the voice and manner of the ambassadress in such perfection, that again I caught myself impatiently awaiting the issue of their contention. But neither the ambassador's bribes nor entreaties could prevail on the obstinate figurante to exchange her favourite shawl even for one of greater value. The ambassador having failed for the first time in a treaty, was obliged to call up all his talent for intrigue, to appease his angry wife. The next day he presented himself in her boudoir, with a shawl twice my value under his arm, and when she called out, "Is that my cashmere that you are

bringing me back," he answered that it was not, indeed, her lost favourite, for after numerous researches he had discovered it in the hands of a person of such equivocal character, that he thought it useless to attempt to purchase it back, as it was no longer worthy to adorn the shoulders of so exalted a lady as herself, but that he hoped to replace it by another of a far more costly description. And with this he unfolded the cashmere with all the tact of one of Ternaux's shopmen. The bait told—the ambassadress, lost in contemplation of the dazzling beauties of the new candidate for her approbation, forgot me, all her regrets, and even her jealous suspicions, and immediately rang the bell to order the carriage, that she might drive out, in hopes of meeting the impertinent lady of the *calèche* and triumphing over her. I date my downfall from this epoch. My mistress turned pale at the sight of her rival's superior cashmere — for truth to say my beauty was now on the wane. My palms were less bright than they used to be when the Circassian first bound me round her slender waist— my mellow tints, rich as they still were, showed that I had seen some service. The figurante, in short, grew to hate me by comparison, and never rested till she had teazed her admirer into buying one the counterpart in price and gorgeousness, of the ambassadress's new favourite. After this I was forced to yield the *palm* to my rival, and condemned to all the drudgery of accompanying the figurante to the theatre, and muffling her up on occasions where warmth and not

ornament were most considered. I felt like the neglected beauty in one of the harems of my own country; forced to receive as a companion the fair one, whose charms have dislodged her from the heart where she used to reign—like her too, I took patience and resigned myself to my fate. To complete my disgrace, one evening in the *coulisses*, when some chevaliers were coming on in a ballet, in which the king goes a hunting, accompanied by his court, I was unfortunately caught by the spurs of one of these gentlemen, and dragged half on to the stage before he could disentangle me and throw me back into the side scenes. I did not escape without a terrible rent. An adroite *ravaudeuse*, however, contrived to repair me sufficiently well to enable me to continue my theatrical duties, and accompany my mistress to balls. On one of these latter occasions I was lying in the ante-room, under an immense pile of cloaks, and shawls, and boas, and wondering at the strange company I had got into, when suddenly we were flung about in all directions, by some one in search of her shawl. Her own was not forthcoming, and as I was nearest at hand, she took me up, telling a servant, who stood by, that it should be sent back in half an hour. But the half-hour was of endless duration. The page who was sent back with me, preferred mistaking the house, and selling me to a wardrobe woman, who bought me for a trifle, and I lost sight for ever of my Bayadère without the least regret. After this I fell lower and lower in the world. I changed my mistresses so often, and passed through

so many scenes of misery and degradation, that recollection grows dim, and the rest of my adventures seem all jumbled into one confused mass, presenting much the same appearance as the colours on a painter's pallet would do were they all mixed together for the frolic of a *gamin*. I have been seized for a small debt—I have been pawned at the *Mont de Pieté*—I have often blushed for the company I have been forced to keep, and for the sins I have occasioned. O, ye happy valleys of Cashmere, why was I ever forced to leave you? Why was I obliged to exchange the innocent abode of pastoral simplicity for this mighty Babylon where . . ."

"Does your honour wish to cheapen my cashmere?" said the descendant of Israel, breaking in upon my reflections, "that you have been looking so earnestly at it for the last quarter of an hour? Believe me it is worth your attention, and you shall have it a bargain."

"Yes;" I cried, half aloud, "I will purchase it for poor Alexis—he will value it, even in its fallen state—it shall serve as his pall, and he shall descend to the grave enfolded in the shawl of her whose death will surely occasion his."

Then suddenly recollecting myself, my visions were dispelled—I smiled at my own folly, and bowing a decided negative to the owner of the sorry looking moth-eaten cashmere, I made my way out of the temple as fast as I could, while as long as I was in sight the Jew continued calling out: "It is worth three Louis; but you shall have it for two—say two

and we are agreed. Well! I will make a sacrifice for the sake of selling it to a gentleman of your appearance. You shall have it for one." And thus he went lower and lower in the exact reverse of the plan of an auctioneer, till by the time I had turned the corner of the nearest street I might have had it for thirty sous — or for nothing, which would have been its fairest price.

C. DE P.

LINES ON THE DANDELION.

"The friend of fallen greatness."—St. Pierre.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

[I have often seen, in Autumn, the air filled with the feathery seeds of the dandelion, now sailing away into the woods, whither the zephyrs carried them, or towards the hamlet, where groups of merry children awaited their arrival.]

Or down the vale, beneath the mountain brow,
Where giant beeches rear their ample pride,
And peaceful streamlets, scarcely heard to flow,
Refresh the glens their murmuring streams divide;
When dashing, sparkling down the wild hill's side,
They bid the vale with deepening verdure glow,
Now 'mid those ruined halls, the shades among,
With eddying play, as sport the zephyrs by:
Those ruined halls, that braved in ages gone
The storm, or battle, woke the tear or sigh.
Where erst in youth, with flowing vestments dight,
The merry dancers led the joyous round,
When silvered by the pale moon's trembling light,
The massive turrets cast a gloom profound;
And aye, I ween, no happier wights were found
Than those who shared the hours of brief delight;

But now the ivy's mantling arms extend
And twine luxuriant through the broken walls,
O'er the drear scene the waving bulrush bends,
And more than echoes moan along the walls,
When some huge mass in ponderous ruin falls,
And prone to earth, with thundering crash descends.
Though once a garden smiled, those walls beside,
No garden flower now marks the drear domain;
Though willing steps once crossed the threshold wide,
No waiting friends invite those steps again.
All, all, have passed from life's uncertain day,
Unmarked, the sun-beams gleam on dale or hill:
But that wild flower, which loves the ruin grey,
Waits in her beauty by the lone hearth still,
And still she seeks, with kind unceasing aid,
To hide the fearful wreck which ruthless time has made.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.*

PART FIFTH.

The mists, that mark the day's decline,
Have cooled and lulled the purple air;
The bell, from Saint Cecilia's shrine,
Hath tolled the evening hour of prayer;
With folded veil, and eyes that shed
Faint rays along the stones they tread,
And bosom stooped, and step subdued,
Came forth that ancient sisterhood;
Each bearing on her lips along
Part of the surge of a low song,—
A wailing requiem, wildly mixed
With suppliant cry, how weak to win,
From home so far — from fate so fixed,
A Spirit dead in sin!
Yet yearly must they meet, and pray
For her who died — how long ago!
How long—'twere only Love could know;
And she, ere her departing day,
Had watched the last of Love's decay;

* Concluded from last year's volume.

Had felt upon her fading cheek
None but a stranger's sighs;
Had none but stranger souls to seek
Her death-thoughts in her eyes;
Had none to guard her couch of clay,
Or trim her funeral stone,
Save those, who, when she passed away,
Felt not the more alone.

II.

And years had seen that narrow spot
Of death-sod levelled and forgot,
Ere question came of record kept,
Or how she died — or where she slept.
The night was wild, the moon was late —
A lady sought the convent gate;
The midnight chill was on her breast,
The dew was on her hair,
And in her eye there was unrest,
And on her brow, despair;
She came to seek the face, she said,
Of one deep injured. One by one
The gentle sisters came, and shed
The meekness of their looks upon
Her troubled watch. "I know them not,
I know them not," she murmured still:
"Are then her face — her form forgot?"
"Alas! we lose not when we will,
The thoughts of an accomplished ill;
The image of our love may fade,
But what can quench a victim's shade?

III.

"She comes not yet. She will not come.
I seek her chamber;" and she rose
With a quick start of grief, which some
Would have restrained; but the repose
Of her pale brow rebuked them. "Back,"
She cried, "the path — the place, I know, —
Follow me not—though broad and black
The night lies on that lonely track,
There moves for ever by my side
A darker spirit for my guide;
A broader curse — a wilder woe,
Must gird my footsteps as I go."

IV.

Sternly she spoke, and, shuddering, sought
The cloister arches, marble-wrought,
That send, through many a trembling shaft,
The deep wind's full, melodious draught,
Round the low space of billowy turf,
Where funeral roses flash like surf,
O'er those who share the convent grave,
Laid each beneath her own green wave.

V.

From stone to stone she passed, and spelt
The letters with her fingers felt;
The stains of time are drooped across
Those mouldering names, obscure with moss;

The hearts where once they deeply dwelt,
With music's power to move and melt,
Are stampless too—the fondest few
Have scarcely kept a trace more true.

VI.

She paused at length beside a girth
Of osiers overgrown and old;
And, with her eyes fixed on the earth,
Spoke slowly, and from lips as cold
As ever met the burial mould.

VII.

"I have not come to ask for peace
From thee, thou unforgiving clay!
The pangs that pass—the throbs that cease
From such as thou, in their decay,
Bequeath them that repose of wrath
So dark of heart, so dull of ear,
That bloodless strength of sworded sloth,
That shows not mercy, knows not fear,
And keeps its death-smile of disdain
Alike for pity, as for pain.
But, galled by many a ghastly link,
That bound and brought my soul to thee,
I come to bid thy vengeance drink
The wine of this my misery.
Look on me as perchance the dead
Can look, through soul and spirit spread
Before thee; go thou forth, and tread

The lone fields of my life, and see
Those dark large flocks of restless pangs
They pasture, and the thoughts of thee,
That shepherd them, and teach their fangs
To eat the green, and guide their feet
To trample where the banks are sweet,
And judge betwixt us, which is best,
My sleepless torture, or thy rest;
And which the worthier to be wept,
The fate I caused, or that I kept.
I tell thee, that my steps must stain
With more than blood, their path of pain;
And I would fold my weary feet
More gladly in thy winding sheet,
And wrap my bosom in thy shroud,
And dash thy darkness on the crowd
Of terrors in my sight, and sheathe
Mine ears from their confusion loud,
And cool my brain with cypress wreath
More gladly from its pulse of blood,
Than ever bride with orange bud
Clouded her moony brow. Alas!
This osier fence I must not pass.
Wilt thou not thank me—that I dare
To feel the beams and drink the breath
That curse me out of Heaven, nor share
The cup that quenches human care,
The Sacrament of death;
But yield thee this, thy living prey
Of erring soul and tortured clay,

To feed thee, when thou com'st to keep
Thy watch of wrath around my sleep,
Or turn the shafts of day-light dim,
With faded breast and frozen limb ?

VIII.

" Yet come, and be, as thou hast been,
Companion ceaseless — not unseen,
Though gloomed the veil of flesh between
Mine eyes and thine, and fast and rife
Around me flashed the forms of life :
I knew them by their change—for one
I did not lose, I could not shun,
Through laughing crowd, and lighted room,
Through listed field, and battle's gloom,
Through all the shapes and sounds that press
The Path, or wake the Wilderness ;
Even when He came, mine eyes to fill,
Whom Love saw solitary still,
For ever, shadowy by my side,
I heard thee murmur, watched thee glide ;
But what shall now thy purpose bar ?
The laughing crowd is scattered far,
The lighted hall is left forlorn,
The listed field is white with corn,
And he, beneath whose voice and brow
I could forget thee, is — as thou."

IX.

She spoke, she rose, and, from that hour,
The peasant groups that pause beside

The chapel walls at eventide,
To catch the notes of chord and song
That unseen fingers form, and lips prolong,
Have heard a voice of deeper power,
Of wilder swell, and purer fall,
More sad, more modulate, than all.
It is not keen, it is not loud,
But ever heard alone,
As winds that touch on chords of cloud
Across the heavenly zone,
Then chiefly heard, when drooped and drowned
In strength of sorrow, more than sound;
That low, articulated rush
Of swift, but secret passion, breaking
From sob to song, from gasp to gush;
Then failing to that deadly hush,
That only knows the wilder waking —
That deep, prolonged, and dream-like swell,
So full that rose — so faint that fell,
So sad — so tremulously clear —
So checked with something worse than fear
Whose can they be?
Go, ask the midnight stars, that see
The secrets of her sleepless cell,
For none but God and they can tell
What thoughts and deeds of darkened choice
Gave horror to that burning voice—
That voice, unheard save thus, untaught
The words of penitence or prayer;
The grey confessor knows it not;

The chapel echoes only bear
Its burst and burthen of despair;
And pity's voice hath rude reply,
From darkened brow and downcast eye,
That quench the question, kind or rash,
With rapid shade, and reddening flash;
Or, worse, with the regardless trance
Of sealed ear, and sightless glance,
That fearful glance, so large and bright,
That dwells so long, with heed so light,
When, far within, its fancy lies,
Nor movement marks, nor ray replies,
Nor kindling dawn, nor holy dew
Reward the words that soothe or sue.

X.

Restless she moves: beneath her veil
That writhing brow is sunk and shaded;
Its touch is cold — its veins are pale —
Its crown is lost—its lustre faded;
Yet lofty still, though scarcely bright,
Its glory burns beneath the blight
Of wasting thought, and withering crime,
And curse of torture and of time;
Of pangs — of pride, endured — degraded —
Of guilt unchecked, and grief unaided:
Her sable hair is slightly braided,
Warm, like south wind, its foldings float
Round her soft hands and marble throat;

How passive these, how pulseless this,
That love should lift, and life should warm!
Ah! where the kindness, or the kiss,
Can break their dead and drooping charm?
Perchance they were not always so:
That breast hath sometimes movement deep,
Timed like the sea, that surges slow
Where storms have trodden long ago;
And sometimes, from their listless sleep,
Those hands are harshly writhed and knit,
As grasping what their frenzied fit
Deemed peace to crush, or death to quit.
And then the sisters shrink aside;
They know the words that others hear
Of grace, or gloom—to charm, or chide,
Fall on her inattentive ear,
As falls the snowflake on the rock,
That feels no chill, and knows no shock;
Nor dare they mingle in her mood,
So dark, and dimly understood;
And better so, if, as they say,
'Tis something worse than solitude:
For some have marked, when that dismay
Had seemed to snatch her soul away,
That in her eye's unquietness
There shone more terror than distress;
And deemed they heard, when soft and dead,
By night they watched her sleepless tread,
Strange words addressed, beneath her breath,
As if to one who heard in death,

And in the night wind's sound and sigh,
Imagined accents of reply.

* * *

XI.

The sun is on his western march,
His rays are red on shaft and arch;
With hues of hope their softness dyes
The image with the lifted eyes,
Where, listening still, with trancèd smile,
Cecilia lights the glimmering aisle;
So calm the beams that flushed her rest
Of ardent brow, and virgin breast,
Whose chill they pierced, but not profaned,
And seemed to stir, what scarce they stained,
So warm the life, so pure the ray:
Such she had stood, ere snatched from clay,
When sank the tones of sun and sphere,
Deep melting on her mortal ear;
And angels stooped, with fond control,
To write the rapture on her soul.

XII.

Two sisters, at the statue's feet,
Paused in the altar's arched retreat,
As risen but now from earnest prayer;
One aged and grey—one passing fair;
In changeful gush of breath and blood,
Mute for a time the younger stood;
Then raised her head and spoke: the flow
Of sound was measured, stern, and slow.

XIII.

" Mother! thou say'st she died in strife
Of heavenly wrath, and human woe:
For me, there is not that in life
Whose loss could ask, or love could owe,
As much of pang as now I show;
But that the book which angels write
Within men's spirits day by day,
That diary of judgment-light,
That cannot pass away,
Which with cold ear and glazing eye,
Men hear and read before they die,
Is open now before me set;
Its drifting leaves are red and wet
With blood, and fire, and yet, methought
Its words were music, were they not
Written in darkness.
I confess!
Say'st thou? The sea shall yield its dead,
Perchance my spirit its distress;
Yet there are paths of human dread,
That none but God should trace, or tread;
Men judge by a degraded law;
With Him, I fear not; He who gave
The sceptre to the passion, saw
The sorrow of the slave.
He made me, not as others are,
Who dwell, like willows by a brook,
That see the shadow of one star
For ever with serenest look

Lighting their leaves,—that only hear
Their sun-stirred boughs sing sōft and clear,
And only live, by consciousness
Of waves that feed, and winds that bless.
Me—rooted on a lonely rock,
Amidst the rush of mountain rivers,
He doomed to bear the sound and shock
Of shafts that rend and storms that rock,
The frost that blasts, and flash that shivers;
And I am desolate and sunk,
A lifeless wreck—a leafless trunk,
Smitten with plagues, and seared with sin,
And black with rottenness within,
But conscious of the holier will
That saved me long, and strengthens still.

XIV.

"Mine eyes are dim, they scarce can trace
The rays that pierce this lonely place;
But deep within their darkness dwell
A thousand thoughts they knew—too well.
Those orbèd towers obscure and vast,
That light the Loire with sunset last;
Those fretted groups of shaft and spire,
That crest Amboise's cliff with fire,
When, far beneath, in moonlight fail
The winds that shook the pausing sail;
The panes that tint with dyes divine
The altar of St. Hubert's shrine;





The very stone on which I knelt,
When youth was pure upon my brow,
Though word I prayed, or wish I felt
I scarce remember now.
Methought that there I bowed to bless
A warrior's sword — a wanderer's way:
Ah! nearer now, the knee would press
The heart for which the lips would pray.
The thoughts were meek, the words were low—
I deemed them free from sinful stain:
It might be so. I only know
These were unheard, and those were vain.

XV.

"That stone is raised; — where once it lay
Is built a tomb of marble grey:
Asleep within the sculptured veil
Seems laid a knight in linked mail;
Obscurely laid in powerless rest,
The latest of his line,
Upon his casque he bears no crest,
Upon his shield no sign.
I've seen the day when through the blue
Of broadest heaven his banner flew,
And armies watched through farthest fight,
The stainless symbol's stormy light
Wave like an angel's wing.
Ah! now a scorned and scathed thing,
Its silken folds the worm shall fret,
The clay shall soil, the dew shall wet,

Where sleeps the sword that once could save,
And droops the arm that bore;
Its hues must gird a nameless grave;
Nor wind shall wake, nor lance shall wave,
Nor glory gild it more:
For he is fallen—oh! ask not how,
Or ask the angels that unlock
The inmost grave's sepulchral rock;
I could have told thee once, but now
'Tis madness in me all, and thou
Wouldst deem it so, if I should speak.
And I am glad my brain is weak;—
Ah! this is yet its only wrong,
To know too well—to feel too long.

XVI.

"But I remember how he lay,
When the rushing crowd were all away;
And how I called, with that low cry
He never heard without reply;
And how there came no sound nor sign,
And the feel of his dead lips on mine;
And when they came to comfort me,
I laughed, because they could not see
The stain of blood, or print of lance,
To write the tomb upon the trance.
I saw, what they had heeded not,
Above his heart, a small black spot;
Ah, woe! I knew how deep within
That stamp of death, that seal of sin

Had struck with mortal agony
The heart so false—to all but me.

XVII.

" Mother! methinks my soul can say
It loved as well as woman's may:
And what I *would have given*, to gain
The answering love, to count were vain;
I know not—what I *gave* I know—
My hope on high, my all below.
But hope and height of earth and heaven,
Or highest sphere to angels given,
Would I surrender, and take up
The horror of this cross and cup
I bear and drink, to win the thought
That I had failed in what I sought;
Alas! I won — rejoiced to win
The love whose every look was sin,
Whose every dimly worded breath
Was but the distant bell of death
For her who heard, for him who spoke.
Ah! though those hours were swift and few,
The guilt they bore, the vow they broke,
Time cannot punish — nor renew.

XVIII.

" They told me, long ago, that thou
Hadst seen, beneath this very shade
Of mouldering stone that wraps us now,
The death of her whom he betrayed.

Thine eyes are wet with memory,—
In truth 'tis fearful sight to see
Even the last sands of sorrow run,
Though the fierce work of death be done,
And the worst woe that fate can will
Bids but its victim to be still.
But I beheld the darker years
That first oppressed her beauty's bloom;
The sickening heart and silent tears
That asked and eyed her early tomb;
I watched the deepening of her doom,
As, pulse by pulse, and day by day,
The crimson life-tint waned away
And timed her bosom's quickening beat,
That hastened, only to be mute,
And the short tones, each day more sweet,
That made her lips like an Eolian lute,
When winds are saddest; and I saw
The kindling of the unearthly awe
That touched those lips with frozen light,
The smile, so bitter, yet so bright,
Which grief, that sculptured, seals its own,
Which looks like life, but stays like stone;
Which checks with fear the charm it gives,
And loveliest burns, when least it lives,—
All this I saw. Thou canst not guess
How woman may be merciless.
One word from me had rent apart
The chains that chafed her dying heart:
Closer I clasped the links of care,
And learned to pity—not to spare.

XIX.

" She might have been avenged ; for, when
Her woe was aidless among men,
And tooth of scorn and brand of shame
Had seared her spirit, soiled her name,
There came a stranger to her side,
Or—if a friend, forgotten long,
For hearts are frail, when hands divide.
There were, who said her early pride
Had cast his love away with wrong ;
But that might be a dreamer's song.
He looked like one whom power or pain
Had hardened, or had hewn, to rock
That could not melt nor rend again,
Unless the staff of God might shock,
And burst the sacred waves to birth,
That deck with bloom the Desert's dearth —
That dearth, that knows nor breeze, nor balm,
Nor feet that print, nor sounds that thrill ;
Though cloudless was his soul, and calm,
It was the Desert still;
And blest the wildest cloud had been
That broke the desolate serene,
And kind the storm, that farthest strewed
Those burning sands of solitude.

XX.

" Darkly he came, and in the dust
Had writ, perchance, Amboise's shame :

I knew the sword he drew was just,
And in my fear a fiend there came;
It deepened first, and then derided
The madness of my youth;
I deemed not that the God, who guided
The battle-blades in truth,
Could gather from the earth the guilt
Of holy blood in secret spilt.

XXI.

"I watched at night the feast flow high;
I kissed the cup he drank to die;
I heard, at morn, the trumpet call
Leap cheerly round the guarded wall;
And laughed to think how long and clear
The blast must be, for him to hear.
He lies within the chambers deep,
Beneath Amboise's chapel floor,
Where slope the rocks in ridges steep,
Far to the river shore;
Where thick the summer flowers are sown,
And, even within the deadening stone,
A living ear can catch the close
Of gentle waves for ever sent,
To soothe, with lull and long lament,
That murdered knight's repose:
And yet he sleeps not well;—but I
Am wild, and know not what I say;—
My guilt thou knowest—the penalty
Which I have paid, and yet must pay,
Thou canst not measure. O'er the day

I see the shades of twilight float—
My time is short. Believest thou not?
I know my pulse is true and light,
My step is firm, mine eyes are bright;
Yet see they—what thou canst not see,
The open grave, deep dug for me;
The vespers we shall sing to night
My burial hymn shall be:
But what the path by which I go,
My heart desires, yet dreads, to know.
But this remember, (these the last
Of words I speak for earthly ear;
Nor sign nor sound my soul shall cast,
Wrapt in its final fear:)
For him, forgiving, brave, and true,
Whom timeless and unshrived I slew,
For him be holiest masses said,
And rites that sanctify the dead,
With yearly honour paid.
For her, by whom he was betrayed,
Nor blood be shed, nor prayer be made,—
The cup were death—the words were sin,
To judge the soul they could not win,
And fall in torture o'er the grave
Of one they could not wash, nor save."

* * *

XXII.

The vesper beads are told and slipped,
The chant has sunk by choir and crypt.

That circle dark—they rise not yet;
With downcast eyes, and lashes wet,
They linger, bowed and low;
They must not part before they pray
For her who left them on this day
How many years ago!

XXIII.

They knelt within the marble screen,
Black-robed and moveless, hardly seen,
Save by their shades that sometimes shook
Along the quiet floor,
Like leaf-shades on a waveless brook
When the wind walks by the shore.
The altar lights that burned between,
Were seven small fire-shafts, white and keen,
Intense and motionless.
They did not shake for breeze nor breath,
They did not change, nor sink, nor shiver;
They burned as burn the barbs of death
At rest within their angel's quiver.
From lip to lip, in chorus kept,
The sad sepulchral music swept,
While *one* sweet voice unceasing led:
Were there but mercy for the dead,
Such prayer had power to soothe—to save—
Ay, even beneath the binding grave;
So pure the springs of faith that fill
The spirit's fount, at last unsealed,

A corpse's ear, an angel's will,
That voice might wake, or wield.
Keener it rose, and wilder yet,
The lifeless flowers that wreathe and fret
Column and arch with garlands white,
Drank the deep fall of its delight,
Like purple rain at evening shed
On Sestri's cedar-darkened shore,
When all her sunlit waves lie dead,
And, far along the mountains fled,
Her clouds forget the gloom they wore,
Till winding vale and pasture low
Pant underneath their gush and glow;
So sank, so swept, on earth and air,
That single voice of passioned prayer.
The hollow tombs gave back the tone,
The roof's grey shafts of stalwart stone
Quivered like chords, the keen night-blast
Grew tame beneath the sound. 'Tis past:
That failing cry—how feebly flung!
What charm is laid on her who sung?
Slowly she rose—her eyes were fixed
On the void, penetrable air;
And in their glance was gladness mixed
With terror, and an under glare:
What human soul shall seize or share
The thoughts it might avow?
It might have been—ah! is it now—
Devotion?—or despair?

XXIV.

With steps whose short white flashes keep
Beneath the shade of her loose hair,
With measured pace, as one in sleep
Who heareth music in the air,
She left the sisters' circle deep.
Their anxious eyes of troubled thought
Dwelt on her, but she heeded not;
Fear-struck and breathless as they gazed,
Before her steps their ranks divided;
Her hand was given—her face was raised
As if to one who watched and guided.
Her form emerges from the shade:
Lo! she will cross, where full displayed
Against the altar light 'tis thrown;
She crosses now—but not alone.
Who leads her? Lo! the sisters shrink
Back from that guide with limbs that sink,
And eyes that glaze, and lips that blench;
For, seen where broad the beams were cast
By what it dimmed, but did not quench,
A dark, veiled form there passed —
Veiled with the nun's black robe, that shed
Faint shade around its soundless tread;
Moveless and mute the folds that fell,
Nor touch can change, nor breeze repel.
Deep to the earth its head was bowed,
Its face was bound with the white shroud;
One hand upon its bosom pressed—
One seemed to lead its mortal guest:

The hand it held lay bright and bare,
Cold as itself, and deadly fair.
What oath hath bound the fatal troth
Whose horror seems to seal them both?—
Each powerless in the grasp they give,
This to release, and that to live.

XXV.

Like sister sails, that drift by night
Together on the deep,
Seen only where they cross the light
That pathless waves must pathlike keep
From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep:

XXVI.

Like two thin wreaths that autumn dew
Hath framed of equal paced cloud,
Whose shapes the hollow night can shroud,
Until they cross some caverned place
Of moon illumined blue,
That live an instant, but must trace
Their onward way, to waste and wane
Within the sightless gloom again,
Where, scattered from their heavenly pride
Nor star nor storm shall gild or guide,—
So shape and shadow, side by side
The consecrated light had crossed.
Beneath the aisle an instant lost,
Behold! again they glide
Where yonder moonlit arch is bent
Above the marble steps' descent,—

Those ancient steps, so steep and worn,
Though none descend, unless it be
Bearing, or borne, to sleep, or mourn,
The faithful, or the free.
The shade yon bending cypress cast,
Stirred by the weak and tremulous air,
Kept back the moonlight as they passed.
The rays returned: they were not there.
Who follows? Watching still, to mark
If aught returned—(but all was dark)
Down to the gate, by two and three,
The sisters crept, how fearfully!
They only saw, when there they came,
Two wandering tongues of waving flame
O'er the white stones, confusedly strewed
Across the field of solitude.

J. R.

Christ Church, Oxford.

NOTES.

Stanza II. Line 4.

The image with the lifted eyes.—I was thinking of the St. Cecilia of Raphael at Bologna, turned into marble—were it possible—where so much depends on the entranced darkness of the eyes. The Shrine of St. Cecilia is altogether imaginary: she is not a favourite saint in matters of dedication. I don't know why.

Stanza XIV. Line 5.

Those orbèd towers, obscure and vast.—The circular tower, seen to the right, in the engraving of Amboise, is so large as to admit of a spiral ascent in its interior, which two horsemen may ride up abreast. The chapel, which crowns the precipice,

though small, is one of the loveliest bits of rich detail in France. In reality it is terminated by a small wooden spire, which I have not represented, as it destroyed the grandeur of the outline. It is dedicated to St. Hubert, a grotesque piece of carving above the entrance representing his rencontre with the sacred stag.

Stanza XV. Line 2.

Is built a tomb of marble grey.—There is no such tomb *now* in existence, the chapel being circular, and unbroken in design; in fact, I have my doubts whether there ever was anything of the kind, the lady being slightly too vague in her assertions to deserve unqualified credit.

Stanza XXI. Line 42.

Nor blood be shed.—In the sacrifices of masses the priest is said to offer Christ for the quick and dead.

Stanza XXIII. Line 26.

Like purple rain.—I never saw such a thing but once, on the mountains of Sestri, in the Gulf of Genoa. The whole western half of the sky was one intense amber colour, the air crystalline and cloudless, the other half grey with drifting showers. At the instant of sunset, the whole mass of *rain* turned of a deep rose-colour, the consequent rainbow being not varied with the seven colours, but one broad belt of paler rose; the other tints being so delicate as to be overwhelmed by the crimson of the rain.

THE EMIGRANTS IN ENGLAND.

BY EMMA GRAY.

Only the fathers and grandfathers of this busy, struggling, and improving generation, can remember Europe's great moral earthquake—the French Revolution;—only they can remember its first vivid shock, when the bonds of a community were rent asunder, — when religious and social institutions were violently uprooted, and the jarring elements of all first spread disorder and confusion in a widening circle, even as a stone cast rudely into a clear lake, or rather as a volcano arising from its bosom — whose eddies have not yet died away. Its unsurpassed horrors and stern lessons are written in characters of blood; already they are of the past, and belong to history, and yet are they so near that the youngest among us may listen to details from the lips of actors or spectators of those dread scenes. Great events, and great sufferings; heroic virtues and enormous crimes, are illustrated and perpetuated by a thousand pens; but the "silent griefs which cut the heart strings,"—the brave endurance of petty trials, — the corroding cares, over

which pride spreads a mask, and the viewless blight which the heart feels, seem often passed over as too unexciting to present interest to the narrator or reader. Thus, while volumes are filled with the sanguinary deeds of the Reign of Terror, the fortitude with which youth and beauty met the fearful busy guillotine, and rare deeds of magnanimity and self-devotion—rare we do well believe, because happily so rarely called for,—the less dignified sufferings and sacrifices of the exiles, the French emigrants, occupy comparatively speaking but a few pages. Well do we remember hearing anecdotes and historiettes of these, from one who had rendered them many acts of kindness, and mixed on terms of intimacy with several of their number. And it is a sketch of this kind we are now about to recal.

The early sufferings of her whom we will call by her adopted name, Madame Dubarre, were not dissimilar to the trials of many whose misfortunes are registered on the enduring pages of history; the history of that fearful period — the Reign of Terror. The only remaining scion of a noble house, — young, rich, and beautiful,—wedded to one she loved most truly, and moving as a star in the brilliant court of the Sixteenth Louis, and his unfortunate queen, what seer could have predicted the vicissitudes of her future life? There were signs in the horizon, but few seemed to heed the coming storm. It burst at last, bringing ruin and destruction to hundreds of thousands. Madame Dubarre's husband was not among the early

victims; no, it was his worse fate to see friend after friend, the nearest and dearest, dragged to an untimely and sanguinary grave, to outlive the sovereign he had faithfully served, and the last remnant of that constitution which, however harsh and faulty, was mild and merciful in comparison with the anarchy which succeeded. For very long did he believe that the right would at last prevail, and he lingered in his country long after security alone was to be found in flight. He was, indeed, looked well after, as being guilty of those high crimes—noble birth, large possessions, a place at court, and the fact of living in a house surrounded with a park and gardens. There was a legend, indeed, that his grandfather had made some fortunate mesalliance with the beautiful daughter of a mechanic, and it was afterwards conjectured that this happy circumstance had been the means of keeping his head where God had fixed it, very much longer than it would otherwise have been allowed to remain there. Just, however, as he had succeeded in arranging a plan by which to reach England—the land of refuge—his enormities were discovered to be beyond further endurance, and at three hours notice he was dragged to the scaffold. Madame Dubarre had been for one month the mother of an only daughter, and indeed this circumstance had been the sole cause of their recent delay. Little Victorine drew her first breath in the stately mansion of her forefathers, about a dozen miles from Paris, while her anxious father was busily engaged in that city, making stealthily preparations for

converting a large portion of his fortune into portable property, and for leaving his native country until more peaceful times. Alas! alas! this necessary delay was fatal. Notwithstanding the horrors which surrounded her, and the chequered future to which she looked, some gleams of joy sparkled in the face of the young mother, as she looked with pride and love upon her beautiful child, trying to trace its father's lineaments in its baby face, and confidently believing that one other week would place them in a safe haven of protection. She sat thus musing, when a hum of distant voices fell upon her ear,—nearer it comes—yet nearer. Presently a youth, whom she recognises as a faithful servant of her husband, is seen running towards the house, — he rejects the more circuitous paths, and springs across some palings, and even tramples down the flowers which grow nearer to the house. He sees his mistress at a window which opens to the lawn, and neglecting all form or ceremony springs through it. From excessive agitation,—from the anguish expressed on his countenance, and the tears which still flowed, he was unable for a few minutes to speak; while his mistress implored him to tell what had happened. He looked round as if to ask if they were alone, and perceiving that Madame Dubarre must have dismissed the child's attendant before he arrived, he begged her to give the unconscious smiling infant into his arms, while she prepared to hear most dreadful news. How he broke to her the awful truth, that her husband was at that moment a mutilated corpse, neither he

knew, nor could she ever remember; and when she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen on comprehending the dreadful reality,—the sound which met her ear was a wild hooting, into which the hum of distant voices had encreased. François was bending over her, and his first entreaty was that she would summon all her strength and courage, and follow him, if not for her own, for her child's sake. The last appeal touched the right chord, — she had yet something to live for, and contented at that awful moment with hurried and imperfect explanations, she yielded to the humble advice of François. The infuriated mob were at hand; they were coming to ransack the house, perhaps to burn or tear it down; and giving his mistress but time to secrete a few jewels about her person, and forbidding her even to take a single attendant—for François suspected that there were traitors in the house, and knew not whom to trust; he led her by a bye-path from the house—on—on for miles to the homely dwelling of his sister. Then, and not till then did he draw a paper from his vest — a few hurried and incoherent lines — the last agonizing words of his unfortunate master. François had rightly judged, that to have delivered that precious letter at first would have unnerved Madame Dubarre, and rendered her still more incapable of instant exertion, than did the rude shock of her affliction. Well might they be hurried and incoherent lines — written even by stealth at the last awful moment, and only by a fortunate accident intrusted to François. Breathing to his wife and

child the most passionate love, and proportionate agony at his doom,—he yet in that brief epistle tried to offer some solace or comfort,—a vain mockery, which the next line perhaps proclaimed it! Then did he try to explain a very complicated matter,—how he had disposed of his property. And he endeavoured to relate in a few words his meeting with a young Englishman, in whose hands he had placed it, and who was then returning home. He told how he had been induced to trust him, at a time when few could distinguish friend from foe, half from his ingenuous countenance, and half because he knew that *he* too had a dear wife and only child, —who in free and happy England were to receive the exiles as dear friends. But alas! alas! the very words that were most important, were totally obliterated by the tears which must have fallen as the letter was closed, and by the wafer which secured it; both causes had combined to render the stranger's name perfectly undistinguishable!

It is not worth while to relate minutely how vain were all Madame Dubarre's endeavours to discover the young Englishman. By degrees hope faded way, and her trusting confidence gave place to the surmise that her husband must have been the dupe of some sharper; or would not an honest man have sought restitution to the wretched widow? Alas! she did not know that her husband's had been only half confidence, and that he was known to the stranger but by an assumed name.

In those dread days, neither sex nor age was re-

spected, and if the strong animal instinct of self-preservation might not alone have been sufficient to rouse the energies of the bereaved Comtesse de P——, the strong but silent appeal of her helpless infant had power to do so. With the aid of the humble, faithful François, now her truest friend, she escaped to England, and the fugitives reached its hospitable shores almost penniless. In this respect the comtesse resembled hundreds of her unfortunate compatriots; and it will be remembered that though pensions were granted to many, subscriptions raised for some, and the houses of the wealthy and munificent thrown open to others, by far the greater number honourably supported themselves by imparting that knowledge or those accomplishments, which under far different circumstances had been acquired for self-gratification, or the adornment of cultivated society. Madame Dubarre was of this number, and adopting that name in preference to retaining a title which seemed a mockery, she entered a second-rate boarding-school, as teacher of French and music, in consideration of which services she was to receive a small stipend,—a home for herself and the little Victorine, and as years rolled on, instruction for the latter.

What a change for the guest of princes—the visitor of the Tuilleries! From refinements often carried to a degree of enervating luxuriousness, to homely if not coarse fare, and the dull routine of daily drudgery—from the gorgeous palace or mansion to the boarded school-room;—for the lively sally or brilliant repartee,

the twaddle of an antiquated spinster of mediocre mind; (for Madame Dubarre was not fortunate in her selection, Miss Smith, the school-mistress having few ideas beyond the four high walls which bounded her dwelling house);—and last of all for the heart love, beneath whose sun her own warm feelings had expanded, she had now at best the courtesies and civilities of a not very exalted station! Still she was human, and therefore her sorrows were softened by the wonder-working hand of time;—she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore inclined to look on the brightest side of things,—a wholesome habit, though sometimes sneered at. Thus as years passed on, and the radiant beauty of the little Victorine expanded, a beauty whose bright intelligence was an earnest of the soul within, the cheek of Madame Dubarre regained in some measure that hue of peace and health which sorrow had driven away. Perhaps in the philosophy of the human mind there are few things more wonderful than that merciful dispensation by which the heart, bowed and crushed by affliction, *does* generally rise after awhile from the stunning blow. Especially is it so in youth; for though that may be the season of keenest emotion, and the feelings, cooled by experience and disappointment, may be harder to receive impressions, they are also harder to retain. The difference is almost equal to that of the waxen image, and the graven stone which impresses it. But Madame Dubarre was still young, and though her sorrows were engraven on a heart of a texture more endurable than wax, she did after awhile

arouse her drooping energies, the earlier perhaps that she felt herself the sole stay and support of her child, around which every tendril of her heart seemed to cling. Thus by degrees her position became improved, for *home* is a dear word and most significant; and though the French are said neither to have it nor need it, both the word and its meaning Madame Dubarre learned in England. In a few years she either met with, or sought for, or heard of many of her compatriots, who were circumstanced like herself;—some were even friends and acquaintances of by-gone years,—but all seemed bound together by the tie of misfortune; and by the time Victorine was twelve years old, instead of being the teacher at Miss Smith's establishment, Madame Dubarre had removed to London, and had a home. Yes, for her quiet little lodgings were *home*, small though they were, almost mean, and in an obscure street of the dense metropolis. Like so many of her fellow-sufferers her days were employed in giving lessons, and she chose her home in a street and in a neighbourhood for several good reasons selected by them.

It certainly was not the fashionable part of the town, yet sufficiently near to be, as the phrase is, within a stone's throw; it was situated among so many great thoroughfares that all points seemed accessible from it, and was intersected by those second-rate streets, where, if commodities be not of the very highest quality, they are certainly to be found at the lowest price. These were recommendations to the poor emigrants, who formed,

as it were, a little colony, and who, cemented by the bonds of affection or sympathy, seized gratefully those wrecks of happiness which their stormy trials had yet spared to them. So often have we heard them described, that we feel almost as if we had made one at their little réunions. When the toil of the day was over, and they met at some one of their humble dwellings, not, we fear, "with champagne and a chicken at last," but with less pretending fare;—coffee, however, that *was* coffee, lemonade, and *eau sucrée*. How they strove too, to throw some sort of grace and refinement over their common-place abodes! How a white muslin curtain was added to the scanty draperies of a lodging-house, the poor furniture more tastefully arranged, or a few flowers, given, and sometimes purchased, were cherished from day to day in the mutilated vases which decked the high chimney-piece. And they did succeed; an air, a tone made up of trifles was felt among them; the courtesies of high breeding were never forgotten, and a stranger who could have looked on unseen, would have found music worth hearing in one corner of the room, and between the performances, conversation worth listening to in another, and, perhaps, in a third, a tête-à-tête where the close-absorbing attention, and changing cheek, and tearful eyes, told that some sad story of the past was disentombed for memory to dwell upon. Among the kind English friends whom the worth, talents, and misfortunes of Madame Dubarre won for her, was Mrs. Mowbray, the wife of one of London's "princely

merchants." Her only daughter, who was rather younger than Victorine, was instructed by Madame Dubarre in French, music, and painting, and at first, from the idea that the companionship of the little French girl, who of the two spoke her own language more fluently than English, would be of service to Caroline Mowbray, Victorine was invited to pass a few weeks in Portman Square;—and so gentle, so gifted, so loveable was she, that by degrees they could scarcely do without her, it was almost her home. Madame Dubarre felt grateful; for troubles had worn away that false pride which might once have made her shrink from an obligation, conferred even in the most delicate manner, and rather as if a favour were received than granted.

Years rolled on; Victorine received instruction from Caroline's finishing masters, and both were grown lovely girls. Still Madame Dubarre's visits under one pretence or another continued daily, and sometimes Victorine returned almost like a guest for a week or two to her mother's *home*. How proud the mother was of her child, and how sweet the confidence between them! For so many years they had been all in the world to each other, that the awe and reserve which sometimes exists in their relative positions on the younger side, found no place in Victorine's heart; she never dreamed of wilfully concealing a thought or feeling from her mother; and Madame Dubarre, despite all adverse circumstances, preserved that freshness of feeling which remembers the enthusiasm of youth suf-

ficiently to share and understand it, and is the magnet which attracts the young, and by which they are most surely led. And yet if each succeeding year had dulled the first keen impression of Madame Dubarre's affliction, if each year had brought her new friends, and rendered her lot more endurable, still as Victorine approached womanhood, the anxious mother could not but contrast most painfully the lot of her child with those brilliant prospects, which, alas! for the fallacy of human thought and expectation had seemed her birthright. Napoleon was still seated upon his "brazen throne," and the few prophets who told that it was hollow and crumbling, if listened to, were but seldom believed. What had the firm adherent of the Bourbon to expect from the Corsican,—or how could she rationally hope for restitution of that wealth which by comparison might have made the exile happy, and thrown its bright halo round the youth of her child? For though wealth may not bring happiness, it opens many paths to it.

It should be remarked, that in consequence of his mercantile speculations Mr. Mowbray was frequently absent from England for several months at a time, and towards the close of one of these periods a strange change crept in — was felt rather than perceived, among the knot of united friends who assembled so frequently in Portman Square. There are many sad things we must experience and behold in our earthly sojourn, but few are more sad and sorrowful than to watch the fresh heart and bright hopes of youth checked

by the "killing frost" of disappointment; and in addition to her own early trials this seemed reserved for poor Madame Dubarre. She was the first to read the riddle that was enacting around her; she saw that George Mowbray, the only and darling son of his parents, was attached to her child, and that, perhaps half unconsciously to Victorine herself, her young and innocent heart was his! Only from one look, but it was a look full of anguish did she suspect that Mrs. Mowbray had made a similar discovery; and she understood almost intuitively their relative positions. In the first place she knew Mr. Mowbray had lofty views for his son, that it was even rumoured he would marry into a certain noble family not rich enough to scorn the merchant's princely fortune, and not too proud to receive into its bosom a talented and highly educated commoner. But in her own mind she was convinced that with the ardour and impetuosity of youth, young Mowbray gave not a feather's weight to these considerations, and that he was only awaiting his father's return to England, to implore his consent to receive the orphan exile as his daughter. Equally sure was she that he had not in open and formal words declared his love to Victorine; but while she appreciated conduct that she felt was directed by the purest principles, she sighed to acknowledge that the soul of sympathy has a language of its own, and that hearts are lost and won without much aid from direct matter-of-fact phrases. She suspected that Mrs. Mowbray refrained from interference, from a fear that premature measures might fan

into a flame the spark that otherwise would burn itself out. Her own plans, however, were decided almost in a moment; for she shrank involuntarily from the monstrous ingratitude of which she felt she should be guilty to the benefactress of her child, and the kind friend whom she loved almost as a sister, if she allowed Victorine to remain another week under that friend's protecting roof. Accordingly, with true delicacy she feigned excuses for requiring her daughter's return, for a month or two at least, to the quiet humble home of N—— Street, and not at all to her surprise, Mrs. Mowbray immediately acceded to her request. The fact was, without choosing to come to an explanation, both parties understood one another.

There is no need to tell how for the few succeeding weeks, the mother's love seemed to grow yet more tender, how she watched the changing cheek of Victorine, and at last drew from her the secret of her heart; not from an idle curiosity to confirm that of which she had no doubt, but knowing that much sorrow is often carried off by the channels of affectionate sympathy. She did not blame, or command, or threaten; but she appealed to the heart of Victorine, and not unsuccessfully, through her best feelings and highest principles. About a month had elapsed when it chanced that an evening was fixed for one of those petite réunions before alluded to, and it was to take place at Madame Dubarre's. Perhaps her own feelings, absorbed in a great measure by her anxious thoughts of Victorine, and her still arduous daily duties, might

have prompted her to choose more seclusion than usual, but she wished not to attract the attention even of her dearest friends by a change in her usual mode of living, and she thought that just then the less seclusion there was for Victorine the better.

As was usual when it was the turn of Madame Dubarre to play the hostess, Mrs. Mowbray was invited, and as usual Mrs. Mowbray condescended to grace the little party with her presence. No wonder, for in that obscure street and small apartment would be congregated the atoms which make up "society" in the best acceptation of the word. Besides, her own presence was so good an excuse for some delicate and appropriate present in aid of the entertainment, — perhaps fruit from their hot-house in the country, or game, of which "they really had such a profusion it was a charity to consume it." Was it a strange wild hope existing almost against her will,—the hope that the son would accompany the mother, as he so often before had done, which on that evening lighted up Victorine's sweet face with even more than its usual animation? It might be so, for soon after Mrs. Mowbray arrived alone, Victorine's cheeks were observed to grow pale, and her eyes dim, heavy "with the weight of unshed tears." She was asked to sing, and tried to comply, but in the middle of a simple ballad grew faint, and was obliged to leave the room. An accident of this kind always throws a damp upon a little friendly party; and with the exception of Mrs. Mowbray, Madame Dubarre's guests withdrew earlier than usual. Mrs. Mowbray's

carriage would not arrive for another half-hour, and as Victorine had retired to her chamber, the two mothers were alone. For a little while both were silent, and when they looked up both were in tears. There was very little need of explanation, though a great deal may be said in half an hour. From the present and Victorine, however, Madame Dubarre reverted to the past, a subject on which she was not very fond of expatiating, and she related far more minutely than she had ever before done, the circumstances which attended her flight from France. Now was it the turn of Mrs. Mowbray to become agitated and confused; but just as she had sunk upon a sofa apparently overpowered with her emotions, her carriage was announced, and her servants brought the startling intelligence that Mr. Mowbray had just arrived from the Continent, whence he had not been expected for some days to come.

It was the third day from that eventful evening, when a note from Mrs. Mowbray kindly, affectionately, yet strangely worded, was put into the hand of Madame Dubarre, the purport of which was to request she would call on Mr. Mowbray the following morning, as he wished to communicate with her on an affair of importance. Has the reader already imagined the sequel? —is he prepared for one of those strange accidents which yet go far towards making us believe there is no such thing as accident in the world? Mr. Mowbray was the Englishman to whom, eighteen years before, the Count de P—— had intrusted nearly forty thousand pounds worth of property! When the appointed time

at which he expected to receive Victorine's father in England had expired, he made every exertion to discover either him or the heirs of his fortune, but every clue was lost. Not for some years, however, did he use the gold of which he had so strangely become possessed; but at last he embarked it in his mercantile speculations, still resolving, even though expectation from year to year grew fainter, that it should be restored if possible to those who were entitled to it. The command of so much actual capital had been of infinite service, had indeed proved the foundation of his noble fortune, and, convinced from Mrs. Mowbray's recital of Madame Dubarre's sufferings, that she must indeed be the widow of his early acquaintance, he only awaited the proofs which she could give him of the fact, to make ample restoration. The hand-writing and the worn fragment of that sad, but still dearly cherished letter, were quite sufficient for the purpose. This, however, was not all. Who can trace the mysterious windings of the human mind? Can we do it ourselves — are we not too well satisfied with fair results, without scanning narrowly their combining causes? Perhaps Mr. Mowbray, though actuated by feelings of probity, yielded with more reluctance than he had anticipated the tens of thousands he had begun to look on as his own. Perhaps he thought love and forty thousand pounds, a fairer portion for his son, than a title with only a chance of the love, and the certainty of far less money. Perhaps that dear son's entreaties had had some weight, — perhaps they

would have had weight had Victorine still remained portionless. Who can tell? But it is likeliest that each and all combined to cause his decision, — his hearty consent to the union of his son with Victorine. Mrs. Mowbray had been present with her husband during this interview, and towards the close of it their son was sent for. His emotions were more overpowering than those of any other party; but it is astonishing what a great deal of room there is for happiness in the human heart. He declared, however, that Victorine was still unmoved, and that he had many fears she would not accept him, — declarations that in his heart of hearts he knew to be false; still they were sufficient excuses for his purpose, which was to insist that he should break these wondrous tidings to Victorine. If it be remembered that he was only one-and-twenty, his disinterested love in the first instance, and his impetuosity now may be accounted for, to such as doubt the continuance of these attributes to a later stage of life; though, for our own part, we are not among these doubters, believing rather that they belong to character than age. However this may be, George Mowbray contrived to reach N—— Street very much sooner than the carriage and servants who had been dispatched to bring Victorine to Portman Square, — to profit by the half-hour which he thus obtained, and to return with her as her accepted, and in the orthodox phrase, "the happiest man in the world." Yes, she did accept him, and never loved him less, because she had learned to respect his long silence, and to under-

stand that he had avoided her presence, until he could appear before her with his parent's sanction to their union. Except a life interest of a very few hundreds per annum, it was Madame Dubarre's wish that the whole property should be settled on Victorine; and though the lawyers' settlements delayed the marriage as long as they could — why even they had an end.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF

L. E. L.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day —
How shall our grief—if mournful these things be—
Flow forth, oh! thou of many gifts! for thee?
* * * * * *
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye!

MRS. HEMANS.

WEEP, England weep! thy gifted child
Sleeps in an early grave,
Where fragrant flow'rs fling perfume round,
And graceful palm-trees wave.

Where watchful stars burn clear and bright,
Up in the gloomy skies,
And shed their soft and tender light
Where many a loved one lies!

Ay! many a loved one has that shore —
That fatal shore entomb'd:
For seldom in that southern clime
Have English blossoms bloom'd.

Daughter of song—of soul—of thought,
Hers was a bright career!
Who can record her death unmoved,—
Who can withhold a tear!

Not those who hung enraptured o'er
The pictures she pourtray'd,
Till glittering plains and purple seas,
Long through their fancies stray'd!

Not those who loved the noble heart,
That deem'd wealth, honour, fame,
All vanity and nothingness—
A sparkle on a stream—

Unless affection lent its smile
To sanctify and bless
The human breast,—which never found
In glitter, happiness.

But why lament the poet's death,
The sainted poet's joy,—
Whose glorious spirit revels in
Pleasures without alloy?

Here it but struggled in its bonds ;
But yearn'd to flee away,
To quit dim earth, and roam unthrall'd
Through realms of endless day !

Then England, gentle be thy tears,
She was but *lent* — not given —
To light thee for a while, then fly
Back to her home in heaven !

Revere her name, enshrine it deep
In memory's sacred cell,
And ne'er forget, 'midst other stars,
The star you loved so well !

And you, who may yet pass her grave
Under the plantain's shade,
Or by the golden-sanded brook,
In the deep sultry glade,

Oh ! plant an English primrose there, —
Plant it beside her tomb !
'Twill greet the English visitor
Like gentle words from home !

It was her favourite flower too,
She loved it since the years
That it bedeck'd her childhood's haunts,
And soothed her childhood's tears !

And it befits her early grave,
For sweet its perfum'd leaf,
Like her sweet mind, and like her too,
Its stay is bright and brief!

SONNET.

For ever on the rough and stormy main,
Tost o'er the tumbling tides, as winds decree—
For ever let me rather wander free
Than roam the loveliest land, where tyrants reign.
There, not a flower that peeps above the plain,
Bird in the valley, blossom on the tree,
Or star in the sweet heaven, but seems to me
Tuneless and scentless, joyless all and vain.
Wisdom and valour fly the infected shore —
With minds enslaved can wisdom long abide?
Or valour crouch to sceptred minions' pride?
Man's heart with foul disease is blotted o'er;
Cold and corrupt, I see him passing by,—
His life one long intrigue,—his heart a lie.

E. H. F.

GONZALVO'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

I.

"CONSTANCE, my child! take comfort; all is not lost to thee, though I must leave thee sooner than I expected," were the almost inarticulate words of a dying warrior, as, supported in the arms of an attendant, he bent over a beautiful girl who had flung herself on her knees beside his rude pallet, burying her face in his hand in all the abandonment of grief. It was a low-roofed, rudely furnished chamber in the olden castle of Ruvo, supporting on its pannelled walls and divisions of the ceiling many specimens of the warlike implements of the time. Shields of massive workmanship, with the overhanging helmet, the long sword, and *misericorde* or dagger, interspersed with spears, and iron caps, were suspended on all sides; while jars and flasks, a bugle horn, an unsheathed sword and belt, and such like gear, were scattered on the floor. The dying man was stretched on the only

couch the room afforded; a wooden pallet serving alike for bed and chair, one part of which was occupied by two of the warrior's men-at-arms, their eyes fixed alternately on their beloved commander and the fair being on whom his last thoughts seemed centred. On their left stood two venerable monks; the one holding aloft the cross, the other bearing on a silver salver the consecrated bread and wine, which the warrior had received in lowly faith, convinced his last moment was at hand. Two other armed figures, sturdy cavaliers, finished the group. Individual sorrow was deepened by the thought, that with Duke Manfred died the last lingering hopes of Naples. He had refused to follow his brother, the voluntarily exiled monarch Frederic, to the court of France, hoping still to preserve his ill-fated country from being trampled on, even if its liberty were gone;—struggling against Spain, and her great captain, simply because he thought France less likely to look on Naples as a slave, though for him individually life had lost all joy—for he felt his country would never again rise, beautiful and free, as she had been. Mortally wounded in an unexpected skirmish with the Spaniards, Manfred would yet have met death calmly, if not willingly, had not the deep grief of the fair girl, who had clung to him as to a second father—preferring to linger by his side in the roughest part of Naples, to accompanying her own royal parent to the luxurious court of Louis—distracted him to the forgetfulness of all, save how to comfort her. He knew it was no small loss she mourned:—the

young, impoverished, yet noble Luigi Vincenzio, to whom the first freshness of her young affections had been given, with all the fervid warmth of an Italian heart, was dear to Manfred as his own son, and he had promised to plead for Vincenzio with her father, in lieu of the gay Duke de Nemours, whom Frederic favoured, but whom Constance instinctively abhorred. No marvel the words of the dying man fell vainly and discordantly upon her ear,—that she clung to him as if that wild embrace should fetter life within ;—he should not, must not leave her! Fainter and fainter became the voice of Manfred,—and then all was silent, save the convulsive sobs of the kneeling girl, whose tears had so bedewed the rough hand she clasped that she knew not how cold it grew, and the deep yet suppressed breathings of those around. A quick step made its way through the groups of mourning Neapolitans who thronged the chamber, and a tall manly form stood reverentially and mournfully beside the pallet.

"Alas! alas!—too late,—he has gone!—his look—his voice of kindly blessing—all denied me! Constance! my beloved!"

The voice aroused her,—she started to her feet, looked shudderingly on the face of the dead, and then sinking in the arms of Vincenzio, wept less painfully upon his bosom. But, brief as was that upward glance, it displayed a face so youthful, and of such touching loveliness, that tears should have been strangers there; childlike as it was, yet there was something in its sweet expression which told the threshold of life was

past;—she had looked beyond, and tasted the magic draught whose first drop transforms the being, and influences the whole of after life. Her rich golden hair hung loose and dishevelled over her pale cheek, and her deep-blue beautifully formed eye was swollen with weeping,—yet was she lovely despite of all.

But short communion was allowed the youthful pair, for the last wish of the dying warrior had been that his niece should seek the convent of St. Alice, twenty miles distant, there to remain till happier hours dawned for Naples, or she could more securely rejoin her father.

"Yes, better there than lingering here, where Nemours may deem himself privileged to seek thee when he lists," resumed the young Neapolitan, when his words of gentle soothing had had effect, and Constance was comforted. "Sweetest! it shall be but a very brief farewell; the thought that thou art in safety shall soothe the hours of absence, and thou wilt promise to think of me—my own!"

"Think of thee!" she repeated, and a smile lit up that sweet face—till to say in which it looked more lovely, smiles or tears, would have been difficult. "There is no need to make me promise that, my Luigi: I could not, if I would, think of aught other, save" (her voice faltered) "of the kind heart gone!" She paused a moment, then added, sorrowfully, "My father, my poor father!—I should wish to join him—yet I cannot. Luigi, dearest Luigi, 'tis my turn to die now; and thou lookest doubtingly and sad; our

best friend has gone! Oh, we cannot weep too long for him!—yet, canst thou think if Frederic knew whom his Constance loved he would still deny her? No! no!—smile on me, love, and trust me, Constance of Naples will have none other lord but thee."

He did trust her; and the brief period left them passed in such sweet and hopeful converse, that sorrow itself was soothed, and both were strengthened for the parting hour.

Luigi himself headed the gallant little troop of native warriors collected to convey her with all honour to the convent. He dreaded that Nemours, obtaining notice of the intended movement, would attempt the capture of the princess by force, and otherwise annoy them; but to his surprise not a trace of the French army awaited them.

Quartered as they were almost all over Calabria, generally presenting their steel fronts as strong lines of defence for the towns and castles round, this desertion appeared extraordinary; particularly as their aim had been to incapacitate the Spaniards from leaving their entrenchments within the fortified city of Barletta, twelve miles to the south of Ruvo, where they were at present quartered.

Night was falling when Vincenzio returned to Ruvo; but there was still light enough for him to distinguish more than usual military bustle within the walls: soldiers were hurrying to and fro; arms were burnishing; lances and swords sharpening; large fires blazing up; bands of armed men assembling; the heavy harness and

unsheathed weapons forming in heaps and lines to be donned and grasped at a moment's warning. Anxious and curious, Vincenzio hastened to the quarters of the Sire de La Palice, governor of the town, and found him, though joyous and laughter-loving as was his wont, alternately giving orders to several officers, who seemed to appear and disappear with a glance, and muttering oaths and execrations on some extraordinary act of folly, the nature of which or by whom committed Luigi found some difficulty in comprehending.

Our limits will not permit our becoming personally acquainted with La Palice, which a conversation might accomplish. We must confine ourselves to a brief relation of historical facts. It appeared that the inhabitants of Castellanata, enraged beyond all measure at the licentious and insulting conduct of the French troops quartered in their vicinity, had risen in sudden revolt, and finally betrayed the town into the hands of the Spaniards. Nemours, thinking more of his own dignity, which he imagined had been outraged in this revolt, than of the real interests of his sovereign, swore the most signal vengeance, and marched his whole force northward, disregarding the representation of more experienced officers, that it would be the height of folly to leave all Calabria unguarded, for the reduction of one paltry town. The character of Gonzalvo was too well known to admit a thought of his neglecting this opportunity of attack; and La Palice therefore, on his part determined to be on the alert, though he guessed not how soon or whence the attack would come.

There were many sad thoughts on the young Neapolitan's heart, as he returned to his own chamber. Alas! it little signified to Naples who were her masters, French or Spaniards; but he recalled that period of his country's brief prosperity, when the celebrated Captain Gonzalvo had been his monarch's guest and honoured friend, and grieved that Frederic had chosen France, instead of Spain, for refuge: perhaps his instinctive hatred to Nemours, as the encouraged aspirant to the hand of his Constance increased these regrets; but still to La Palice he was bound by all the chivalric ties of military companionship, and he determined, if danger threatened, to forget his nationality awhile, and fight in his friend's defence.

The night was peculiarly mild and lovely: the soft silvery halo flung down from the full moon on the clustering olives and vineyards, stretching beneath the young Italian's window, over some miles of fertile country, seemed to whisper tranquillity and peace, that war had not yet disturbed; and Luigi looked forth lingeringly till the calm sank into his own soul, and Constance alone stood forth amid those troubled visions like a star gleaming through clouds on the trembling waves.

It was near day-break ere he sought his couch and slept; but not for long. One pale streak of dawn alone was visible; but there were sounds on the still air little in accordance with the lingering night. A dull, heavy, monotonous roar, as of a continued cannonade close at hand, was accompanied by sharp, vivid flashes

of light playing athwart the casement; then followed the roll of many drums,—the shout "to arms,"—"the foe! the foe!"—the clash of the alarum bell,—the heavy trampling of a hundred feet—the shrill shrieks of woman's terror, and other sounds of tumult and war. Vincenzio listened a moment, as one still dreaming; but then, La Palice's warning flashing on his mind, he sprang to his feet and glanced beneath him. Far, far as his eye could reach, trampling down that fair scene of fertility and peace, there came band after band of armed men, rolling onward in such dense masses, that he felt at a glance resistance was in vain. Marvellous, as it seemed, Gonzalvo de Cordova himself was upon them; and that name in its mighty eloquence was paralyzing terror! A very brief interval sufficed to banish every thought from Luigi's mind but fears for La Palice, by whose side he speedily was. The noise waxed louder, closer, but there was no trace of disturbance, or even anxiety, on the governor's open brow as he gaily marshalled his little band of three hundred lances, to throw themselves into the first breach which Gonzalvo's unceasing cannonade was rapidly making in the walls.

"Ha! welcome comrade mine!" he cried, grasping Vincenzio's hand. "Mark La Palice as a true prophet, and Nemours the most egregious blockhead that ever wrote himself a man. Ha! all compact there; ready! that's well—to the right, forward!" and on they rushed through the town. Already every wall was manned, and showers of arrows and stones galled the Spaniards

at every turn; but had no power on the immense mass at work against the ramparts. Already the walls were tottering, falling, borne down by the heavy cannonade. On the opposite side the walls had been scaled, and Spanish and French fought hand to hand on the summit. A yell of triumph soon after proclaimed the formation of an immense breach, into which Gonzalvo himself and his choicest troops poured, like a mountain torrent, increasing, swelling as it came, as if utterly to overwhelm the compact little phalanx which La Palice threw forward to oppose him. A very brief struggle sufficed to show how fruitless was every effort of the French; the immense odds speedily forced the breach; but still, hemmed in on all sides so closely that their swords had scarcely room for full play, there was no word of surrender or defeat; struggling only to preserve their honour in their death, man after man fell, without yielding an inch, around his leader. Presently wilder and more deafening sounds arose; mingling indiscriminately the roar of artillery, the clang of steel,—the rush of an hundred chargers,—the shrill shrieks of women, so that not one could be distinguished from another. The town was forced, and every street, for a brief interval, became the scene of combat. Another hour, and the strife was at an end. La Palice, who had striven as if his individual efforts could avert defeat, had been overwhelmed with numbers, and brought to the ground with the crushing blow of a battle-axe; yet, even then, with his own gay laugh, he flung his sword over the heads of his captors, that

none should claim him as an individual prize. Vincenzio shared his fate, the capture of his friend removing from him all inclination to prolong the fruitless combat, and yet more exasperate the Spaniards against his ill-fated countrymen.

The close of that day beheld Ruvo deserted: the heavy banner of Spain waving above the ruined ramparts alone marked what had been: for the riches of Ruvo,—gold, treasure, horses and arms, the French prisoners, almost all of whom were badly wounded, and the principal Neapolitan citizens, were conveyed under strong detachments to Barletta, the head-quarters of the great captain and his troops.

II.

Twenty-four hours after his daring reduction of Ruvo, Gonzalvo de Cordova was seated in one of the best furnished apartments of Barletta, bearing little trace either of the eager warrior or sagacious general; all other emotions merged in that one which, even in his glorious campaigns, reigned uppermost—love for the lovely, the transcendant being, who in woman's freshest, most beautiful prime, was seated at his feet, her arm reclining caressingly on his knee, and her dark, splendid orbs, all their flashing passion stilled in filial love, fixed on his face as he narrated his last triumph. It was his daughter Elvira, for whom, so deep was the hero's love, that even in his foreign wars she was never known to be parted from his side.

"Trust me, they shall be seen to, my father," she

said, in answer to his entreaty that her woman's tenderness and care would look to the comfort of his wounded prisoners, whom he had already luxuriously installed, with his own surgeon to attend them. "La Palice is in truth a champion to gain guerdon of woman's care."

"But not of woman's heart, my gentle one; thine must not pass to the wardance of our foes."

"Nor shall it, father; it is thine, all thine!" and the rich burning flush resting on her cheek as she spoke was deemed by her father but the glow of sunset which played around her. He kissed her fondly, vowing he would accept such devotedness only till another and a dearer sought it. "Find but one deserving of thy love, my child, and no selfish pangs shall bid me keep thee by my side: yet, methinks, thou as myself art difficult to please;—the noblest and the best have bowed to thee in vain,—thy heart was ice to all, and selfish as I am, I have rejoiced it was so."

Her face was buried in his hand, and he saw not how painfully its colour varied. He did not feel the full, quick throb of that maiden heart: if her fond father penetrated not its secret, how may we?

In obedience to Gonzalvo's command, (in those days no strange one,) Elvira, attended by her women, herself visited the apartments of the wounded prisoners, administered to their wants, superintended the healing of their wounds, speaking words of comfort and of hope, till,—veiled as she was, her rank, even her name, often unknown, — the sound of her voice — the touch of her

gentle hand, were hailed by each sufferer with such feelings of devotion, and gratitude, as might have marked her indeed the angel visitant their fevered fancies deemed her.

"And I have seen all?—thou art sure none other needs my tending?" she asked of an attendant. "Methinks those rooms we have not visited."

"There are no prisoners of moment there, lady; but one room tenanted;—a poor Italian—Neapolitan, I should say—who, as he may bring little honour and less ransom to our leader's coffers, scarce needs your gracious care; he will do well enough."

"Peace, slave! it is well Gonzalvo hears you not!" —he crouched beneath her flashing scorn. "Poor! friendless! the more he needs his captor's care: lead on!"

She was obeyed, and the apartment gained. A young man was reclining on a rude couch—his limbs stretched out, his head bent forward, resting on his arm in all the abandonment of complete repose; his long jetty hair had fallen as partly to shade his face, but there was just enough visible of his cheek and brow to startle by their ghastly whiteness, gleaming out in fearful contrast with the crimson cloak he had drawn around him. The opening of the door had not aroused him, and a moment the intruders paused; there was a start, a quick, and choking breath, as if respiration had been suddenly impeded; and the lady Elvira stood beside the slumberer, and lifted the damp curls from his brow. Why did she so pause, so

stand, pale, rigid, breathless?—feared she to break those peaceful slumbers?—if so, her caution was in vain: the young man started, looked wildly round, then heavily and painfully arose, as if conscious he was in the presence of rank and beauty, and struggled to give them homage.

"Nay, fair sir, we come to thee as leech, not queen, and must refuse all homage but obedience," the lady said calmly; "We must condemn thee to thy couch, not to thy knee."

"Who is it that speaks? Lady, that voice comes to my ear laden with happy memories, bringing a vision of one whose faintest smile was chivalry's best fame—aye, e'en to Naples' sons."

"And is it marvel, Signor Vincenzio, the daughter of Gonzalvo should be with her father still, though Naples no longer calls him friend? Nay, we have refused thine homage, as little suited to thy weakness, gentle sir. Resign thee for a brief while to the leech's art, and take comfort: Gonzalvo wars with France, not Naples. We will visit thee again."

Luigi Vincenzio rose from his knee, where he had sunk simply in greeting to one whose resplendent gifts, in happier days, had excited his young imagination in no ordinary degree; and the calm unimpassioned posture in which he stood till she departed betrayed no warmer feelings than reverence and admiration. Days passed, merging into weeks; but long before that period, Luigi Vincenzio was not only convalescent, but permitted and enabled to roam at large about Bar-

letta and its environs; unguarded, even by his parole. Whence came this extraordinary indulgence none knew; but all supposed, that as the great captain had repeatedly declared he warred not with the Neapolitans—not at least with those who chose to accept his friendship, and own the supremacy of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella—the young nobleman had accepted these conditions, and had been thus received into favour. Again, as had been the case before the capture of Ruvo, chivalric games agreeably diversified the dull routine of military duty. Nemours, overcome with shame, at the consequences of his own folly, had retired to Canosa; and as Gonzalvo had not received the expected reinforcements, enabling him to change his mode of attack to the offensive, his officers, and many of the Neapolitans friendly to his interests, entered with spirit into all their general's plans for military recreation, while the Lady Elvira resumed her station, as queen of the revels, crowning the victor with her own fair hand. Her influence had led Vincenzio there; she rallied him on his deep gloom, playfully demanding why he alone should scorn the prize she gave: he had professed such deep gratitude for the tender care she had so silently lavished on his sufferings, soothing him by the charm of her voice to health, more powerfully than the leech's art, and yet he refused such trifling boon. And he obeyed; he joined the combatants, received bright wreaths of glory from her hand, and lingered by her side, but the smile she sought was not upon his lips; her step, her voice, however unexpected, had

no power to flush his cheek, or light his eye with joy; but his to her!—the *echo* of *his* footstep, the faintest whisper of *his* voice—as the smouldering fire in the bosom of the volcano, seeming so still, so silent, till, roused to whelming might, they lay upon her heart.

Fiercely and terribly the thunder-cloud of wrath had gathered on the brow of Gonzalvo de Cordova, as with heavy strides he paced his private cabinet about a month after Ruvo's capture. He chafed not at fair and open fight, nay, gloried in the heat, the toil, the press of war; but conspiracy, treachery, or that which in the present excited state of his mind he deemed as such, he could not brook. A plot had been discovered, ill formed, ill digested, but if correct in its details, in the names of its principals, involving many of those whom Gonzalvo had treated and trusted as friends, amid the Neapolitans, to throw off the yoke of the Spaniards, to be free, and preserve their liberty at the sword's point, till seconded by other cities, and encouraged by Nemours' inactivity, Frederic himself might be recalled: this seemed their object pledged to by the most solemn oaths. Gonzalvo's name was found upon their list of victims, but all was dark and little tangible: still warrants had been issued; those supposed the principal conspirators arrested and secured; and the great captain now chafed and fumed, unwilling to believe the whole tale true, from the heavy judgment it demanded, yet feeling to the full the tremendous responsibility devolved upon himself.

"My father! God in heaven! the tale is not false,

then!—yet—yet, they have dared connect the innocent!—Luigi—Vincenzio—he is not, he cannot be, of these!—speak—speak, in mercy!" and the proud, the majestic daughter of Spain, whom it had seemed no human power, no human emotion could bow, sunk in powerless agony on the earth, grasping the robe of her father, and gazing on his face, as if her life depended on his answer. Startled, amazed, Gonzalvo, who had been unconscious that for several minutes she had been in his presence, reading his brow, ere she found words, vainly sought to raise and soothe her; she reiterated but those words, her tone becoming wilder, and shriller, in its agony, as the reply was evidently evaded.

"Aye, even he!"—at length it came, and Gonzalvo sternly pointed to the young nobleman's name upon the list. "Elvira, Gonzalvo's daughter! away with this engrossing weakness; well is it for thee, none but thy father marks it. I have heard, and in return for that fond confidence would, had the fates decreed, have sought, fixed, gloried in thy happiness, though the choice had been other than mine own; but now—with this damning proof. My child! my child! away with the unworthy weakness; it shall not so debase thee!"

"Weak! debased! who dares to say these words to me—to me? Am I not still Elvira?" she sprang to her feet, standing erect in all her majesty, but with cheeks of marble whiteness, gleaming out from that night-black hair, as if their rich current had rushed back to her heart. "What is it they said,—that he was

guilty?—false! 'tis false! yet if 'tis not—misled—misguided—father, is there no pardon?—there must—there SHALL be—what is his doom? speak! there is no weakness now!"

"Death, or the galleys!—what else befits the ingrate traitors?" in a deep concentrated voice the answer came. "Ha! Holy Virgin! my child! my child!" She had tottered—fallen—and lay without voice or motion at his feet.

III.

Luigi Vincenzio denied none of the charges brought against him, save that of the intended murder of the principal Spaniards in Italy. Such baseness he strenuously denied; they had decoyed him into the conspiracy, working on all his peculiar feelings of love of land, and of his exiled king; who was not alone regally, but personally dear to him. The conspiracy appeared to him but a noble effort of some few bold hearts to throw off the hated yoke of the foreigner; and therefore he had joined it, and even now, in danger of death, of worse than death—the galleys, he persisted in the glory, the virtue of his cause. It was rumoured that Gonzalvo, in his still continued desire to conciliate the Neapolitan nobles, had offered to Vincenzio, not alone pardon, but riches, and connection by marriage with one of the most powerful and noble families of Castile, though its name never transpired, if he would take a solemn oath to be true to the interests of Ferdinand of Arragon, and never seek Naples again, save in pursuance of that monarch's interests; and

these offers, more than usually magnanimous even for Gonzalvo, were, to the utter bewilderment of all, refused.

Scarcely a week after Vincenzio's arrest, the unusually strict retirement of the Lady Elvira was disturbed by an earnest petition for a private interview, on the part of a Neapolitan boy, who, the attendant said, had been so urgent, and appeared so exhausted, that he could not refuse him entrance. He would not tell his business to any save the Lady Elvira. Permission was given, and he was conducted to her presence, clothed in a coarse folding cloak of Neapolitan cloth, with the red picturesque cap of the country slouched upon his brow. He stood at the threshold of the apartment, his arms folded in his mantle, his head bent on his breast, as if either physical or mental strength had for the moment utterly failed him. "Retire!" was the first word that met his ear; and he perceived the Lady Elvira addressed her attendants, who still lingered. "Retire all of you! the boy asked a private audience and I have promised it. Treachery! danger!—I fear them not!—begone!" and they obeyed. One searching glance the boy cast around, and ere the lady could address him, he had darted across the room, had flung himself at her feet, clasping her knees with the convulsive grasp of agony, struggling for words, but so ineffectually that nought but quivering anguish convulsed those parched lips, nought but agonized sobs found vent. Mantle and cap had both fallen in the quickness of the movement, and though

the inner dress was still the boy's, that exquisite face, that swelling bosom told a different tale.

"Ha! who art thou? What wouldst thou?—speak, silly trembler?" and even at the moment that an indescribable thrill passed through the heart of Gonzalvo's daughter, she struggled to speak playfully; "In sooth, thou art too lovely to wander forth alone, save in this strange guise; speak! what is thy boon?"

"A life! a life they say is forfeited! Lady, kind, generous lady, oh, have mercy! I thought I had words to plead his cause, to beseech, implore, adjure thee, but I have none—none! Mercy, oh, have mercy!"

"Mercy! I am no sovereign to give life or death, poor child! How may I serve thee, and whom is it thou wouldst save?"

"Art thou not Elvira?—art thou not Gonzalvo's daughter?—and will he not pardon at thy word? Oh, seek him! Tell him Constance, princess of Naples, is in his power! yields herself his prisoner, to be dealt with as he lists, let him but spare Luigi,—Luigi, my own noble love! Give him but pardon, life, liberty! Lady, lady! plead for him! let them hold me prisoner in his stead. Wherefore lookest thou thus? Mercy, oh, have mercy, save him!"

"WHOM saidst thou, girl? WHOM wouldst thou save?—speak, I command thee!" exclaimed Elvira, in a voice so changed, so unnatural, that Constance shuddered, vainly endeavouring to shrink from the heavy hand that grasped her shoulders, the eyes that flashed

upon her, as if fire had dwelt within their depths. "As thou hopest for mercy, speak!"

"Save! whom but my own, my plighted lord! Is there one in the wide world to love me now as Luigi—Luigi Vincenzio, he who hath honoured Constance with his troth? Oh, save—"

"Love! thou DAREST not tell me that he loves thee! —false—false—he does *not* love thee!" She sprang up, cheek, lip, brow, flushing for a single instant crimson, then fading into a white so ghastly, it seemed as if life itself must have passed, save for the mighty passion which held it chained.

"Thee! one like thee, poor foolish child! art thou one to bid Luigi Vincenzio love, to hold his heart enchained? Yet thou art lovely, good God of Heaven, how exquisitely lovely! Poor child, poor child, I have appalled thee!—does he so love thee?" She had sunk back on the cushion, her hands convulsively pressed together, as to conceal their trembling, but the wild light of those eyes, now still movelessly fixed on Constance, who had risen from that posture of entreaty, as if the deep emotion of another had stilled her into composure.

"Love me! yes, as none but Luigi can love; daughter of a ruined, a persecuted house, with little to make me worthy of such love, yet doth he love me, as I in truth were all in all to him, as he is all to me—love me! Oh! did they bid me die, or wander forth an exile, an outcast, like all of my race, yet queens might envy Constance for Luigi Vincenzio's love!"

"And thou wouldst save him?"

"Ay, with my life,—with all that they may deem precious. Constance of Naples is no common prize; 'tis said, Ferdinand would give a jewel from his coronet for all of Frederic's unhappy offspring placed within his power; I am here; bid Gonzalvo send me a state prisoner, as he so nobly did my brother. Ha! lady, noble lady, forgive the word; 'tis not for the captive, the suppliant, to arraign the captor and the judge. Grief makes the speech unwary,—heed it not, heed it not;—take my life, my liberty, for his!"

"Constance of Naples, thou mayst save both! Gonzalvo wars not with women!" The princess threw herself at her feet, with a wild cry of gratitude; the strangeness of that voice, the rigid expression of that face, she heeded not, knew not, she only dreamed of hope.

"Ay, but I have not said *how*, girl; pardon, life, liberty, all have been offered to him for whom thou pleadest, on the sole condition of swearing allegiance to Ferdinand, fealty to Spain."

"And he hath refused," she interrupted; "oh! give me entrance to him,—I will plead, kneel, move not from his feet till he hath done this;—he will submit for me, he will hear me,—live for Constance—let me but plead."

"Peace! there is more; he must be naturalized in Spain, WED one of her noblest daughters, ay, one that LOVES him; let him do this, and he shall have life,

riches, honour, all that can make life glad. Ha! dost thou fail?—bid him do this, and he shall live."

"Yes, even this!" was the reply, after one single moment's pause; and the quivering lip, the ashy cheek, the trembling frame, alone betrayed that young heart's agony." Let Luigi Vincenzio be free, be happy,—for if she whom he must wed in truth thus love him, the dream of his youth will fade beneath the glory of his manhood, and he shall, he must be blessed,—if such things be, what recks it that Constance droops alone? I shall have saved him, have given him back to life, to his fellows, to honour, to glory, and my death will be happy, oh! so happy! Lady, I will do this."

"Death! who spoke of death for thee!—bid Luigi thus accept his life, and thine is secured, is free."

"Free! speakest thou of love, yet dreamest thou life could exist apart from him!—peace, peace!—let me but save him,—let me but live,—give me but admission to his presence,—let me but speak with him. Lady, lady, wherefore tarry? I will do this, take me but to him."

"Thou wilt SWEAR!" That low terrible whisper was a more fearful index of passionate agony in the speaker than even that which crushed her who stood in such meek, mournful, yet heroic suffering before her: one only feeling prompted Constance, but in Elvira it was the fierce contest of the evil and the good; one whelming passion struggling for dominion over all that had been so fair, so bright, so beautiful before.

"Swear to sacrifice my all of selfish bliss for him?

aye, without one moment's pause! Oh! lady, thou knowest not love, if thou deemest it needs oath to hallow that which I have said. If thou doubtest me, bid one thou mayst trust, be witness of my truth; but oh! keep me no longer from him: let me save his life!"

Without a word or notice in reply, the Lady Elvira sat a moment in deep thought, then rose, and signed to the princess to follow her.

IV.

The prison of Luigi Vincenzio had been changed from the dark loathsome dungeon, in which he had first been cast, to a low-roofed, rambling apartment, in that wing of the citadel of Barletta which generally served as a barrack for infantry. An iron grating, however, running in the centre from roof to floor, cut the chamber in two, one portion generally serving as a guard-room, when any important prisoner demanded unusual care. This annoyance had been spared Vincenzio; although the evening following the interview above described about ten soldiers were then assembled, occupying the farthest corner of the chamber, grouped in a circle, enjoying their pipes and cups, seasoned by many a jest, which effectually turned their attention alike from their own officer, and their prisoner. The former, closely muffled in a military cloak and cap, with a heavy plume of black feathers, stood leaning against the stone pillar to which the grating was affixed by thick iron rings, parted only by that open

railing from the prisoner, and consequently enabled not alone to hear all that passed between him and the lovely being whom he was holding convulsively to his breast, but to mark every change in the countenance of each.

What had already passed between those loving ones it is needless to record; nor the deep suffocating emotion which had for several minutes utterly deprived Vincenzio of voice, when his Constance so strangely, so unexpectedly, sprang into his arms. What cared he now that his guards were present; that she was not permitted to visit him alone, save to smile at Gonzalvo's idle fear, that she could bring him means to escape? He felt nothing but her presence, drinking in for the first few moments the sweet faint accents of her beloved voice, as if nothing of ill or misery could touch him more. But soon, oh! how much too soon, the sweet dream fled, and but one truth remained,—that he was doomed to death, to close his eyes on that beloved one, and for ever! A shudder had convulsed his frame, a deep groan had been wrung from him by that thought, and Constance had heard and guessed its import. She knew not at first what she said, but one thought, one feeling, one stern necessity was distinct upon her mind; all else was confused and painful, as if a dark cloud had folded up her brain, leaving nought clear but the letters of fire in which that one stern necessity was written.

"And dost thou indeed, in very deed, so love me, Luigi? Oh! then, thou wilt grant my boon; thou wilt not let thy Constance plead to thee in vain,"

said she, after many, many minutes had rolled by, unheeded in that sad commune; and she lifted up her pale and mournful face, as the white rose that, bent by some heavy storm, droops its lovely head to earth, ere one leaf hath lost its freshness.

"Boon! in vain! Constance, mine own sweet love, is there aught thou canst ask, Luigi will deny?"

"Ah! thou knowest not the weight of that I crave; nor will I speak it on thy simple word. Thou must pledge it me, my love; ay, by solemn oath, — by hallowed vow,—I claim it on thy love, thy fealty, and how mayst thou refuse me?"

Playfully he besought her to speak it first, and then, dreaming not her object, unconscious even that the offered conditions were known to her, he knelt at her feet, and placing his hands between both hers, which felt strangely and fearfully cold, he solemnly swore to do her bidding, whatever it might be. The words were said, and Constance sank upon his bosom.

"Saved! saved! oh, I have saved thee, Luigi; thou wilt live—be free—thou shalt not die!"

He started to his feet; the whole truth bursting on his mind, and yet, if so, why did she so cling to him, as if he were spared to *her;* no, no, it could not be. "Live! Constance, my blessed one, what canst thou mean; my life is forfeited!"

"No, no, no!" she reiterated, "it is granted thee, and on conditions easy to accept. Luigi! thou hast sworn to grant my boon,—to do my bidding; and

I bid thee live! live, to be happy, glorious, as I know thou wilt be! Speak not; hear me. Frederic is no longer a king; Naples no longer a kingdom; she is parcelled out to others; she hath no sons—no name—one hour acknowledging the rights of France, the next bowed to the arms of Spain. To one or other of these mighty potentates she must belong. My poor, poor father, can never claim her more. Luigi, my own Luigi, banish the vain hope of her freedom,—her future influence; were Frederic here, thou knowest he would say to thee, as he did to all when he departed, 'My children, 'tis vain to struggle; make peace with whom ye will; Frederic absolves you of your allegiance. No oath of fealty restrains you.' Hast thou forgotten this? no, no; then wherefore shouldst thou pause? many have bowed to Louis, why not to Ferdinand?—Luigi, my own Luigi, thou shalt live!"

"Constance!" he answered, and he drew her closer to his bosom; while his whole frame shook. "Constance, were this the sole condition, for thy sake, beloved, I had not paused; even thus I would have lived: for this poor, unhappy country, I feel, will never rise again; such oath reflects no shame upon her sons. Constance, was this all they told thee?"

"Luigi! no; there is another,—we must part,—for ever! Yet,—yet, I bid thee live." Slowly, every word fell; but so distinctly, so expressively, that despite that low gasping tone, he heard them all, and not he alone.

"Ha! thou knowest this!—Part, Constance! and thou bidst me live! I choose death instead. I will not lose thee; I will not wed another."

"Thou wilt,—thou shalt! Luigi, Luigi, 'twill be but a brief, brief pang, followed by years of bliss. Oh! do not think this moment's agony will never, never pass away. The hero's glory,—the warrior's fame,—the statesman's pride,—all, all, shall be thine own. Ambition, with her hundred paths to immortality, shall lure thee to forgetfulness, and then to peace; and she,—she, who will be thy bride,—oh, if she love thee, as they say she does, even she at length will woo thee into joy. Luigi! my own, my own, why dost thou turn from me? Speak, oh! speak; tell me thou wilt live!" She sunk on her knees before him, as if that action should continue the entreaty for which voice for the moment had utterly failed.

"Constance, Constance! Dost thou urge me? Thou—wilt *thou* give me to another? Is it *thou* who bidst me thus be happy? No, no, thou knowest not how much I love thee!"

"Do I not love thee, Luigi?—Oh! it is only thus that I can save thee,—only thus they will grant thy life,—and what care I for my happiness? Luigi, if thou diest, how mayst thou love me,—guard me as thou wouldst? Oh, live! live!—in my lonely convent cell, let me think of thee as I know thou wilt be,—honoured, loved,—ay, and in time so blessed! Let the bright thought be mine,—that I, even I, poor simple Constance, have saved thee. Luigi, deny me

not this; turn not away. Thou canst not refuse me,—thou DAREST not,—thou art SWORN!"

The countenance of Vincenzio became more and more terribly agitated,—he struggled to break from her hold; but the grasp of agony was upon his cloak, and either held him with a giant strength, or his every limb had lost its power, and chained him there. He sought to speak; but only unintelligible murmurs came, and again that voice of impassioned appeal came upon his heart, crushing it almost to madness. It bade him live; she might need his friendship, though denied his love, when time permitted such intercourse innocently to both. That tall form bowed, as stricken by a mighty wind: a moment, and he had caught her to his bosom, had murmured some inarticulated words, and a burst of passionate weeping convulsed his frame. Ere the paroxysm passed, he was alone; soldiers, officer, Constance, all were gone.

V.

It was noon; the brilliant sun of Italy poured its golden flood through the high pointed casements of a small private chapel, in the citadel of Barletta, which had been set apart for the sole use of Gonzalvo de Cordova, his family, and personal attendants. It was lavishly decorated, seeming in all points well suited to the establishment of the Great Captain. Heavy brocades, worked in gold and silver, hung from the walls, shading many a shrine, of the same precious metals, where Saints, Virgin, and Saviour were all

blazing in gems. A cloth of gold covered the altar, which stood just beneath a gorgeously painted window, that when lighted up, as now, with the sun of noon, flung down the most brilliant colouring on floor and wall. This day a rich carpet of superb Genoa velvet covered the mosaic pavement at the foot of the altar, and decorated cushions seemed to denote that some unusual ceremony was then to be performed; while the number of sumptuously-attired nobles, Spanish, French, and Neapolitan, already assembled, and the private chaplain of Gonzalvo, missal in hand behind the altar, with his priestly attendants, proclaimed the hour at hand. The Great Captain himself was present, magnificently attired, leaning on his jewel-hilted sword, wrapt, it seemed, by the fixed repose of his countenance, in deep meditation, which none present chose to interrupt.

The interest increased tenfold, when, attended, or rather guarded,—few could tell which,—Luigi Vincenzio, attired with some care, but deadly pale, bearing an expression of fearful internal agony on his countenance, slowly advanced up the choir to the altar. The gaze of Gonzalvo moved not from him; serious it was, yet scarcely stern, and the tone was calm in which he said, "We have heard, Signor Vincenzio, you accept the conditions proposed!—have we heard aright? Luigi simply bowed his head in answer, imagining the oath of fealty to Ferdinand, and denial of Frederic, would next be administered; but it came not, silence reigned again uninterrupted as before. Then came

sounds along the corridor: the folding doors at the base of the chapel were flung wide open, and the Lady Elvira, more than usually majestic in mien and carriage entered, followed by several attendants; her resplendent beauty was heightened by an expression of countenance none could define, save that it affected the most indifferent spectator then present with a species of awe, of veneration that could have bowed every knee in unfeigned homage. Stars of diamonds glittered in her raven hair, and sparkled down the boddice and front of her dark velvet robe. The first glance of all rested immoveably, seemingly fascinated on her; the next turned on the slight figure she led forward; but every curious effort to discover the stranger's identity was rendered vain by the thick shrouding veil which completely enveloped her; permitting nothing but the tiny foot and exquisitely-turned ancle to be visible.

A strong shudder had convulsed the form of Vincenzio: he tried to step forward, to speak, but all power appeared to forsake him, till a voice, sweet, clear, and silvery, uttered the simple words "I will," the customary rejoinder to the priest's demand, "wilt thou accept this man as thy wedded lord," and its attendant vows to "love, honour, and obey." The voice thrilled through him, awakening him to consciousness, he knew not how or why; and he saw he was kneeling before the altar, beside that veiled and shrouded form by whom Gonzalvo and his daughter were both standing, as if from their hands he received her. Gradually every thing became distinct;

La Palice was at his side, his hand upon his shoulder as if rousing him from that deadening stupor. He recognized his friends amidst the noble group standing around. Had the marriage vow been administered to him? If so he must have replied or the ceremony could not have continued, but he knew not he had spoken; and what had in fact aroused him?—a voice!—whose voice?—to whom was he irrevocably joined? Not that one whom his fevered fancy had so wildly pictured, for she stood there looking on the ceremony, as calm and motionless as the most indifferent spectator.

It was over! Vincenzio and his nameless bride rose from their knees, and then it was the hands of Gonzalvo removed the veil and led her forward, that the eyes of all might rest with admiration on the loveliness disclosed. A cry of astonishment burst simultaneously from the French prisoners and Neapolitans around, and the latter rushed forward and prostrated themselves before her, clasping her robe, her feet, mid sobs and tears calling on Heaven to bless the daughter of their king,—the being whom from her cradle they had well nigh worshipped,—the Princess Constance! but one alone stood speechless! one alone had no power to go forward, for all seemed to him a dream whose bewildering light and bliss would be for ever lost in darkness. But as those eyes turned on him, that radiant glance sought his, there was one sob, one choking cry, and Luigi had bounded forward, had clasped her to his heart. And then he would have flung himself at Gonzalvo's feet, to pour out the burdening load of

gratitude that almost crushed him with its magnitude, but Gonzalvo, grasping his hand in the friendly pressure of sympathy, forbade all speech till he had been heard.

"It has been said," he exclaimed, "that to the King of Naples, and his ill-fated family, Gonzalvo de Cordova is incapable of generosity, or even of humanity; because the stern mandate of his sovereign demanded the sacrifice of his own private sentiments of generosity and honour, and compelled the captivity of Frederic's heir. My friends, I plead no excuse, no defence for this dark deed; but now that nought but Gonzalvo's own heart may dictate, I bid ye absolve me of all undue severity, all unjust dishonour. The Princess Constance offered her liberty, for that of the Signor Vincenzio; but, nobles of Naples, Gonzalvo scorned it. She is free, as is her husband. His ransom, five thousand marks, is discharged from my private coffers, and settled as a marriage dowry on his bride. Both then are free, unshackled by condition, free as the winds of heaven to travel where they list. We heard of a noble of France hostile to this union, and on account of his birth approved of by King Frederic; and, therefore is it, we have been thus secret, and would counsel Signor Vincenzio to accept the vessel lying at anchor, ready for his use, and convey his gentle bride to the court of her father without delay; we will take all blame, for the union, as ye have all witnessed, hath been without consent of the bridegroom. For thee, Signor Vincenzio, thy fault is unconditionally

pardoned, a grace won for thee, by the truth, and glorious heroism of thy gentle bride. No thanks:—to us they are *not* due; we had been terrible in wrath, resolute to demand the forfeit of rebellion, even to the last, save for one whose earnest pleadings we had no power to resist. In your love, your happiness, think on Gonzalvo's daughter, for to *her*, ye owe it all."

It needed not the name: ere that rich voice ceased, Vincenzio and his bride were kneeling at the feet of the Lady Elvira; the former pouring forth with passionate eloquence his gratitude, his veneration; in words burning, thrilling, known only to Italy's impassioned clime. She heard, and a faint quivering smile was on those lips; one hand she yielded to his respectful homage, and laid the other caressingly, fondly, on the beautiful head of Constance, whose face was lifted up to hers beaming in all the blissful confidence of love, of joy, of devotion, conscious that to her she owed all that made life dear.

"Bid Constance tell thee how much Elvira owes to her, Signor Vincenzio, and thou wilt learn I have yet more cause of gratitude than thou hast," she said, and not one word quivered. "To thee, she has given a life, — to me, what is far more valuable — Elvira to herself, unstained, unscathed, her soul of honour cloudless, true, when all methought had failed. Farewell! be happy, and may good angels guard ye both!"

She raised the Princess, and folded her to her heart. "There was an eye thou knowest not upon thee in his prison," she whispered, ere she released her. "Con-

stance! hadst thou failed, we had both been lost, for I had seen no stronger spirit than my own. Thou hast saved us both, and must be blessed. She printed a long kiss on that beautiful brow, and placed her in her husband's arms. A brief interval of congratulation, of joyful conference followed, and then all within that chapel was silent and deserted. Hours passed. The chieftain of Spain had returned from accompanying Vincenzio and his bride to their vessel, though he had tarried to watch them weigh anchor and disappear in the distance. He enquired for his daughter, sought her in all her haunts, and lastly, with a strange foreboding, re-entered the chapel. No voice, and at first no figure met his eye or ear; he rushed forwards, a beautiful form lay either lifeless, or in a deep swoon at the altar's foot, her rich and luxuriant hair falling heavily and darkly around her. It was the Lady Elvira. *

* * * * * *

The remainder of the Lady Elvira's career is a matter of history: with it the romancer interfereth no further.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Wooing us, as I woo thee,
Cometh from the star-kissed sea
Cooling zephyr of the night,
Round and round us softly creeping;
While, thy scented tresses steeping,
Falls the sweet moonlight
Over hill and lea!

Wooing us, as I woo thee,
Cometh from yon hawthorn tree
Fragrance floating round us, like
Incense cast on altars holy
By young vestals, pure and lowly,
While their fingers strike
Lute and psaltery!

Wooing us, as I woo thee,
Cometh from yon bower the bee,
Tempted by the honey-breath:
On thy cheeks the blush of roses,—
On thy lips their balm reposes;—
Can decay and death
With such life agree?

Wooing life, as I woo thee,
Death attends on shore and sea,
All mankind,—the loved and loving! —
Let us, then, each fond endeavour
Use, that so our love for ever
Live, where no removing
Pang of death can be!

SONNET.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

We praise Thee, Lord! for all the Minds of Might
That Thou hast given to this, our lower sphere!
Such glorious mysteries,—and such blessings here,
And chief, for Newton's mind,—of heavenliest flight!—
When, like the Archangel of our Earth, in light,
He stood, to make THY loftiest wonders clear:
Stood, measuring Suns and Spaces, far and near,
And numbering worlds,—and setting forth to sight!
We praise Thee for our Newton!—Thou hast given
All things to man, to bless, and to improve;
Thanksgivings for those Thoughts, half way in heaven,
Which Thou inspired, and bade to march and move,
Through which creation's sealéd soul was riven,
And all her Light within—was seen, and all THY LOVE!





NORAH.

A leaf from "My Scrap Book."

BY MRS. F. MACARTHY.

"THE course of true love never did run smooth," was said of old by him who knew all things; and the adage has been found so true, that few and far between exceptions only prove the validity of the rule.

"Bless yer sweet face, lady dear," said the dame who told me Norah's story, "sure it's the bitther dhrop that may-be makes the taste of love seem afterwards the sweeter,— that same doubt and fear that come betwen-whiles across the heart in courting time, just like a threatening cloud at harvest, whose shadow dims the golden sheaves;— not that I altogether think that the making up of lovers' quarrels is half so sweet as the not quarrelling at all, at all. I mind, when I was just a slip of a girl;"—but I must take the "*parole*" from my communicative acquaintance, and separate the story I have to tell from the many narratives into which her history diverged, or I fear the "love pas-

sages" in the life of pretty Norah Richards would, for want of space, remain unchronicled.

Norah was an orphan, born of an English father, but her mother had been a daughter of Erin. She could not remember either parent, for her father died when she was yet in arms, and the widow to whom he left his little farm — encumbered, in consequence of early improvidence, with a heavy debt — after struggling and toiling for three years, sank into a premature grave, leaving the little Norah to the rude nursing of a bleak world. It must be mentioned, too, that there was a half-brother, the offspring of a former marriage; although for him, who, at the time of his stepmother's death, was about eight years old, his English mother's family had promised to provide. And did the hearts of the *Irish* kindred beat less warmly for the orphan they considered it *their* right and privilege to adopt? Ah, no, though they were poor,—though it had been a hard pinch to find the means of conveying the infant from the neighbourhood of Bristol to Cork,—still they did achieve it, and from that day forward the sister's child was considered as the cadette of a family already numerous. Ah! dear Ireland! you have faults, to be sure, which your fondest friends cannot deny, or altogether extenuate; but coldness, or lukewarmness of heart, is not one of them.

It seemed that the kindness the Connell family had shown the little Norah met, even in this world, with its reward: for from the year of her adoption might be dated an improvement in their own fortunes. To

be sure, they had a kind landlord, and they made the most of all the lucky chances that came in their way; so that by the time Norah was seventeen, they presented a fair specimen of thriving industry and rural contentment. The pretty cousins, Norah Richards, and Ellen Connell, were the acknowledged belles of M——, and besides beauty, could boast of many useful accomplishments, such as are in fact most useful to a farmer's wife or daughter. In addition, however, to a thorough initiation into the mysteries of the dairy, poultry-yard, &c., they had "picked up" sufficient "book-learning" to read without pausing at any but the longest, most "ugly looking" words, and could write at least a more legible hand than many a boarding-school miss,—always provided sufficient time was permitted for the execution of this readable cacography. But however similar their acquirements, their characters were very opposite. It would, perhaps, be more orthodox to declare that Ellen, the Irish girl, was the coquette; but truth is truth, and she shall not be so slandered. Nelly might even be called a demure little body, and though two years older than Norah, she looked almost as much her junior. There was a well of feeling in Nelly's heart; but it lay deep, and could only be guessed at now and then from a flash of her dark eye, that seemed to gleam from behind the pupil instead of its surface. Norah, who, after all, was only half-English by birth, and all Irish by education, had as true and warm a heart as her cousin; but she was by nature a coquette—she loved to feel her power over

the "boys" who sought a smile or kind word from her. It must be owned she smiled by fits on more than one; but the discerning might have perceived that a curl of her lip often contradicted the glance of her merry eye, and declared, pretty clearly, that her heart was untouched.

It was not, however, in the nature of things that the winged little god should allow himself to be very long trifled with in this manner; so one fine spring-day he pointed an arrow rather sharper than usual, and taking deliberate aim chose the heart of pretty Norah for his target. She soon afterwards experienced a sort of fluttering sensation whenever she expected to meet a certain Patrick Donovan; and when she did see him, an uncontrollable impulse, which suffused her cheeks with a deeper glow than usual, and inclined her to droop, rather more than was her wont, those mischievous deep-blue eyes. Ah! the false flattering sex are very quick at reading such signs as these, and the handsome Patrick took sufficient advantage of them, to win a promise, that ere autumn closed she would be his.

For a few weeks the plighted lovers were the happiest of the happy; but alas! alas! the leaven of coquetry was not eradicated from the heart of Norah Richards. She began to fancy she had been too easily won; and as, according to her notion of things, the only reparation she could make for such a blunder was to resume a little innocent flirtation with some of her former admirers, she determined in such pastime to employ the

few months of "liberty" which remained before her. Poor Norah!—I have said she had a warm and true heart, and yet was there in it that mischievous spirit which only a severe lesson can exorcise. As for Patrick, a fine generous-minded fellow, without one natural grain of suspicion in his whole composition, she was quite astonished at the trouble it gave her to make him jealous. He loved her indeed with so trusting a love, that it is doubtful if his eyes would have been opened to her misdemeanours, without the officious "couching" of a friend,—an operation, by the way, which "friends" are extremely fond of performing. It was at an unlucky hour that Patrick Donovan awoke from his dream of security, for Norah was at that time deprived of her gentle cousin, and judicious monitor. Nelly was in Gloucestershire, whither she had accompanied her father to sell stock, bearing with her a carefully penned epistle from Norah to William Richards, besides messages without number, the joint purport of which was to apprise him of his sister's engagement, and invite him to M——— for the wedding. Norah had always kept up an affectionate correspondence with her half-brother, who had paid more than one visit to Ireland, so that she had every right to hope he would grace her nuptials with his presence.

To shorten what would be a long story, I must hurry over poor Patrick's reproaches, and the careless off-hand manner in which Norah replied to them. Perhaps, if Ellen Connell had been beside her to touch the better feelings of her nature, things would have been

very different; as it was, she contrived in the course of three weeks to make her lover thoroughly miserable, though, to her own astonishment, she did not find herself quite so happy under the circumstances as she had expected. It was the evening preceding Nelly's return, that poor Patrick was driven to the pitch of desperation, and his heart seemed almost broken. They were at a "pathern" when Patrick besought his Norah not to dance with a certain "boy" whom he named;—had he understood a coquette's nature, he would have known that this was the very plan by which she would be induced to plague him more than ever; but he had no such suspicion, and when he saw her not only dancing with the forbidden gallant, but carrying her flirtation beyond the point that any reasonable lover might endure to witness, he turned from the scene to conceal his emotions. More than once he passed his sleeve across his eyes, before he again sought Norah Richards, and then it was in a trembling voice that he addressed her.

"Ye have torn the life out of my body, Norah, to-night; but I have loved ye too well to say bitther words, even though my heart is breaking. May be, ye wont aisy find a boy that cares for you so intirely; but God's will be done,—I feel that he niver intended us for man and wife. I couldn't bear it, Norah dear, indeed I couldn't, to see yer sweet eyes looking so fondly at such fellers as them, and hand to hand with them, and I yer own swateheart the while—not to say yer lawful husband; and I begin to think you'll niver

be content with one true heart to love ye, and one pair of eyes to look warmly upon you,—and may be they're not such a big bright pair as *his*—anyhow, I am thinking I'll give ye back yer promise," and with something between a sob and a sigh, Patrick drew from his neck the half of a sixpence, and separating it from the ribbon to which it was suspended, offered it to Norah.

She turned away her head, for pride and affection were struggling in her heart; unhappily the former gained the victory, and she replied in a tone of unconcern:—

"I am sure, *Mister* Donovan, I cann't tell ye where the other half may be, though now I am thinking I saw it shining among a heap of litter yesterday, where the black bantams were raking, but I couldn't disturb the bastes, and I knitting in the shade."

This was a dreadful fib, as black as the black bantams, for the missing half was, at that very moment, nestled upon Norah's throbbing heart. The lovers parted more in coldness than in anger, and each was free.

Norah passed a night of such mental agony, that even the severe in judgment might have thought it sufficient expiation of her fault; but the first news she heard the next day was, that Patrick Donovan had gone over to Cork, to enlist for a soldier! Bitterly did she weep; and in the extremity of her misery, she confided to her aunt the particulars of the "lover's quarrel" of the preceding evening. She submitted with humility to the chiding she received, and after some cogitation, a penitent letter to Patrick was com-

pleted; but though in the hands of Mrs. Connell, to be despatched by a trusty messenger to Cork, was not yet forwarded when Nelly and her father arrived.

With what pleasure poor Norah had looked forward to their return! but now she felt like a penitent before them. In a few minutes she found an opportunity of confiding her troubles to Nelly; but, for the first time in her life, she found less sympathy from her cousin than she expected; and in answer to her enquiry, if they had seen Patrick at Cork, Nelly replied,

"Yes; but he had not enlisted,—indeed, he seemed very happy when we left him, and I dare say he will be back at M——— to-morrow, or next day."

Nor was this all: for Norah soon discovered from signs, whisperings, and private interviews, that there was some mystery to be concealed from her, and even when she said, "She had changed her mind," and claimed to have the letter intended for Patrick returned to her, Mrs. Connell made some excuse, and said she had mislaid it. In her present mood it was some consolation that her conciliatory epistle had not been dispatched. If the truth must be told, she was not greatly surprised to hear that Patrick would return to M———; of course he still loved and could not leave her; and again the black drop returned, and she determined she would see him at her very feet, before she gave him one kind or encouraging look. It will be difficult, therefore, for the reader to imagine her consternation and amazement, at discovering that when, as her cousin predicted, he returned to the neighbourhood

of M———, he visited the cottage of the Connells as the suitor of Nelly, treating Norah with merely cool civility! The coquette's heart was probed to the quick, but I rejoice to add her cure was complete.

What passed in the mind of Norah during the next fortnight can only be guessed from its results. She had heard that at the expiration of that time her brother was expected in Ireland; but wherefore his visit was to be so much earlier than had been at first arranged, or in fact *why* he was now coming at all, she had yet to learn. As for Nelly, her wedding clothes were actually purchased, there *could* be no mistake about her approaching marriage, and her quiet happiness would have been delightful—for a happy person to witness. Norah's aching heart was full; never had she so much felt the want of a fond and sympathizing friend to whom she could pour out her troubles: it was natural that to her kind brother she should turn; and when the day arrived on which he was expected, she determined to seek an interview with him, previous to his meeting the other members of the family. Perhaps Norah knew her cause needed all the advantages of a first hearing; however this might be, it was on her return from the dairy—just at such a moment as that at which our artist has sketched her—that Norah lingered at the gate through which she knew he would pass on his way to the cottage.

It was a warm and affectionate meeting; but the contrast was striking between William's happy beaming face, and the pale cheeks and tearful eyes of the

once-blooming Norah. Her story was soon told: she begged, she entreated to be taken to his home in England,—she would be his most industrious servant,—any thing he chose to make her; but she could not live where Nelly was Patrick's wife. She was almost frightened at the effect her words produced; for as soon as William Richards had fully gathered his sister's meaning, he turned paler than herself, and it seemed must have fallen if he had not leaned on her for support. After a moment's pause, he exclaimed: "We have both been wronged, if half of this be true; but I cannot understand it; only a fortnight since we parted! — there must be some mystery with which you are unacquainted. Let us hasten to the cottage, Norah; I feel, my poor girl, that I cannot breathe another hour without an explanation."

They turned their steps towards the cottage; but when within a quarter of a mile of their destination, they saw Norah's uncle advancing towards them. William Richards involuntarily quickened his pace, and had grasped the old man's outstretched hand some few minutes before his sister joined them. That brief space of time must have served for some partial explanation; for when Norah approached, the mournful expression of her brother's countenance had given place to one of mingled wonder and delight. He even slipped away to the other side of the garden before she could address him, while her uncle detained her a good ten minutes, by making many pertinent, or impertinent, enquiries connected with the dairy.

As William approached the cottage, he beheld the figure of Patrick Donovan stretched at length beneath the fragrant shelter of a new made hay-rick, enjoying a sort of *dolce far niente* which any of Italia's children might have envied. He passed without observation, and about twenty yards nearer the cottage beheld Ellen Connell calmly seated at some feminine employment. Surely there was nothing alarmingly lover-like in their relative positions! But we must return to poor Norah, for after all, she is our heroine.

At last, released from the catechising she had thought unusually tiresome, Norah followed nearly in her brother's steps; she, however, did not observe the figure beside the hay-rick, or perhaps it had moved away; but she did observe enough of two persons, though they were partially concealed by the June foliage, to surmise that they were sitting in a very lover-like fashion upon a mossy bank:—that is to say, the maiden's waist was encircled by a manly arm, the hand of which clasped tightly the taper fingers which had perhaps attempted to displace it; if so, the form seemed by this time reconciled to its bondage, for the head rested very complaisantly on the youth's shoulder. The summer breeze moved the branches, and Norah discovered her cousin Ellen! A faint scream escaped her, for, of course, the lover must be Patrick; though, to do them justice, they had hitherto refrained from showing any such marks of tenderness in her presence. But somehow or other, before the scream had quite died away, she was caught in a pair of arms herself,

and a kiss stolen rather than sought from her lips. Had Patrick a double? for surely it was his voice that murmured loving words in her ear! A mist seemed to pass from before her eyes, and looking up, she saw William still half supporting Nelly, and both so happy, that she could but turn to Patrick for explanation. Whatever he said was in a tone too low for listeners to catch; but it is possible, that when she turned very pale, he was describing the misery he had endured when on the point of enlisting at Cork, from which he was only deterred by the opportune return of Nelly and her father, and their urgent entreaties. Perhaps when she blushed "celestial rosy red," he might be renewing vows of ardent love; and probably when she burst into tears, and drew *both* halves of the sixpence from her bosom, he was excusing the family conspiracy, in which he had joined, with the hope of securing their ultimate happiness.

All we *know* is, that in less than three weeks there was a double wedding;—that William Richards, who had recovered his paternal farm, took home a bride from the "Emerald Isle," but left behind, as his sister's dowry, the contents of a cottage furnished in the English fashion. Norah is now one of the steadiest little wives in the country, and Patrick is "well to do" in the world,—thanks, in a great measure, as he proudly owns, to following the judicious advice of his brother-in-law in the management of his "bit of land."

NARCISSUS.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

He bounded o'er the grassy fields,
He loitered through the wood,
Drinking the rapture nature yields
In deepest solitude.
His bosom, like a lucid lake
Whose quiet depths the impress take
Of Heaven's swift changes, felt the spell
Of all the beauty visible;
And flower and sunshine, bird and bee,
All filled his soul with guileless glee.

Not only glee, but love was there;
His spirit longed to close
Its fond embrace round all things fair—
And so he plucked the rose,
And folded it within his vest,
And gently clasped it to his breast;
And so he spake some playful word,
In answer to each happy bird,
And caught the gorgeous butterfly,
Yet touched its light wings tenderly.

He bounded on,—a singing rill
Beside his pathway played,
And one clear pool of waters still
Amongst the reeds it made.
He paused:—what meets his wondering eye?
Is it a vision of the sky? —
Is all that loveliness and grace
Reflected from some angel's face?
He never saw its like on earth,—
It cannot be of mortal birth.

It looketh up with earnest eyes,
Wherein the soft tears swim;
It seems to express the same surprise
That now is moving him.
Deep, sudden love hath seized his soul,
Beyond all reason or control;
He feels the blood his cheek o'erflush;
Lo! on *that* face a deeper blush:—
He stands entranced—he clasps his hands —
And so that answering image stands.

Oh! never more may bird or flower,
Or rainbow's lovely hue,
The happy magic of its power
Upon his soul renew.
He whose aspirings still have been
Towards perfection, now hath seen
Unrivalled beauty:—he hath traced
Her emanations through the waste

Of the wide world, and now hath come
Unto her fountain and her home.

Alas! and is this loveliness
Only a fleeting dream?—
He cannot to his bosom press
The vision of the stream:
Upon his soul conviction steals,
And all the mournful truth reveals;
No other love his heart may bind,—
Nought lovelier shall he ever find;
All that perfection is his own,
Yet dooms him still to be alone.

His golden dreams of love are fled;
Henceforth, how coarse and cold
Will seem the maidens he might wed,
And all of earthly mould.
What though he sees their brightest charms,
His memory all their power disarms!
His longing spirit turneth ever
Unto the image in the river;
And there his patient watch he keeps,
And oft, in hopeless passion, weeps.

And so he died! — but in his stead,
A spotless flower doth grow,
And gazeth still, with drooping head,
Into the stream below.
It was not idle vanity,
That bade Narcissus droop and die:

So, many a young and ardent breast
Doth terminate its hopeless quest,
And hath in useless sorrow pined,
That no perfection it could find,—
No heart whose fond and fervent tone,
Was not exceeded by its own.

APRIL THE FIRST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

O April! the first of whose days is devoted
To merriment's playful and bantering reign,
How oft in my childhood that day have I noted,
And yet in a moment forgot it again:
My sportive companions preferred a petition,
With earnest and eager minuteness rehearsed,
I went on my comic and bootless commission,
And found, when too late, it was April the First!

Oh! would that such follies with youth had departed!
I walked full of trust through the world's cheating way,
I deemed false dissemblers sincere and true-hearted,
Each day of the year was my credulous day:

Beguiled and deluded, I saw in succession
Bright bubbles appear and immediately burst;
Yet listened again to each specious profession,
As pliant, as weak, as on April the First.

Experience warns me of fraud and of scheming,
And strives to dispel my fond visions of truth,
Yet prone to belief, I judge all by their seeming—
My heart still retains the fresh verdure of youth;
And yet shall it give a too ready reception
To hopes by the breath of soft charity nursed,
And yet shall I mourn each discovered deception
That wakens the memory of April the First.

TO CAROLINE.

When the sun spreadeth o'er the lofty Heaven,
And nature sparkles in the morning's glee,
I gaze upon the glories that have risen,
And think of thee!

When the moon riseth, and her gentle flaming
Sheds a soft radiance over lawn and sea,
I muse in solitude beneath her beaming,
And think of thee!

I turn unto a world of glare and riot,
And linger in its haunts of fevered glee,
Then seek the charms of solitude and quiet,
And think of thee!

From love's sick cares that vex the spirit ever,
From thoughts that anxious and perplexing be,
I turn to *Friendship* that has grieved me never,
And think of thee!

* * *

JESSY.

A Tale of Old London Bridge.

BY N. MICHELL.

The Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it in the present day. Gone are the palaces and gardens which, from Whitefriars to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six-oared, canopied barge has given place to the smoky steam-boat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, "is gone;" the spirit of Romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gaseous, and "tortured stream;" in a word, every thing has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility.

Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sigh; so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant, gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress. Love-assignations were made there. The

high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; and woman's silver voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unvexed and transparent bosom of "gentle Father Thames."

The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, had closed its doors; when an individual who had lately stood within the walls of that temple of Thespis proceeded to the nearest stairs, and, springing into his wherry, rowed leisurely out into the stream.

The gallant whom we are about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratic class; yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped: that lofty forehead spoke of intellectual superiority; the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast through the mind's abstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's souls; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines, and gave to his physiognomy an expression of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the humour that lurked around the thin-lipped handsome mouth: his jetty beard was short and peaked; a conical hat, with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest

broad-cloth; his ruffles were of rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford-on-Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days, and (if we may be allowed the metaphor) the aloe of his renown had begun to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries. Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But at this period of his life, the Bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshipping a phantasy: Petrarch and his platonics offered nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that will enthral ordinary men. Love for an object warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fires in his heart. Cold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings—this sweet palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love-vows, and to press the lily hand of his sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was a daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was an usurer and jeweller, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge. It was just above the third arch from the City side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his waterworks, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him—his money, and his daughter. From her extreme

loveliness, Jessy had obtained the sobriquet of the "Beauty of London Bridge." Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was deaf to each splendid overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed, since, from principle, as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatizes as the false Messiah.—Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible, a sterner part than a Virginius;—he would have strangled his beloved and lovely child, ere seen her polluted by an union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes, having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide, projecting starling. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above; but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber which opened upon a small balcony; and thence, by means of a short ladder of ropes, she let herself down into the arms of the enamoured poet.

Shakspeare resigned his sculls to his young attendant, who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapt in a velvet mantle, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heaven, spangled with stars, and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on — soft light above, murmuring waters around — conversing in tremulous whispers, and experiencing in those stolen moments of reciprocated affec-

tion, all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this fevered existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly had they met, and breathed their vows of faith, and, in each other's presence, had forgotten the world, and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should discover her amour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling, and heaping curses on the Christians.

"If thou dost love me," said Shakspeare, pressing the maiden's hand, "thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one who, harsh, bigoted and cruel, is unworthy to call thee daughter. Jessy! dear one, fond one, true one! flee with me this night: I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and, in return, thy love shall be my paradise."

"Not yet," said the girl timidly; "I will pray to him—I will strive to bend his will—and perhaps, perhaps, he will relent. Moreover, harsh though he be, I love my father, and would not desert him in his old years."

"Sweet one, distress not thyself—be true to thy vow—continue to love me, as I worship thee, and, whatever betide, I shall be happy."

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge. As they approached, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man

standing on the broad starling beneath the Jew's residence.

"It is only a waterman, love: there, he is gone; he has sprung, I doubt not, into his boat."

Jessy trembled; but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the individual named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry; the starling was damp through the splashing of the rising tide, and he threw his rich doublet on the wood-work for the girl to step upon.

"Farewell, love! forget me not," whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's fair forehead; but at that instant Shakspeare started, for he felt his arm seized and compressed as in a vice by a sinewy hand; while words like the following were hissed in his ear:

"Christian! dog! hell-hound! have I found thee?"

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him; and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray through the granite arch, he recognised the father of his Jessy! His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew was so convulsed by the passions which raged within him, that, for some minutes, he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover: the former, taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and beseeched him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words.

"Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thou reproach to thy father! or I shall slay thee!"

The girl, shuddering and overawed, crept up to the little balcony, and, in a few minutes, disappeared. The Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution: his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdine a long dagger, dashed forwards, exclaiming:

"Unbeliever! contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor of our race! it will be no crime to send thee, now, to that hell whither thou wouldst but go at last!"

The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast, but the next moment he had snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

"Old man, I woo thy daughter honourably."

"Son of Belial! even thine honourable love would be infamy! But my dagger is gone—can I have no revenge?"

With the quickness of thought he mounted to the balcony that projected over the starling, and drew the ladder by which he had ascended after him. Shakspeare, although he divined not what the Hebrew's motive might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy: then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night. The father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames: Jessy's sleeping room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened

Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shouted to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

"Curses on thee, and thy paramour!" exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forwards his struggling child; "thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace on my name."

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed; he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her, the beautiful, the guiltless one. He dived where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly, that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonized swimmer reached her at length, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

"Jessy! my own Jessy!" cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and printing kisses on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair arms drooped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer?—he thought only of the destroyed.

In desperation he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved abortive. The light of life was quenched: the late warm heart would throb with

passion no more; and the sweet flower which had bloomed on the arid soil of a desert was plucked by death, in the spring-time of its brightness and fragrance.

The bard of Avon knelt at the tomb of the once lovely Jessy. His poetic fancy heard her gentle voice in every passing wind; and the flowers that decked her turf seemed to breathe the perfume of her sigh. In after time, when grief for her whom he had loved softened into a hallowed worship, he embalmed her memory in imperishable verse. Yes, the Jessy of Old London Bridge—and let none harshly gainsay our assertion—is the sweet Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice," and her diabolical father is the avaricious, unrelenting Shylock.

THE DEATH OF MONTROSE.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

I.

MAY's gladsome sun is beaming bright
On Edinboro's towers,
And crowded are her antique streets,
And marshalled are her powers.

II.

Ne'er did the city view, I ween,
A denser multitude,
Since good King Charles, in happier days,
Kept court in Holyrood.

III.

But silent is the crowd to-day:
No loud, tumultuous cry
Bears on the breeze the strong impress
Of Scotland's loyalty.

IV.

Hushed is her voice; each burgher stands
With straining eye and ear,
Intent to catch the first low sound
Of something drawing near.

V.

The day declines; so silent still
That ocean vast of men,
You 'd think some pranksome fiend had palmed
A juggle on your ken.

VI.

But list! beyond the Water-gate
A noise of wheels is heard:
A whisper down the streets is passed —
"He comes" — no other word.

VII.

With sorry steeds on servile cart
A high-backed chair is borne;
The sitter — he hath turned his face,
Why start ye, young Lord Lorn?

VIII.

'Tis pleasant sure in merrie May
To sit at eventide,
And gaze down from your balcony
With beauty by your side.

IX.

And why should ye, and wise Argyle,
And Warriston the good,
At that man's look retreat within,
And change your joyous mood?

X.

Oh! shame to Scotland! lasting shame!
A Southron stranger spies
Your craven looks, your blanched cheeks,
And scornfully upcries:

XI.

"Small marvel, sirs, with whitening gills
Ye turn your heads aside,
For seven long years ye ne'er have dared
That face in war abide.

XII.

"Good sooth in yon poor captive dies
The dreadest of your foes;
But chained, and tied to hangman's cart,
Ye *dare not meet Montrose!*"

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

From the German of Jean Paul Von Richter.

BY MRS. CHARLES RICHARDSON.

In the midnight between the old and new year, an aged man stood at the window, and gazed, with a look of despair, upon the immutable, ever-youthful heavens, and upon the calm, pure, white surface of the earth, on which no one was so cheerless and so sleepless as himself.

For his grave was before him. It was covered with the snows of time, not adorned with the verdure of his youth; and he brought to it nothing, out of the rich abundance of his whole life, but errors, sin, and disease—a decayed body, and a devastated soul—a bosom replete with venom, and an old age of remorse.

The bright days of his youth, as they fled in the distance, turned round upon him like departed spirits, and presented again the serene morning of his hope, when his father first placed him on the cross way of life, which on the right, leads, by the sunny path of virtue, to a wide, peaceful region of light and fruition, peopled with angels; and on the left, following the moletrack of vice, to a dark cavern of dripping poison, full of hissing serpents, and suffocating vapour.

Alas! the serpents clung to his breast, and the poison glued his tongue, and he knew which of the roads he had chosen!

"Give me my youth again, O Father!" cried he, choked with grief as he looked up to heaven; "place me once more on the cross way of life, that I may choose the other path!"

But his Father and his youth were alike invisible to him.

He saw ignes fatui playing on the marshes and expiring on the cemetery, and he cried, "These are the days of my folly!" He saw a star shoot downwards from the sky, and glittering, fall and disappear upon the earth. "That is myself," he exclaimed; and the serpent fangs of remorse struck deeper in the wounds of his bleeding heart.

Spectres seemed to his heated imagination to flit on the roofs of the houses around him, and the windmills appeared to lift their arms as if threatening to crush him.

In the charnel-house a solitary form seemed gradually to assume his own features.

In the midst of the metamorphosis, the chimes of the new year pealed forth suddenly from the neighbouring tower, resembling a distant choral service of the church.

He became less violently agitated. He gazed around upon the horizon, and upon the wide extended earth, and he mused on the friends of his youth, who were now (happier and better than he) become benefactors

of mankind, fathers of happy children, and blessed amongst men; and he cried, "Oh that I had chosen thus! I might, like you, also be slumbering with dry eyes this first night of the new year! Like you, I might have been happy!—Oh, beloved parents, that I had but obeyed your instructions and fulfilled your new year's wishes!"

As the feverish recollections of his early days passed before him, it seemed that the figure which had assumed his features raised itself erect in the charnel-house, and in the superstition of new year's night it became a living youth.

He could gaze no longer; he hid his eyes; a thousand scalding tears streamed forth and dissolved the snows of time.

"Return again, bright youth," he cried; "come back once more!" and his wild and despairing voice died away in exhaustion.

And youth returned again, for all had been but a dream of the new year's night. He was still young. His errors only were no illusion. But he thanked God, that he could, whilst yet early on the road, retreat from the miry labyrinth of vice, and go back to the sunny path of virtue which leads to the land of abundant harvest.

Turn with him, youth, if thou art yet straying in the ways of error. This fearful dream will be thy judge in futurity; for, although like him thou shouldst call mournfully, "Come back again, bright youth!" for thee it will not return.

ON A FRIEND.

BY M. F. T.

Come, Poesy, my Grecian maid,—
Now don't be coy, and half afraid,
For something must be sung or said
About " A Friend."

" But friendship is akin to Love!"
And what of that, my classic dove?
Why not your own assertion prove,
And love your Friend?

" Friendship, they say, is love grown cold:"
No, pretty Muse,—'tis love grown old,
And none the worse for that than gold;
Then keep your Friend.

" But I'm afraid, if I commence,
Friendship will grow, on some pretence,
And make my artless innocence
Too fond of Friend!"

A sage, Euphrosyne, thou art!
Friendship *is* Love, and from the heart;
Try as you may, you cannot part
Love, and a Friend.

"So then, you see, I wasn't wrong;
I really can't—now, get along,
I really must not sing a song
About a Friend.

"But I will have one,—that I will,
And love him too,"—she muttered still;
I watch'd,—(she saw me not,)—until
She found a Friend.

THE REPROACH OF THE ROSE.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

R.

"In the forest's dim recesses,
Zephyr thou hast lingered long
For the azure bell's caresses,
Singing there thy sweetest song.
Ere the day's last beam departed,
Though my cheek with tears was wet,
Thou didst leave me, (go, false-hearted!)
But to seek the violet!"

Z.

"Nay, sweet rose, I did but linger
In the dell in calm repose,
Till Aurora's golden finger
Pointed out my own sweet rose.
True, I *saw* the modest flower,
And her blue eyes smiled on me;
But my *heart* was in *thy* bower,—
Still I only thought of thee!"

R.

"Nay! 'tis false!—'tis vain denying
All the cruel truth of this;
For thy very wings in flying
Tell me of my rival's kiss.
Go! no more I will believe thee,
Nor will trust thy flattering strain;
'Tis not easy to deceive me,
I shall love thee ne'er again."

Z.

"If I wiled away a minute,
One kind word to her to speak,
Sweet one, there was nothing in it,
Thus to flush thy damask cheek!
If I sang in gentle numbers,
Murmuring in the woodland dell,
'Twas to lull *thee* in thy slumbers,
Not to court the forest belle!"

* * *

Thus the flatterer wooed the flower,
Thus she listened while he sued,
Till the beauty in her bower
Smiled again in gentle mood.
Still the foolish rose was listening,
And bold Zephyr claims his bride,
While the tears so lately glistening
His false kisses soon have dried.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A GOVERNESS.

BY HELENA HERBERT.

It was on a cold winter's day, that in a small upper chamber of a large, rambling country-house, two young ladies were busily engaged in packing. They were orphan sisters, and were in deep mourning, though coloured dresses and many articles of gay attire were scattered about the room; and the younger, who knelt before a large leathern trunk, had even cast round her shoulders a coloured velvet mantle, simply because it was the warmest garment at hand, and the low-roofed, exposed attic was destitute of a fire. Tears were in the eyes of both, which they ever and anon brushed away, each struggling to cheer the other, — for they were to part, for the first time in their lives, the next day. They had been so united that their little library had seemed to belong to them in common; yet as every now and then a snug corner presented itself, Lucy Somers insisted on filling it with some pet book, arguing that she, who would be left behind, would have the command of Lady Norman's library. Thus there

were nooks for Shakspere, and Milton, and Goldsmith, and Hemans, and Rogers, and for a thick manuscript volume, where, neatly copied by one or the other, might be found "The Ancient Mariner," and many a gem of thought from the same rich mine, and even still more numerous extracts from Wordsworth. This is not irrelevant, for it is a safe test to judge of people by the books they love. Now, our heroines loved these authors dearly; the beauties of some had been pointed out by their lost mother, and of others they had known an able commentator in their father, whose recent death had plunged them not only into grief, but — into poverty. Educated under their parents' eyes, Henrietta at one-and-twenty, and Lucy at eighteen, were extremely well read in history, and had more than a smattering in some of the sciences; the difference of their years showing itself more in the development of character than absolutely in their acquisitions. Still, we are afraid they were not exactly of the stuff of which (for their own comfort) modern governesses should be made. They understood French and Italian *too* well to believe that they spoke either like a native, and so did not profess it, and though possessing fine taste and appreciation of music, and performing themselves very admirably, not even Lucy, who certainly excelled her sister in this respect, could be induced to offer her services as one who equalled *any* professor. Thus Henrietta, who was really more competent than half the (so-called) finishing governesses, from mere want of knowledge of her own worth

and abilities, had undertaken a situation at a low salary, to instruct very young pupils, while Lucy, with yet greater timidity, which was heightened by the consciousness of her extreme youth, had agreed to remain for the next twelve-month under the roof of their present hostess, without any salary at all, partly as companion to Lady Norman, partly as teacher of music to her daughters.

The late Mr. Somers was a man of great and varied talents, whose profession had been the bar; but, with the infirmity which too often accompanies genius, he had been deficient in that stability of purpose which, with the opportunities that his talents had opened for him, must have led both to wealth and fame. Thus, content with providing for the emergencies of the hour, he had thought but little of the morrow, and yet had contrived to educate his children as we have described, and to bring them up surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. But within a year both parents had been taken from them, and they found themselves alone in the world, not only bereaved, but penniless! To Sir Richard and Lady Norman, Mr. Somers had been introduced about three years before, in consequence of a political pamphlet he had published, advocating the views of the former who had then been recently returned member for the county; and each succeeding Christmas had Mr. Somers and his family been guests for at least a week or two at the Manor House, besides the two families being on general terms of intimacy. Be it,

however, observed that at Christmas Lady Norman usually entertained a house full of visitors, and that Mr. Somers was a brilliant converser, and a most eloquent supporter of Sir Richard in his political discussions. Lady Norman was a very every-day sort of person, not troubled with keen feelings (unless self were concerned), and not acting from any fixed or lofty principles. Thus when, on the sudden death of Mr. Somers the preceding autumn, she offered a home to his destitute children, it might, perhaps, be quite as much from the circumstance of their society being a great acquisition as from any more benevolent feeling. Indeed, if the truth must be owned, she felt a little disappointed at finding them but dull companions, for they did not *at first* understand the sort of requital which was expected for Lady Norman's hospitality, and were far too artless to assume a cheerfulness they could not feel. But if we return for a few minutes to the poor girls at their cheerless task, we may gather a hint by which to judge of her ladyship!

One or two boxes were already locked and corded, and Lucy had contrived, not only to divide their books to her heart's content most unequally, but to place among her sister's wardrobe, unobserved, more than one little souvenir of her own, when, on opening a drawer, they beheld two dresses which had been utterly forgotten. They were of rich and pearly satin, and had only been once worn. But that once! What memories it conjured up! They had been worn the preceding winter in that very house; but then they were courted

and fêted guests,—now they were poor dependants! Every one must have felt that to minds with which by habit and affection we are nearly connected, trifling incidents often give rise to similar trains of thought; and as Henrietta and Lucy paused for a moment at that open drawer, each knew that the other remembered dressing for that gay ball. But was it in that bleak attic?—oh, no! In a spacious well lighted chamber, with a blazing fire that had just been fed with a Christmas log; where Lady Norman's own maid arranged their beautiful hair, and where the psyche-glass had seldom reflected happier faces. The eyes of the two shivering girls met for a moment, and then Henrietta sank sobbing into her sister's arms. Presently there was a tap at the door: it was the maid who had in former days assisted at their toilet; she came now with a message, "as my lady was going out in the carriage, she thought Miss Lucy had better give the music lessons in her absence."

Perhaps Lucy had hoped that on that last—last day, her customary duties might have been spared.

Kind reader, will you follow us for a little while to the new home of Henrietta Somers? We will pass over the tedious lonely journey that yet afforded so much room for thought, and imagine her arrived at the mansion of Mr. Tomkins;—a staring red brick house in the market town of D———. Certainly Mr. Tomkins was the busiest man in the place, being the popular apothecary; and his lady, in her way, was equally im-

portant. She had to "do" the visiting, and every body accustomed to the manners of the aborigines of a country town knows how onerous a duty that is. Heaven knows her poor children needed a governess, and of this Henrietta, to her cost, was soon aware. She arrived late in the evening, and after a hasty greeting gladly withdrew to her apartment; but in the morning had a sort of formal audience with Mrs. Tomkins. The presence chamber, on that occasion, was the dirty, untidy, half-carpeted school-room. In one corner stood an old square piano whose shrill tones, and tottering legs, proclaimed the infirmities of age; in another, very crookedly suspended, were some dusty book-shelves, deprived for the moment of their literary treasures, which were strewed in admired disorder upon the ink-stained table, presenting every variety of dilapidation, from simple dogs-ears to coverless or half volumes; and ranging from A—apple, B—bit it, to the dignity of a French grammar, and Goldsmith's History of England. Cracked slates, old pens, and bits of dirty rag, called Miss Emmeline's "work," filled up the interstices of the picture. Fat Mrs. T. sat down, settling her feet very comfortably on the fender, and allowed Henrietta to stand for some minutes before she pointed to a chair. The children, boys and girls, were making snow-balls in the garden, so it was quite a confidential discourse, in which Mrs. Tomkins dilated on the vast capacities of her offspring; how Georgy, at four years old, *nearly* knew his letters; how Emmeline, at seven, could *nearly* repeat the church

catechism; how Juliana, of twelve, could (skipping a few difficult bars) get through the overture to Tancredi; winding up with the achievements of her pet Willy, who, next year, would be nine, and then he must be sent to school, for though *so* clever that he could do anything (all sorts of mischief included) he was, she confessed, already quite beyond her management.

Poor Henrietta! She had brought abilities, energy, determination to her task, and yet, before many days had passed, her heart began to fail her. Perhaps, however, extracts from her letters to her sister, which have been preserved, may afford some clue to her feelings. She wrote thus after a month's residence at D——:

"Be happy, dearest Lu, on my account, for though I only described the truth, your fears have magnified my discomforts. It is true my "school-room" still would wear to strangers a spirit-depressing air, but by dint of coaxing the housemaid it is kept a little cleaner, and I assure you, I much prefer it to any other room in the house; for alas! alas! my bed-chamber is no longer sacred. They have visitors staying here, and I have been asked to share my room with one of the little girls. Now, is not solitude, a little solitude, once in the four-and-twenty hours as necessary to the mind as are food and rest to the body? Indeed, I cannot do without it, so when my pupils are in bed, that is after eight in the evening, I do enjoy the sanctity of that little back-room. Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins are surprised I so often refuse their invitation to join their

circle, for they are seldom at home and alone; but at the end of the day my strength and spirits so much need repose that I rarely muster courage to enter their drawing-room."

Three months later we find, in some respects, a different tone, and may gather also that circumstance and suffering had quickened and ripened the judgment of Lucy. Henrietta writes, "I have thought much, dear sister, of your fond belief and warm advice. I do think sometimes that I should be happier in a family of a somewhat higher grade, and with pupils more advanced. It is astonishing how very little even clever children know, and in the task of instructing them how many trains of thought and reasoning are kindled in the teacher's mind. I begin to think I have the knack of understanding children, and,—do not laugh at the seeming contradiction,—I am convinced I should teach them better were I with them less. To watch the opening of a youthful mind, or to afford instruction to any mind that seeks it, is delightful; but I have discovered that our own, to be healthy, should continue to receive as well as to impart; and how can this be for poor me, all the long day with these children, whom, nevertheless, I cannot help loving? Teaching is not irksome, but the hours misnamed of relaxation are dreadful; for I am compelled either to lower thoughts and conversation to their standard, or to continue a sort of unprofessed course of instruction by raising their thoughts to mine. Shall I tell you my scheme, dear Lu, and why I have written less frequently of late? I am

striving to improve myself in German, and in thorough-bass, and really do intend trying to obtain a better situation. But that is not all: now that I find Lady Norman has discovered your capabilities, and received you as governess with a salary, I am going to turn miser, and though, darling, it is only thirty pounds a-year you are to have, you must turn miser too, and then in a few years we will have a school, and be *so* happy. Dear Lu, fancy me every evening from eight to eleven in my little snuggery, with my thick tallow candles and greasy candlesticks, if not writing to you, digging with a dictionary for the beauties of Goëthe; it is very hard work by oneself, but I have a brave heart, and even without the end and aim I have, it is somewhat pleasanter than joining the card party below, where, if the conversation do by some extraordinary chance take an intellectual turn, I am addressed as if I ought to be a walking cyclopædia. And yet they are very good people—very—in their way."

With the privilege of a story-teller, we shall pass briefly over the next two years. It is a privilege which want of space in some measure compels us to assert, and yet the life of a governess is in reality so *triste* and uneventful, save in the inner world of feeling, that were we too minute, we must weary instead of, as we fain would hope to do, interest. Henrietta remained nearly a year at D———, and paid a visit of two or three weeks at Lady Norman's previously to entering on fresh duties in the family of a wealthy commoner. Chequered as was the happiness the sisters felt in

meeting, by thoughts of their impending second separation, Lucy's greatest grief was at witnessing the altered appearance of her dear Henrietta, who was thinner, paler, and looked five years older; and yet she would scarcely allow she was ill. We will hasten to extract a few passages from her subsequent letters; they were dated Cavendish Square, London.

"It is true, dear Lucy, and I cannot conceal it from you any longer, that I am not happy, and what is more, I see no vista of earthly happiness before me. I have made a discovery,—I have found out the false position we are in; and the icy, polished people I now am with make me feel it a hundred times more than even the ignorant, common place, yet withal kind-hearted Tomkinses could do. I quite envy the pretty housemaid singing at her work, and by accident I heard the butler, the other day, express his pity for me. I have one satisfaction and one only,—my pupils are improving greatly, and I think they love me. They are sweet girls, of the ages of fourteen and sixteen; but I tremble to think of the probable career which is before them. At present they have the natural frankness of their age, but how long will they retain it if plunged, as they soon will be, with characters not half developed, and minds but little cultivated, into the vortex of gay society. I say minds but little cultivated, because everything seems to have been sacrificed for showy accomplishments, and yet when once taught to *think* (the great art of teaching), how naturally young minds seek knowledge, just as flowers open to the sun. As for my health, dear

girl, I cannot say it is much improved ; I have literally no strength but the strength of excitement, and I am ashamed to say I am growing terribly nervous. I was quite ill last night, and from a mere trifle. I have told you that I feel an invitation from Mrs. R. like a royal command, and so with aching head and heavy heart I entered the splendid drawing-room about ten o'clock last night. Not more than a dozen guests were arrived, but Mrs. R. took not the slightest notice of me till I had been some minutes seated. I chanced to be placed near a table on which lay some drawings, one of which I had taken up, when raising my eyes, I was beckoned across the room to be introduced to a matronly personage seated on a sofa beside Mrs. R. The introduction was sought to inquire my opinion touching Mrs. Marcet's works, and to ask the loan of an embroidery pattern for the lady's youngest daughter. Oh ! Lucy, the solitude of a crowd ! There were no more introductions for me, though certainly two or three gentlemen spoke to me without, (and one young man stared rudely through his eye-glass and did *not* speak.) But I had a delightful chat with a bald-headed old gentleman to whom I nearly lost my heart ; yet I must check even such a figurative speech, it would be taken as a literal and monstrous assertion from the governess ! Governesses should have no hearts, and so, Lucy, my sweet Lucy, seriously I advise you to give yours away. You are young, pretty, educated, refined, you *must* have opportunities—you must be admired. Do not be *too* fastidious, (you see

what I am come to after all my romance, even to giving this advice.) I could die contentedly if you, dear Lu, were happily married. But I must finish my description of last evening. While chatting with the nice old gentleman, Mrs. R. came up and asked me to sing. I told her that I had a cold, a headache, and was far from well, and in truth I felt utterly unequal to comply. Mrs. R. turned away without a word of comment or regret at my excuse, but I read in a glance the reason the governess had been invited! Dear Lu, you must not always be a governess; I cannot bear to think of it."

The sagacious reader will observe that Henrietta no longer talked of the "school," and that she clung if possible yet more fondly to her sister; but spoke less of her own individual hopes or exertions. There is no wonder that the servants pitied her, for they felt that she was a solitary, companionless being. Moreover, to use their own phrase, "Miss Somers was a great deal more of a lady than their missis," and we really honour them for their discernment. After all, the marks of gentility may be best found in the emanations of a kind heart and elevated mind, and as Mrs. R.'s character was a compound of meanness, selfishness, and personal extravagance, very ill concealed by a love of show and ostentation, we are not surprised at the judgment pronounced. Domestics have so often a peep behind the scenes, that they are usually very good judges of character. But it will be asked, how is the situation of the governess to be improved? Simply by not requiring

from her more than human nature is capable of performing or enduring. *She cannot perform her duties efficiently unless her mind be in a healthy state; and the mind cannot be healthy in circumstances peculiarly exposed to discomforts and mortifications.* The evil has grown out of a besetting sin,—the worship of the golden calf, on which perhaps was originally engrafted a better sentiment, a sort of chivalrous feeling, which hinted that female delicacy was injured by the spirit of independence connected with personal exertions and money-getting. This would be all very well if every accomplished well-bred woman had husband, or father, or brother, to whom she might cling for support, (but then every mother must educate her own children, certainly rather an arbitrary enactment.) But let us leave chivalry and rally round the standard of self-interest. We must take the world as it is, and without grumbling try to improve our condition as far as we can honestly do so. Estimable as they are considered as a class, we should have better governesses if they were better treated; and we look upon the better treatment to consist in their position being altogether raised. Let them, as far as the upper grades of the middle classes extend, be considered perfectly as equals; let the due, and only the due degree of merit and honour attach to their vocation; let us teach them to feel that they are respected; let us give them hours of freedom and relaxation; let us restore to them the hopes and expectations of which their position has robbed them; and let the great power—Opinion, proclaim that there

needs no moral courage for the well-born, well-bred "gentleman" to hear it said "his wife was a governess." Then shall we see them very different from the automata we confess too many are; but no wonder, if the body survives the ordeal, the energies of the heart and mind naturally wither beneath it. But they are not a long-lived race; they grow old before their time, and drop off; few marry; they cannot mate where they *would* and *should;* they will not where they *can.* There is a note, too, worthy of a parenthesis;—the average of female patients, who have been teachers of one denomination or another, is in lunatic asylums fearfully great!

But we are warned to compress that which we could easily extend to a volume. Poor Henrietta Somers! It was no idle fear or fancy which told her she was ill. It is a blunder to suppose that intellectual exertions—unless pursued to an extraordinary degree—injure the health; no, *that* is a natural exercise; but it is the feelings too painfully tried which affect the whole nervous system, and wear out their frail casket. Henrietta grew worse; but her energy of mind still carried her through her duties, and while this was the case, there was no one to mark her changed appearance. One morning, however, she was suffering more than usual from nervous head-ache and depression of spirits, when she heard that the family physician, Dr. Manby, was in the house, and she determined to consult him. It proved that he was the old gentleman she had liked so much! It seemed, too, that the liking had been

mutual, for he behaved like an old, and kind, and familiar friend. It was not that he refused the proper fee, for *that* might have been done in a manner that would have pained; but his sympathy came from his heart and so went to hers. "My dear child," he said, "you must have rest, quiet, country air, — you are evidently worn out. These young ladies must spare you for a little while,—have you any friends you should like to visit?"

Henrietta was silent, the tears started to her eyes as she rapidly ran over a long string of—acquaintances. There was not one that in sickness and poverty she would ask to receive and nurse her. Yet she yearned to be folded in her sister's arms, to lay her throbbing head upon that sister's bosom, and if it must be so—to die there. Every thing, save the atmosphere of that sister's presence, seemed bleak and cold. The tears rolled silently down, when the kind-hearted doctor took her hand, exclaiming with real emotion: "My dear Miss Somers, this will never do; you must strive for quiet and composure. I will see you again in a few hours, meanwhile you must promise me to be quiet; to be—very good!"

Again the scene is shifted; but it is a mournful picture. Henrietta is the guest of the kind-hearted doctor and his wife. They had taken a house for the summer a short distance from town; and the poor girl had neither heart nor inclination to resist their truly benevolent invitation. Weeks sped on, and Mrs. R. procured another governess: she could no longer wait for

Henrietta's hoped-for recovery. Another month elapsed, and despite the kind-hearted doctor's skill, and his lady's affectionate care, the poor invalid grew more feeble. Perhaps, tenderness and care might *not* have come too late; but a new trouble had crushed yet more her sinking spirits; there was a tone of mystery and wretchedness in Lucy's recent letters which afflicted her far more than her own griefs had ever done. But Dr. Manby and his wife were not people who stopped half way in their benevolent actions; they understood their guest yearned for her sister, and Lucy was sent for.

Their meeting, and the events of the fortnight which followed, are among those touching scenes in real life to describe which words are faint and inefficient; and perhaps it is well that it is so, for they should be sacred. And yet if they be treated with delicacy, they sometimes prove the most legitimate and fitting subjects with which to point a moral or adorn a tale. Enough, however, that poor Lucy Somers, urged by circumstances, her own inclinations, and her sister's advice, had, indeed, given her heart away. It is an old story: she was young, inexperienced of the world and its ways; she did not know that words of love were, indeed, only air, and—like many a foolish woman before her—gave her *heart*, before her *hand* was *formally asked*. The vain man saw his triumph; his object was gained, and "it had been merely an amusing flirtation,—a man shut up for six weeks in a country-house is sure to make a fool of himself; as for

marrying a governess, his family would never forgive such a mésalliance."

It is said that troubles never come singly; and if they must come it is well, for the great griefs drive out the lesser ones which might else fret and swell beyond their just proportions. Thus was it with Lucy: her sister's death was the one absorbing grief that could find no place for thoughts of her own discomforts, or even for the memory of that blighted love which had made a desert of her fresh young heart. Still, when the first stunning shock had passed,—that dark period which passes like a dream, and which poor human nature finds it so difficult to realize,—thoughts of her own dependent state, and many sad recollections came back like the ghosts of things that had been, to haunt their former dwelling-place. Suffering, however, is a great though a stern teacher, and by its severe lessons the mind and character of Lucy Somers sprang forward far in advance of her years. Perhaps she originally possessed more power of endurance, more determination than Henrietta; perhaps only a better constitution. After her sister's death she remained for some months under Dr. Manby's roof; it is true Lady Norman had wished Lucy to return to her family; but she dared not trust herself in a home never very happy, and now made sad by many bitter recollections. After all her troubles she has at last been fortunate,—for though still a governess she is happy! For the last four years she has educated the daughters of a wealthy merchant, who is a man of the world in its best sense, as well as

one of intellect and education. He and his wife understand that education does not altogether consist in a certain amount of dry facts which must be impressed on the memory; for feelings, tastes, and manners, have all to be educated. They think themselves most fortunate in the friend and instructress their children have found, and they pay her in a better coin than the gold they give to the hireling teacher. In whatever this coin may consist it has produced a wondrous change in Lucy Somers. It is true, she still sometimes sheds a tear for Henrietta's early death; but all grief, where remorse is not, yields to the gentle touch of time, and her naturally good spirits prevail. Her eye is as bright as ever,—her cheek as blooming,—and you may tell by the tone and manner of all the visitors at the house (who ever take the cue) the sort of consideration in which she is held. Whether she will ever marry or not we cannot tell; but circumstanced as she now is, we know it must be her own fault if she do not.

IMPROMPTU.

TO ———

(On his repeating the same song which he sang to me eight years ago.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

That song again—it has unlocked
The floodgates of the past!
And crowding round dim memories come
Of when I heard it last.
What weary years — what happy years —
Since then have passed away,
And yet, while looking back through tears,
It seems but yesterday!

The chain of pure and holy thought
To me again is given:
Thoughts all too glad and bright for earth,
Too passionate for heaven!
I love, nor doubt—I hope, nor fear,
I weep —'tis luxury!
While friends now lost—or changed—or *dead*,
Come back in dreams to me.

That song again — that song again!
  There's something in such lays
That stealeth gently o'er the heart,
  Like thoughts of other days:
And as I bow my weary head
  And listen to the strain,
Tears rush unbidden to my eyes:
  I am a child again!

SONNET.

BY WALTER PRIDEAUX.

Too soon—too soon—those young affections die,
Which are of youth the natural heritage;
As time moves on, and the cold hand of age
Imparts a sad experience to the eye,
Those dreamy spells of joy dissolve which lie
Around us ere the world hath made us sage.—
Alas! we drink a poison to assuage
The thirst of youth,—then, with satiety
O'ercome, we fling the deadly cup away;
The poisonous flood hath quenched the burning bright
Of early love, and flows through withered veins,
Where youth's quick pulse once beat with amorous play:
We trim the shattered lamp's expiring light,
And mourn o'er beauty's perishing remains.

SONNET.

A Picture.

BY WALTER PRIDEAUX.

Beside the cradle of her infant kneeling,
Watching its slumbers with an anxious eye,
A young and beauteous mother heaved a sigh ;
Down her pale cheek a few bright tears were stealing,
And lifting upwards to the azure sky
Her face, reflecting the pure light of love,
She raised her fervent voice to the Most High,
Humbly beseeching blessings from above,
In this, the simple language of her prayer:
Oh, Thou ! from whom its spirit I received,
Protect my child ! Reveal to him Thy word !
Bless him, and make him Thy peculiar care !—
The infant smiled.—Her trusting soul believed
That smile a token that her prayer was heard.

EVENING INFLUENCES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Now birds—fond minstrels of the closing day—
Betake them to their leafy inns, whose lamps
—High in the heavens swung over twilight damps—
Are stars, that, while the fire-flies flash and play
Amid the thickets, shine with steady ray,
Like love o'er sorrow! Heavily dews fall,
Steeping green leaves and glowing buds in gay
Refreshment; and to where the foxglove dwells,
Shaking its pyramid of purple bells,
Moss-hiving bees—with dronings musical—
Wend for their night's repose. Now thought doth o'er
Reflective minds come down, scorning the scorns
Of flippant levity; and from the hall
Of haunted fancy summons, by strange spells,
Memory that crowneth age too oft with thorns!

THE ANXIOUS WIFE.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

Come! share my watch, my cherub child,
Look o'er the plain with me;
The evening breeze is calm and mild,
The path from danger free:
But sober twilight veils the day,
And still thy father is away.

Each household care I've lingered through,
Since morning's earliest hour,
When his fond whisper bade adieu
As sun-beams kissed the flower;
I've tried each labour to beguile
Until again I meet his smile.

Hark! 'tis a footstep! Oh! how blest.
My anxious fears are past;
The greensward by his foot *is* pressed,
The wanderer comes at last!
And bright will close the evening hour
In our calm home's domestic bower.





Drawn by [illegible]. Engraved by J. H. Forest.

THE ANXIOUS WIFE.

Published by Jesper Elder & Co. [illegible].

COQUETRY; OR, CYRIL MOWBRAY.

A Tale.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

It was a beautiful morning in July when the Ostend steam packet reached its appointed destination—the Tower Stairs. With eagerness in his every movement —fire and impatience in his eye—Cyril Mowbray somewhat rudely thrust aside the passengers who crowded the avenue of debarkation, and leaped on shore. Once more then he stood, after a lapse of five years, on English ground. How had he longed, and yearned, and pined for that moment—and now it was realized! but with the accomplishment there sprang up suddenly the fear and foreboding that evil might result even from what he so ardently had desired; that the joy of again being domesticated in the home of his infancy was too bright for "man born unto trouble;" that perchance the shadows of grief would dim its radiance, the tears of human sorrow mar its lustre! And who, after being absent from home or country for any lengthened period, has not felt, on returning, the same sad and depressing apprehension?

Who has not experienced, on drawing near the spot where all his hopes of earthly weal are centered, the sickening shudder, lest time or change should have exercised their fatal influence over the idols he has worshipped in his heart's core—bowed the beloved form—chilled the warm bosom, or chased the wonted smile?—that he has come back to find perpetuity only in the inanimate face of nature, but that years and absence have done their work on the mutable forms and affections of those nearest and dearest to him. Happy are they—thrice fortunate! who, with these presages of doom and darkness thronging their minds, find but once the too often verified presentiments prove imaginary, and that no link in the social chain to which they are joined has become mildewed "by the rust of time;" but that all are firm, strong, and shining as before.

Cyril Mowbray, the hero of our little tale, was the only son of a clergyman who filled the humble office of curate at the pretty village of Fairfield in Kent. With the very slender means he possessed, and the multiplied claims on his time which every day brought forth, Mr. Mowbray felt himself quite inadequate to furnish his son with an education commensurate with the extraordinary talents he developed. This determined him to place Cyril as student at one of the German Universities, at the head of which an old college friend presided. His resolution acquired fresh force from the opinion expressed by physicians, that the mineral waters of Germany would be beneficial to the

health of his beloved boy, whose delicate frame was unable to cope with the ceaseless mental labour he had imposed on himself, though to him, such toil was pastime, such discipline pleasure. As death in early life had deprived Mr. Mowbray of his wife, no mother with earnest look or fond entreaty interrupted the execution of the scheme, and to Germany the impassioned and gifted boy was sent. He was now returning, confirmed in health, overflowing with enthusiasm and ardour, rich in all the lore schools teach, and with that better intelligence which springs from communing with nature and nature's works in their beautiful and endless variety; but deficient as infancy in what goes under the popular phrase of knowledge of the world. Experience of its utter absorbing selfishness, its artificiality, hollowness, and falsehood, was yet to be learned. Alas! with all, the bitter, fatal, yet necessary lesson, is acquired too soon—how often at the sacrifice of ruined peace and blighted hopes! Cyril Mowbray was pre-eminently handsome; intellect flashed from the brilliant eye, and was stamped in legible, unmistakeable characters on the lofty brow; yet though in the finely chiselled mouth and noble head, beauty of the rarest and most faultless kind was seen, passions fierce and impetuous mingled likewise,—passions which would carry in their exercise and indulgence misery to their possessor, unless chastened and regulated by stern coercion. And had Cyril acquired this restraining power? No! With him impulse urged to acts which reason condemned.

The dictates of prudence and judgment were ever disregarded if opposed to the control of wild and wayward fancy. There were in him the elements from which spring noble deeds or dark crimes, and the capacity for happiness or misery to its extremest limits.

We must now request the reader to imagine our hero quietly domesticated in the pretty parsonage house wherein his father dwelt. The first burst of delight has subsided into a calm deep joy. The countenance of each of the little group now assembled sufficiently reflects this. Cyril we have already sketched; to his two present companions, his father and a fair young girl, we must devote a few lines. The elder Mr. Mowbray was all the simple parish priest in outward semblance: no sanctimonious affectation of being "righteous over much," none of the pharisaical "pride which apes humility," was discernible in dress, voice, or manner. He discharged the high duties committed to his trust — the loftiest which man is appointed to perform, that of leading back the sinner into the path whence he has strayed, strengthening the weak, chastising the wicked, — with zeal and fervour, but without one defacing taint of sectarian bigotry. Of the third figure in the group we could write much, but that we have no space for the amplitude her merits demand. None could look at Blanche Roby, as she sat drawing, without being struck with her extraordinary resemblance to Cyril, who was bending over her, and all would pronounce them brother and sister, rather than

cousins ; yet such they were. Blanche was in the early spring of life, with all its halo of bloom and freshness gathered round her. No sorrow as yet had traced one line on the brow, stolen one beam from the eye, or smile from the lip. Beautiful, most beautiful, was she. The rarest charms of many lands seemed given to her: eyes of oriental lustre, yet a skin of northern fairness; the feet and hands of Spain, with a form such as England only shows. Deprived in infancy of both her parents, she had resided ever since under the roof of her maternal uncle, Mr. Mowbray, whom she regarded with all the affection due to a parent, while his son was loved with even tenderer love than a brother claims. We must now let our characters speak for themselves.

" Well, sir, what say you to this proposal of Lady Temple, that I should teach her pretty mouth the veritable guttural of German pronunciation? I shall have a lovely, if not an intelligent pupil, though her face belies her, if she possess not talent. I shall be glad of the employment, if only that it will enable me to contribute my mite towards defraying the expenses of our little ménage. The terms Lady Temple offers are profusely liberal, and would purchase in Germany a knowledge of all the tongues of all the nations of this fair earth. Shall I write a note of assent?"

" If you are willing, my boy, to undertake the task, I of course cannot object. The family at the park have ever been amongst my kindest patrons; as for poor little Blanche, she was almost petted into way-

wardness and vanity by a few weeks sojourn there. By the way, Cyril, you must take care of your heart, for they say Lady Temple follows the profession of coquetry to a most alarming extent."

"She will find an adamantine breast to aim her shafts at in me. Besides, have I not a talisman to preserve me from all such attacks here?" Low as the last words were murmured they reached, as was intended, the ear of Blanche; and cheek, neck, and brow, were crimsoned by them.

"Ah! Cyril, you have not seen enough of Lady Temple yet to assure yourself of safety. If after three months' ordeal you thus speak—if all her beauties, all her allurements, do not make you bow at her shrine, forgetful of every one beside,—even of 'the laughing girls with deep blue eyes, and hands that offer early flowers,' you wandered with by the Rhine,—you must be more or less than mortal man."

"My life upon my faith—not that it is plighted to the young damsels you speak of, and which, if Byron ever encountered, I can only say, he was more fortunate than any succeeding traveller. But to the gazelle eyes of my sweet cousin have I vowed allegiance, and that allegiance will I keep intact."

"*Nous verrons:* then we will leave you while you write your note. Come, uncle, let me show you the flower I was speaking of,—you have not been in the garden to-day."

"You know, my Blanche, your old uncle never says you nay." Into the garden they went, whilst Cyril

remained to write and despatch the short missive which decided his destiny for life.

We must now transport ourselves to Beech-grove Park — a stately mansion, worthy of the noble ancestor who, centuries since, designed it, — worthy of the venerable man, (Lord Desmond,) who now exercised sway over the House and wide domain attached to it. With him we have nothing to do: with his widowed daughter, Lady Temple, much. In a boudoir adorned with every accessory lavish luxury could invent, or refined taste suggest, — amidst the perfume of flowers from glowing and far-off climes, the music of birds whose wings tropical suns had tinged with radiance, — surrounded by vases, pictures, and statues, gathered from the classic stores of Greece and Italy,—sat Lady Temple — fit priestess for a shrine where beauty in its every shape and form presented itself.

"Now, Helen, do as the children say, 'hear me my lesson;' Cyril will be here shortly, and who knows, if I stumble over that horrid verb to-day again, whether he may not condemn me to stand in the corner with a dunce's cap on."

"Poor fellow, would to Heaven he had never come at all! Really, Laura, loving you as a sister, and therefore tolerating more than any one else your universal coquetry; yet I, even I, have lost all patience in your treatment of that young man."

"Am I not kind to him? Do I not permit his escort to all the lions in the neighbourhood, coax dear testy

papa to let him shoot over his valued preserves, and when quarter day arrives, present him with a cheque on Coutts', for his daily attendance? What would you have me do more?"

"I would have you do less; I would not have you strive, by every artifice and blandishment, to gain affections, which soon you will value less than any of the glittering baubles on the table before you. If you must flirt, let your coadjutors be selected from the cold, selfish, and passionless throng, who flutter round you at the opera; do not immolate to your vanity a fresh, trustful and noble heart, unable to conceive that warm smiles, and gentle flattering words mean nothing but deceit and falsehood."

"What a homily! But, perhaps, you are in love with the young person yourself? If so, I will yield him at once; and I hope you will appreciate the sacrifice, when I assure you in seriousness, I deem him the handsomest worshipper that ever knelt at my tiny feet, (by the way, these slippers are a degree too large,) and who interests me all the time he is in my presence, and is thought of almost half an hour, after he has left."

"Laura, Laura, you positively disgust me with your heartlessness. You know you are yourself betrothed; you also know that you have so enslaved poor Cyril, by every allurement woman could use, that the simple, innocent girl to whom from boyhood he has been affianced, is slighted and deserted by him. Were you not dead to all feeling, where your vanity is con-

cerned, the sight of her poor, pale, sorrowing face at church yesterday must have awakened compunction in your breast. Besides, what do you propose? What object seek to achieve, by such a deliberate siege to his heart?"

"Amusement till my liege lord that is to be comes home from his diplomatic mission, to lead me to the altar. With regard to Cyril forsaking Blanche, 'Men were deceivers ever;' I am not answerable for the sin of their nature, and I doubt not, when I am married, he will return to his fealty, valued all the more for having played truant—marry Blanche, and questionless prove an exemplary husband to his pretty doll of a wife. I see him coming up the avenue, so postpone your sermonizing to a more convenient season."

The foregoing dialogue embodies the leading event in the past few months of Cyril's existence. True, fatally true was it, that forgetful of the barrier fortune had placed between them—forgetful of his own plighted faith to the young devoted Blanche—he had yielded up every faculty, every thought, every hope, to a cold practised coquette: intoxicated by her beauty—infatuated by her blandishments—conscience was silenced—duty forgotten—the future unheeded. He thought, poor miserable dupe, that she loved him! And who that heard the soft murmured accents which encouraged rather than repulsed his wild impetuous breathings of passion; saw the joy her lovely face exhibited when he entered, the shadows which clouded it when he left, would believe all these tokens feigned, and

that they had been "played off" to enthral and beguile a hundred victims before? And so it is! We deceive or are deceived. Is not the large mass of society divided into these two classes? But for ever be the brand of contumely and scorn affixed to the name of the betrayer! We denounce the manufacturer or artisan who imposes on us as real an imitative article: the law has its penalty and punishment for the utterer of counterfeit coin:—what infliction, then, should be awarded to those who win by false smiles and treacherous vows the heart's warm affections; rob us of faith in our fellow beings; create distrust for confidence; and turn, it may be, the whole after-current of life into one dark, troubled, and stormy passage?

Cyril was deceived, and while the illusion lasted his soul was "lapped in Elysium." But oh! the unimaginable misery, the bitterness and woe of dissolving the charm which now entranced him; of finding her whom imagination had invested with more than mortal beauty and goodness deficient in every noble and generous impulse—cold, calculating, false! Yet time, that strips off all delusions, the elucidator of the mysteries of human motives and actions, would accomplish this. And where was Blanche? Could it be that she, the gentle and the loving, was to be another victim to man's fickleness and woman's art? Alas! yes! For a while, it is true, the altered demeanour of Cyril, his long absences at Beech-grove Park, his preoccupied manner when with her, failed to arouse her fears for his fidelity. She invented a thousand excuses for his

neglect, for she dared not admit the truth to her mind; she shuddered at parting with the one hope of her existence,—the hope on which she had leaned for all life gave of happiness, from earliest youth. But ere long the conviction was forced on her; she was compelled to see (hardest trial for woman's pride) that she loved on—though no longer loved. Oh! not alone to the martyr at the stake, the hero on the battle field, should the meed of praise be accorded for endurance or for courage. There is as much bravery, as much high and true fortitude, in bearing unmurmuringly the heavy load of misery for which day brings no brightness, night no rest; in vanquishing the ready sigh, checking the starting tear, decking the face in smiles when the heart within is breaking; as in suffering unflinchingly the acutest pangs cruelty or bigotry ever devised, or enacting deeds of physical daring however lofty or heroic they be. And so months rolled on, and still they found Cyril false to the true, and true to the false. If there were moments when his better nature strove to break the spell that encircled him, when the "still small voice" whispered "you are dooming to wretchedness one who lives for you only," the temptress was at hand, to smile away every good resolve; and a voice of honeyed sweetness gave assurance that "none could love him as she loved." Lady Temple had studiously kept the fact of her engagement with Sir Lionel de Burgh from Cyril, and when rumour put him in possession of the knowledge, she laughed at it as an invention to which she only gave currency to

please her father, and blind the world as to the real state of her affections. She said this, even though she knew a few weeks would attest the falsehood of her words, and the shock to her victim from its suddenness be the more severe. Yet felt she not remorse nor regret; when does the coquette, masculine or feminine, acknowledge either?

We have not space to detail minutely the events which now marked in rapid succession the career of Cyril Mowbray. Enough, that the return of Sir Lionel de Burgh gave conclusive evidence that the young scholar had irretrievably ruined his own peace, blighting with sorrow and desolation the life of a loving, gentle girl; and for what?—to be the plaything and sport of a coquette's leisure hours! Of one who now flung off his attentions, frowned on his love, and dismissed him her presence. The avalanche had burst over him, crushing alike heart and hope, shaking even reason to its very foundation. His deep self-abasement, his wild fierce sense of injury, the maddening pangs of jealousy, (that bitterest drop in sorrow's poisoned chalice!) pages could not faithfully depict. Let imagination realize what their influence must be on a temperament vivid, undisciplined, and impetuous, as Cyril Mowbray's! Let it be conceived what the transition is from brightness, security, and joy, to dark, dreary, unmitigable despair!

Even in our own most capricious climate, May always puts forth some lovely days. Let the reader

imagine a brilliant morning, and a fashionable bridal party. The silks were of the richest, the feathers the most graceful, the jewels most precious. The gay cavalcade arrived at Fairfield church, were arranged at its humble altar, and in a few minutes the bride was saluted as Lady de Burgh. Congratulations, gentle laughter, and happy voices, were heard on every side. The party reached the vestry-room, when they were suddenly arrested by the sharp, quick report of a pistol reverberating through the church,—a form staggered forth from the shadow of an ancient tomb, and the self-murderer Cyril Mowbray fell a corpse at the feet of the bride, staining into crimson, with his life's warm blood, the snowy drapery which swept the ground.

Though he had hurried from the scene of his miseries, he was not too distant for intelligence to reach him of the day appointed for Lady Temple's marriage, the event which should consummate his doom and brand with remediless woe all his future life. From the testimony of some peasants, it was proved he had been wandering all the fatal morning in the deep wood adjoining Beechgrove Park, probably nerving himself to the accomplishment of the deed he meditated, by gazing on the scenes where his brief dream of felicity had been passed, and where it "faded like the baseless fabrick of a vision."

All were too much occupied to observe his entrance into the church, or take cognizance of his concealment there,—the tale is told. "If he loved rashly, his life

paid the wrong; a heavy penalty must all pay, who thus err."

For her, whose coquetry and deceit hurried an unrepentant soul into the presence of an offended Deity,—brought "the grey hairs of an old man, with sorrow to the grave,"—dimmed for ever and ever, the star of hope and joy which once illumined the path of a fair guileless being;—what recompense did fate decree? The agony of futile, but undying remorse?—humiliation, shame and sorrow?—None of these.

Lady De Burgh was the first to recover a shock, so stunning to all. She fills a lofty station in society; smiles still sparkle in her eye, and wreathe around her lip. Prosperity encompasses—friends surround her; she looks the embodied personification of innocence and happiness! And such is human life!

THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Bright grew they 'neath that sheltering bower,
No separate place to fill,
Alike in sunshine or in shower,
They were together still.
And loving eyes watched over them,
Two rose-buds on one graceful stem.

Not long they thus together roved,
Rejoicing in their morn;
For over one a change had moved,
As winds from ice-fields borne
Had breathed upon the fragile wing
Of some bright child of eastern spring.

They bore her far to summer lands,
There seeking health and bloom;
Alas! can such enchanted strands
Make death forget its doom!
Or skies that all in beauty lave
Efface the shadow of the grave?

The other followed, for they two
Could never parted be ;
Wandering 'mid bowers where soft airs blew,
'Twas strange these two to see :
With cheek to cheek and fingers joined,
Seeming like life and death entwined !

And two went forth—but one returned
Beneath that parent bower ;
And sadly to its shelter turned,
That lone bereaved flower ;
For sad seemed each familiar spot,
Where now the loved and lost was not.

The winter fell in gloom and chill,
But oh ! her weary home,
Whose hearth grown dim, whose laughter still,
And oh ! that dreary room,
Which dear companionship's employ
Had once made such a world of joy !

The winter passed from glade and bowers,
But not for her the spring ;
'Twas when green earth was gemmed with flowers,
Her kindred soul took wing.
One rests at home, (both sisters sleep,)
And one beyond the foaming deep !

THE NOVICE.

A Tale.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."
SHAKSPEARE.

It was in France, at one of those epochs by no means rare in the annals of that singular nation, when devotion and pleasure ruled with equal sway, and fanaticism and profligacy went hand in hand, that the last male representative of an ancient and noble family died suddenly, leaving a daughter four years of age, and a widow who never recovered the shock of her unexpected bereavement, but died shortly afterwards in giving birth to a second daughter.

The relatives of the orphans assembled, and it was decided that, as the property left was not large, the younger should at once be consigned to a convent, with a handsome sum for the present, and the promise of doubling it on her taking the veil; the remainder was settled on the elder, who was to be educated with great care, and married in her own high sphere.

The gates of St. Gertrude, a few miles from Paris, opened to receive the unconscious infant, and closed upon her, apparently for ever.

But the little Rosalie throve and grew; she was the universal pet and nursling, caressed by all, from the good abbess to the lay-sister at the gate. The convent was of one of the strictest orders, and no boarders were admitted; therefore, its monotony was never broken in upon, except by the admission of the novices, and the occasional visits of their friends, which ceased on their becoming nuns. To Rosalie, as a child, her convent was the whole world, nor was it deemed necessary to give her much idea of that other world which lay beyond it, which she devoutly believed to be a very wicked place, and that none could be saved but those who, winnowed as it were from the chaff, were deposited in such granaries of holiness as the one she inhabited. She was, therefore, struck with astonishment at the extreme grief of some of the novices that entered, and deeply shocked to find that such as experienced it, seldom subdued it; but, either settling down into a sullen tranquillity, became rigid and morose nuns, or pined away and died under the (to them) severe infliction; the greater part, however, submitted patiently, or cheerfully, and a few welcomed their destiny with enthusiastic ardour.

As years passed on, a little doubt and a great deal of curiosity crept into the naturally intelligent and inquiring mind of Rosalie. At the age of fifteen she entered on her noviciate, and very soon afterwards the

marriage of her sister with the Marquis de Merivale was announced to her, and at the same time her intention of paying Rosalie a visit.

From this moment the young novice was all eager and agitated expectation. Her sister! how she longed to see and to love her! to speak of their parents, to learn something more about the wicked world, and to be congratulated on her superior sanctity, safety and happiness! The day arrived, the hour approached; Rosalie veiled in her white robes, with her yet unshorn locks falling over her shoulders, was conducted to the parlour, and allowed, as a mark of peculiar favour, to remain during this first interview, outside the grating. There she was left; her heart beat quickly, and the blood rushed to her temples on distinctly hearing a carriage drive up and stop; then becoming deadly pale, she could scarcely breathe or stand, and feared lest she should faint, when the door of the parlour opened, and the abbess entered, leading in a lady. Rosalie sprang forward, threw herself upon her neck, burst into a passion of tears, and covered her with kisses. The abbess withdrew.

"Gently, my dear!" exclaimed the marchioness, as she attempted to disengage herself from the clinging, weeping girl: "compose yourself, pray! you are destroying my *coiffure*, and damping and crushing all my *garnitures*."

Rosalie started from her, and hastily clearing the tears from her eyes, gazed intensely on her handsome and elegantly attired sister, who had sunk on a seat,

and with a colour apparently heightened, and a brow slightly contracted, was busily trying to arrange all that Rosalie had so unceremoniously discomposed.

"Have you no looking-glass here?"

"What is that?" asked Rosalie, timidly advancing.

"Well — never mind. Sit down, my dear; I am very glad to see you indeed; it seems they have taken great care of you; you are well grown and healthy, and I have no doubt perfectly contented and happy."

"I am sure I ought to be so," replied Rosalie; "the abbess and every body are very, very kind, and always have been."

"I have long meditated this visit, but scarcely had an opportunity before my marriage; I assure you I take the earliest I can find since that event."

"I am sure of that," responded Rosalie: "were you happy *en pension?*"

"As happy as I suppose most girls are; but I was very well pleased to get away from it."

"You were married soon after you left it?"

"I was not permitted to leave until my marriage was arranged, so that I had very little of the tedium of a *demoiselle* in society—disregarded or unapproachable. I was quite impatient for the arrival of my intended husband, that I might at once attain my privileges as a young married woman of high rank — and privileges indeed they are! I can compare myself to nothing but a butterfly bursting its chrysalis, and flying from flower to flower, as I from pleasure to pleasure, with a train of fascinated pursuers."

"But your husband? do you not love him very much?"

"O! of course; one always loves one's husband."

"Is he young and amiable?"

"Yes; and very rich."

"I, too," said poor Rosalie, "I, too, am about to become a bride—the bride of Heaven."

An ironical smile not unobserved by Rosalie, lurked for a moment at the corner of her sister's mouth; but assuming a grave and advice-giving look, she replied: "And I am sure you will be repaid for your obedience to the wishes of your friends, and the devout dedication of yourself to your holy calling, by the security and serenity of your life."

"To the *next* life I hope I may trust for reward, but as to *this*—" Rosalie faltered, and her eyes again filled with tears, which she struggled to repress: "Is the world really so wicked as they say it is, dear sister?"

"O, it's a shocking wicked place, indeed," replied the marchioness; "and as soon as I have done with it, I think I may come and live with you here."

"That is, when you have exhausted all its pleasures?"

"Just so; and talking of pleasures, my dear, you put me in mind that there is a grand ball at court to-night, and that I must not be late for the *coiffeur*, he has always so much to do. I wish I could transport you, Rosalie, for a few minutes, to the hôtel de Merivale, just to see me before I step into my sedan; and then I should be tempted to wish that you could accompany

me invisibly to the palace, for one evening, just to give you a glimpse, an idea; I should enjoy your astonishment at the novelty and magnificence of the spectacle, but —" checking herself, "all this is mere outward show, you know." And thus the marchioness ran on, not able to resist indulging her vanity with descriptions of pomp and pleasure, which she perceived excited the strongest interest, tinged with regret and mortification in her auditress, and every now and then striving to balance them with reflections on their danger and instability,—reflections evidently so insincere that they produced a much worse effect than that which they were intended to obviate.

At length she rose to depart: "You will see me again, dear sister," said Rosalie, imploringly, "before the time arrives when you must see me no more?"

"I will see you again if I possibly can."

"O, do come!—come often! my *sister!* How I love that name! how my heart warms when I repeat it! How happy are those sisters who live under their parents' blessing! Alas! no fond ties must *my* solitary heart ever know, and yet it overflows with love!"

"Hush! my dear, don't get agitated again! In the world we are never allowed to get agitated—it is *mauvais ton.* I will come if I can; certainly I shall be present when you take the veil." She then advanced to meet the abbess, who had just entered, and who accompanied her to the portal, but Rosalie was allowed to escort her to the gate; there the sisters embraced and parted; the marchioness with many

voluble professions, Rosalie without uttering another word.

The marchioness reported to her husband and relatives, that nothing could be more happily chosen than the destination of her sister, who was plain in person, weak in health, and morosely devout.

On Rosalie this interview had completed a change already secretly begun. Her intense curiosity to see something of the world which lay beyond her convent-walls, became a passion. She alone, of all within those walls, knew by experience *nothing* of the world, having spent her whole life immured, from her earliest infancy: in this respect she differed from the rest of her companions. She eagerly listened to all accounts, especially to those of the discontented novices. Her mind began to prey upon itself, and strange schemes to float in her imagination.

Preparations at this time were making for a novice to take the veil. Although Rosalie had frequently witnessed the ceremony, she had never before assisted at it: she felt unusually eager for the arrival of the day, as, the young lady being of distinction, much company was expected, and vague hopes and anticipations of she knew not what, rose in her mind.

The day arrived, the chapel was decorated, and, though at noon, brilliantly illuminated, and there was a numerous concourse of spectators. According to the custom of the convent, the destined nun was supported along the aisle to the altar, by two of the novices, one of whom, on this occasion, was Rosalie, followed by

the remainder in pairs, crowned with white roses, from which depended their veils, open, falling on each side in long light folds. As they advanced, the principal figure herself attracted less observation than her beautiful supporter; and Rosalie, on timidly glancing round, beheld almost every eye fixed on himself. There were two young men, who, from their dress and appearance, seemed to be of rank, standing together just behind the railing towards the back of the altar: one stared at her boldly, the other seemed to behold her with the most earnest and pitying admiration. On entering within the railing, the novice was placed before the altar, and her companions ranged themselves on each side. The two supporters having entered first, proceeded, each on her side, towards the back of the altar, and thus Rosalie found herself placed close to the last mentioned of these two young men, who stood behind her with the railing only between; neither he nor Rosalie having any one to their left.

When the music began, and the anthem was raised, a soft whisper was breathed into the ear of Rosalie, who, turning her head slightly to the left, listened attentively: "Are *you*, too, doomed to this melancholy fate?"

"I am doomed," was her reply.

"Voluntarily?"

"No."

"Avoid it!"

"I cannot."

"Fly from it!"

"I dare not."

"I will help you."

Here the music ceased; but in a few minutes it was renewed.

"You assist in giving alms?"

"Sometimes."

"I will be among the beggars."

At this moment the ceremony required the advance of Rosalie, who, with the rest of her sisterhood, approached the novice at the altar, saluted her, as taking leave, and closing their veils, proceeded to occupy a gallery in another part of the chapel. From thence the trembling Rosalie could observe the looks of the two young men constantly directed towards the gallery; the one who had not spoken to her, whispered the other often, the latter, however, replied but slightly, and seemed absorbed in thought.

On the following morning it was not Rosalie's turn to assist in distributing alms at the gete, and the day was passed in the most feverish and restless excitement; it appeared the longest she had ever known; but the next morning arrived at length, and she accompanied the party on duty as usual to the gate, within which a wretched set of objects was collected. Rosalie scanned them earnestly; she observed one muffled up, who was not quite so ragged, and much cleaner than the others. As her eye rested on him, he made a slight sign with his head and hand: she took the loaf from the porteress's basket and went up to him, and as he held his wallet to receive it, a small folded paper

slipped into her hand; she grasped it tightly and turned away. As soon as she had an opportunity, she perused it; but was so agitated that she was obliged to read it several times over before comprehending its meaning, and having done so, she carefully destroyed it. It ran thus: — "Beautiful novice, I swear to assist your escape from the thraldom to which you are condemned. On careful examination I have discovered at the further corner of your orchard-wall, on the same side with the gate, a loose brick; I worked last night to loosen more, and to-night my work will be completed. To-morrow night, and for the following seven, which are moonless, I shall expect you from eight till twelve, at which hour, if you do not appear, I shall always carefully replace the bricks. May love himself watch over you, and lead you safely to your devoted!"

There was no further wavering or timidity on the part of Rosalie: she was resolved to effect her escape. She believed the only motive of her deliverer to be that of pure benevolence, and the only return required to be that of sincere gratitude. When once safe, she hoped to be able to support herself by the perfection she had attained in the curious arts of needle-work, embroidery and filagree. "Let me but have freedom!" she exclaimed to herself, "though accompanied with the hardest labour!" Her mind seemed to attain a sudden force, and she waited calmly and steadily for the ensuing night.

The lay-sister, who acted as porteress to the convent, had been appointed to rear the infant Rosalie, and a

great attachment consequently existed between them. Rosalie too, from her amiable temper and peculiar position, as being actually the child of the convent, had many little privileges bestowed by the affection of the abbess and the elder nuns; among others, she was permitted to take her needle-work for an hour during the present long winter evenings to the lodge of the porteress. At eight o'clock the bell tolled for prayers, at nine the sisterhood retired for the night; and as the convent was roomy and received no boarders, the novices had each their separate little apartment, as the nuns their cells. At half-past nine these apartments were visited by a nun, each in her turn, to see that all was safe and right. But Rosalie had made a kind of figure, which she intended to represent herself comfortably wrapped up in bed.

On the ensuing night it poured with rain, and a very prying and particular old nun happened to be the visitor. On the following day the weather cleared, and Rosalie was glad to find it was the turn of old sister Marie, who was half-blind, could not bear the cold, and hurried through the visiting as quickly as possible.

After supper, which concluded at seven, Rosalie left the refectory for her apartment, arranged the figure carefully in her bed, collected her work, and wrapping herself up, extinguished her lamp and closed the window; then slipping quietly through the corridors and down the stairs, and arriving at the porch, passed over to the porteress' lodge, a distance of about twenty yards.

Rosalie was astonished at herself for the composure with which she went through these different evolutions; but, when at last seated at her work by the porteress, her heart began to beat violently, and her agitation and absence of mind were so visible, that the good woman, looking at her over her spectacles, enquired whether she were well. Her apparent indisposition formed an excuse for putting by her work a little earlier than usual, but she was struck with consternation on finding that her old friend insisted on accompanying her back and recommending her to proper care, and it was with great difficulty, by urging the coldness of the night, the necessity of remaining at prayers should she accompany her, (which she knew the lay-sister was not over fond of doing,) and by promising that she herself would apply for advice, that Rosalie at length prevailed upon her to remain where she was.

Having done so, she took an affectionate leave, and pursued the straight walk till she arrived half-way, when she suddenly struck into the path leading to the orchard, and skimmed along it with a rapidity that allowed her scarcely to touch the ground. She was across the orchard, at the aperture and through it, in what appeared to her scarcely a moment of time: not a whisper was breathed; she felt herself suddenly lifted in the arms of some one, and conveyed, with the same breathless rapidity, into a carriage, which after they had both entered it, drove off at full speed.

In a few minutes, when her senses became clearer, Rosalie lifted the hand which still clasped hers, to her

lips, and retreating entirely from her companion, wrapped herself in the cloak which had been thrown over her, and drew herself into the corner of the carriage. The first action was prompted by overflowing gratitude, the second by womanly instinct, though 'pure of sinful thought' as Eve herself could be. From whatever motive, her fellow-traveller intruded no further, and both sank back absorbed in their own reflections.

After about two hours the carriage stopped, and her deliverer alighted, spoke a few words to the driver, and then assisted Rosalie to descend. It was quite dark, the carriage drove away, and he, carefully drawing her arm through his, proceeded with her in silence for about half-an-hour. At the beginning of their walk they were challenged by a sentinel, whom he answered, and they continued without further interruption until they came to a narrow lane, at the end of which they were stopped by a rivulet; close on this rivulet without any thoroughfare before it, was a small dwelling, and at its door he knocked; a female voice from within enquired, and on his replying, the door opened, and they were ushered into a small but neat parlour, comfortably warmed, where a table was spread for two. The woman was an elderly person decently attired, with a melancholy expression of countenance, and spoke with a foreign accent. She led Rosalie into a bedroom, where she assisted her to change her dress, the requisites for which were ready laid out on a bed. She examined with curiosity mingled with contempt, the

novice's robe and veil, and then threw them carelessly aside.

"Am I to sleep in this room?" Rosalie ventured to enquire.

"Yes."

"Will you also sleep here?"

The woman looked at her with surprise as she answered, "If you wish it."

"Yes, I do."

"Then I will bring my bed and lay it down by yours."

"Thank you," returned Rosalie. The woman's grave expression relaxed, and she looked intently and pityingly on the young stranger.

The woman went to finish her preparations for supper, and Rosalie returned into the parlour, where she was received in the tenderest but most respectful manner by her deliverer. She could not fail of being struck with his manly beauty and noble bearing; for the first time she enquired the name of him to whom she owed so much: "Henri, Count de Laincourt — and *you?*" he demanded in his turn, with eagerness.

In a few words Rosalie stated her unhappy birth, her immediate consignment to the convent, and the marriage of her elder sister.

The count regarded her with fixed amazement as she spoke; then suddenly rising and striking his forehead, paced the room in great agitation: "Would that you had been some lowly and obscure maiden!" he exclaimed; "then there might have been hope;

but, as it is, the pride and avarice of the convent will both be roused, and they will leave no means untried to regain possession of you."

"I fear," timidly observed Rosalie, "that I shall but draw you into trouble; better to send me at once to some distant country, where I may gain a livelihood by such arts of industry as I possess."

"No—for the present you are safer here; they will never think of looking for you close to Versailles; and when the first heat of the pursuit is over, we must manage to slip you away to some place of more permanent security. In the meantime the utmost care and prudence are requisite; you may confide in Margaret, who is an English protestant and herself under hiding; she owes to me the life of her son, which a word of mine at any time can place in danger; moreover, she is a good and conscientious creature, though somewhat bigoted to her heretical persuasion."

"A heretic!" murmured the wondering Rosalie, as Margaret entered with supper, and continued to wait on them with a very solemn but respectful air.

The Count regained his vivacity, and was much amused with the *naïve* questions of his *protégée*, which at times moved even Margaret to a smile. The next morning the Count, recommending the greatest caution, took an affectionate leave, promising to return in a day or two.

Rosalie was sincerely gratified by his delicacy and kindness. In spite of the danger of her situation, she felt happy beyond expression; in spite of its restraint,

her heart beat with the joy of freedom; and in spite of its peculiarity, she firmly established herself in the good opinion of Margaret, her worthy though humble companion.

On the second evening the count returned, disguised. He stayed with them a couple of days, always observing the same delicacy, and making every hour a deeper impression on the heart of poor Rosalie. An observer might believe that the Count preferred refining on his happiness, and winning to himself by degrees the pure affections of this artless and grateful girl; that probably he himself for the first time felt his heart deeply interested, and might wonder at the exquisite charm such interest threw over his senses; that perhaps he discovered with joy that he had not exhausted, as he might have begun to believe, all the pleasures life had to bestow; a new and unthought-of source was probably opening to him, which promised, with care, to supply a silver thread of happiness through the remainder of his existence; therefore, would he charily cherish that source, so sacred in its solitude, so securely shaded from the garish eye of day, and rich so far beyond the aid of art, in all its fresh and natural beauty.

However this might be, he delighted during his frequent visits to inform and cultivate the mind of Rosalie, to direct and superintend her studies; he read to her whilst employed at her needle; they drew together, sang together, and worked together in their garden, till a little paradise began to form round their dwelling as the spring advanced.

That he loved her sincerely and tenderly was clear; and Rosalie and Margaret were both convinced that he intended to offer marriage; a public marriage, if he could procure pardon for abstracting her from her convent, which as she was not a professed nun, and as he appeared to possess great influence and wealth, they thought probable; and a private marriage if he found that he could not succeed. Without a thought or a care therefore, Rosalie enjoyed with heart-felt gratitude every moment of her present existence, relying with unbounded confidence on her lover, and patiently awaiting his decision.

The Abbess of St. Gertrude had immediately notified to the Marquess and Marchioness de Merivale, the extraordinary escape of their sister; but, fearful of the disgrace it would entail on them and her other connections, they had earnestly requested the abbess to allow the event to transpire as little as possible; the head clergy of the diocese alone were made acquainted with it, and their emissaries, those of the convent, and those of the Merivales, were all secretly but diligently employed in searching for her. It was understood that on being found, she was to be purified from her error by long and rigid penance, and then to take the veil, or to remain imprisoned in her cell until she consented to do so.

Four months had glided swiftly away, when the court arrived at Versailles to pass a few weeks, and the count with them, in virtue of an office he held. This arrangement gave him an opportunity of visiting Rosalie

daily, but it rendered her confinement necessarily more severe. She dared not run about the fields, or along the banks of the rivulet adjacent to her cottage, as she had sometimes ventured to do; her garden was her boundary, and even from that she was instructed to disappear, at the sight of any human being, however distant.

Occasionally, while leaning over her garden-paling at night, she could perceive the brilliant lights of the royal chateau, and the breeze would bring the distant sound of music to her ear, and there she would remain, striving to imagine the scene she longed so ardently to behold. She thought her sister might be there; she was sure that the count was, and a little feeling of discontent and jealousy was the effect of this first distant peep of the great world. The count himself never spoke of the chateau or its festivities, except in answer to some question of hers, and then but shortly and coldly.

Affairs were in this state, when during one of Margaret's morning marketings, she heard that there was to be a grand ball at the chateau on the following evening. The count, during his visit on that and the next day, said not a word about it; and Rosalie had too much tact to continue asking questions on subjects of which she perceived he disapproved.

The evening of the ball was fine star-light; Rosalie could observe the illumination much more brilliant than usual, and the sound of music came clearer on her ear. Suddenly she turned to Margaret, and throwing her arms round her neck, whispered imploringly:

"I have a favor to ask of you—do not deny it me!"

"Speak it!"

"Let us muffle ourselves up closely, and walk quietly to the chateau, and peep at the illuminated gardens and the company: I do so long to see them! no one will or *can* know us, and I will return the instant you desire."

It was some time before her entreaties could succeed with Margaret, but at last she prevailed; and wrapping themselves up in their cloaks, with their hoods well drawn over, and carefully securing their cottage, they set off on their expedition, Margaret with many misgivings, Rosalie full of delight and expectation.

They walked, arm in arm, quickly and silently along, and soon joined numbers of people going in the same direction, whose proximity startled Rosalie, and she already began to feel timid; but as Margaret trudged away, seeming to think nothing of them, Rosalie gathered up her courage, and acknowledged indeed that they were nothing compared to the mass of crowd she soon found herself wading through. Margaret pushed along with true English audacity, and the result was, that they soon arrived at one of the posterns guarded by a sentinel, who, as they were decently dressed people, admitted them, according to his orders, to the outer walk of the gardens; this was partially illuminated, and gave an excellent view of the interior gardens and the chateau, both of which were brilliantly lighted. All was enchantment to Rosalie; she gazed around her with overpowering astonishment, and it

was some time before she could individualize her observation. A brilliant train at length issued from the chateau; some members of the royal family were present, accompanied by nobles and ladies gorgeously attired. The company separated into various sparkling groups, some reposing, some promenading, while the softest music floated round. Eagerly did Rosalie scan every group that passed her, and occasionally she changed her place in order to gain a view of others. At length a gentleman and lady advanced, her heart beat, more quickly she drew her hood closer — the lady was certainly her sister; they seemed in earnest conversation, and spoke in a low tone. Rosalie glanced at the gentleman and shrank as she recognized the bold starer who had accompanied the count to her convent-chapel, when first they met. A party was advancing in the contrary direction, but the pair seemed so engrossed with each other, that they did not observe their approach, and when they did so, appeared somewhat startled by it. Rosalie pressed closer to Margaret's side, and trembled while she looked with pride and admiration on the graceful figure of the Count de Laincourt as he advanced with two ladies. He bowed, smiled, and spoke to her sister, who turned with her companion and joined them. Rosalie followed them with anxious eyes as long as they were visible.

The Marchioness de Merivale had indeed been in deeply interesting conversation with her favourite and truant admirer, the fashionable and profligate Chevalier de Villeroi. Suspicions, reproaches, expressions of

fondness on her side; *plaisanterie*, compliments, and a slight degree of indifference on his. Soon after joining the group of which the count was a member, the chevalier slipped away, and throwing a large cloak around him, and slouching his hat, he mixed in the crowd without, intent no doubt on some object of pursuit, equally fair perhaps, though less noble. But the jealous marchioness watched his departure; a look and sign were directed to a confidential lacquey in attendance, who immediately disappeared.

As the chevalier leisurely made his way through the crowd, peering under every hood and veil, he was stopped for a few minutes by the pressure occasioned from eagerness to view some fire-works playing off in the gardens. A young voice of remarkable sweetness close to him exclaimed: "Look, Margaret, look! how beautiful!" He turned to view the speaker, and caught a glimpse of a very lovely face, and as he watched, the head being raised to view the fire-works, the hood fell back, a circumstance apparently unnoticed for a moment by the wearer, so intent was she upon the novelty that attracted her. That face he had seen before; he could not be mistaken, for there could exist but one such in the world—it was indeed the beautiful novice of St. Gertrude, who had so forcibly engaged the attention of himself and his friend at the ceremony they had witnessed. Suddenly she seemed to recollect her hood, and glanced fearfully round as she drew it over, but every eye was otherwise engaged save *his*, and she met that eye, and for an instant stood

transfixed as if it had been that of a basilisk; then quickly closing her hood, she seized the arm of Margaret, and with visible trepidation begged her to depart. They made their way through the absorbed and motionless crowd with some difficulty, and when comparatively freed from it, Rosalie ventured to look back, but what were her terror and amazement on beholding the muffled figure of the bold stranger close behind them! —He had then recognized her! he was pursuing her! She strove to hurry Margaret, but the old woman was now tired and could not walk as fast as before. Villeroi came close up and whispered to her: "Who can mistake the beautiful novice of St. Gertrude?—from me you cannot escape; but be kind and you are safe." Swayed only by the impulse of the moment, Rosalie withdrew her arm from Margaret's, and fled forward with all the precipitation of extreme terror. Villeroi followed, but shackled by his cloak, his sword and court trappings, he did not gain upon her so easily as he expected.

Margaret was just about to exert herself to overtake them, when her arm was seized by a man, who said:

"I have witnessed what has passed—your daughter I suppose?"

"As dear to me as a daughter," replied Margaret, struggling to get off.

"Then come this way into a carriage which will soon overtake them;" and without waiting a reply or relaxing his hold, he hurried her along to a bye-path, where a carriage was drawn up; there was a lady in it,

and her emissary leant forward and whispered to her: "Let her come in," was the reply; and Margaret in a moment was seated by the Marchioness de Merivale. "Which way?" enquired the marchioness eagerly—Margaret gave the directions, the lacquey mounted behind, and the carriage drove off.

In the mean time Rosalie had flown wildly towards home. She had entered the lane—she could perceive a dim light within the cottage; the count then was there!—he held a second key and could admit himself. Nerved by hope, for a moment her speed increased; but her strength began to fail, and as she reached the door she felt her pursuer's hand upon her shoulder, and then his arms clasped her waist! She screamed aloud, the door opened, and both rushed in together: "Villain, let go your hold!" cried a voice of thunder. Villeroi made no reply, but throwing the exhausted girl to the ground, stood over her as he drew his sword: there was a clash and a fearful struggle—Villeroi tottered forward, and fell at the feet of his antagonist. The count flew to the aid of Rosalie; she threw her arms round his neck, and while sobs seemed to burst from her very heart, she exclaimed: "I have disobeyed you, my benefactor!—and see the fatal consequence! Will you, can you ever forgive me?" He pressed her to his bosom, and kissed away the gushing tears that came to her relief.

There were voices and footsteps near them at this moment; but they heard nothing until they were roused by a loud shriek close to them: they looked

round and beheld Margaret with the Marchioness de Merivale, who, with clasped hands and straining eyes, gazed on the lifeless Villeroi. Regardless of all else she fell on his body with groans and lamentations, embracing him with agonized tenderness, and calling upon him by every tender epithet. At length, half-starting up and throwing back her dishevelled hair, she sternly exclaimed; "Who has done this? Wretches—devils—speak!" At this moment she met the amazed and horror-stricken look of her unfortunate sister. "Ha!" she muttered, as she gradually rose to her feet, and slowly and breathlessly approached Rosalie; she seized both her wrists with painful tightness, and scanned her face closely with a terrific stare as she ejaculated, "You! Rosalie! sister! novice! — escaped with *him!*—ha!" and as she spoke she suddenly transferred her grasp from the wrists to the throat of Rosalie.

"Hold, monster!" exclaimed the count, as he rushed forward, and violently wrenched her locked hands asunder: "Adulteress as thou art, wouldst thou be a murderess too!" The marchioness recoiled and turned to view her assailant: the deep crimson hue that had hitherto overspread her face and neck suddenly gave way to a vivid paleness; and staggering back she exclaimed: "Merivale! my husband!"

The alarming tones and loud shrieks that had issued from this lonely cottage, had attracted the attention of many who skirted the neighbouring fields, on their way home from the sight at the chateau; a crowd, including several of the police, gathered, paused, and at

length moved towards the cottage. On their way they met a carriage driving at full speed: "Stop it!" shouted the mob — the carriage attempted to press forward: "Stop, in the name of the king!" commanded the police. As the carriage drew up, a voice from within was heard: "What do you want, good people? I am the Marquis de Merivale, in my own carriage." But he had scarce finished speaking, when the doors were wrenched open, and, by the light of several torches, a young female in a state of perfect insensibility was perceived in the arms of the marquess: "He has forced away a girl!" cried they; "he has murdered her parents — he is not the marquis, only his valet—are we to be treated in this way in our homes?" Two of the police, as much for the protection of the marquess, as from any other motive, entered the carriage; the rest of their body and the mob then divided, part went on to the cottage, and part continued to guard the carriage, till it reached the residence of the nearest public authority.

The party that proceeded to the cottage, found there the body of the Chevalier de Villeroi, and poor old Margaret, seated on the ground, rocking herself backwards and forwards in an agony of woe. The marchioness had escaped on foot; terror for herself had overpowered every other feeling, and she was now on her way towards Paris, accompanied by her confidential domestic.

On the following day Versailles and Paris were in a state of perfect commotion at the extraordinary inci-

dent that had taken place, and it was related in every variety of shape. The escape of a novice was a good subject for epigrams, its being effected by a handsome young married nobleman rendered it not less so, and the accident and contrast of the two sisters made it perfect. Death in a sudden duel was too common an occurrence to cause much sensation, even though it were that of the young and favoured Villeroi. In the whole matter nothing scandalized the Parisians so much, as a marchioness walking from Versailles to Paris in the middle of the night, her husband and sister having, against all the laws of good-breeding, taken possession of her carriage. She became an object of deep interest, and had more admirers than ever.

The eagerness to gain information concerning the investigation going forward was also extreme. The result of that investigation was: that the fugitive novice should be restored to her convent, to undergo whatever punishment her ecclesiastical superiors might decree; and that the Marquess de Merivale, Count de Liancourt, should be condemned to five years' banishment. By dint, however, of powerful interest this sentence of banishment was commuted to one year; and the marquis also obtained permission that Margaret should be sent back safe to her own country.

The year of banishment passed, but nothing was heard of the Marquess de Merivale. Public curiosity, however, which had slept after the usual nine days' wonder, was suddenly roused by the information that a day was fixed for the penitent novice to take the veil.

All the *beau-monde* crowded to Versailles, and the curiosity that prevailed to behold this fatal beauty was intense. The heartless crowd, however, were disappointed—she died the night before, and the burial of the dead took place of the burial of the living. A real though momentary shock was conveyed to the hearts of the most unthinking by this intelligence. They assembled in silence to view her funeral, and as the coffin was lowered into the vault, the graceful Parisians strewed it with flowers; and there were sighs, and soft exclamations, and bright eyes filled with tears, until the attention of all was drawn to a muffled stranger who stood at the brink of the opening; he threw in no flowers, he uttered no ejaculations, he neither sighed nor wept, but there he stood silent and motionless, until the last of those, who turned often to look upon him, had disappeared, and the last solemn note had ceased, and he remained alone with the robed priests and veiled nuns muttering their prayers. Then he abruptly departed; and in a few days it was known that the Marquess de Merivale, resigning his vast worldly possessions, his brilliant titles, the favour of his sovereign, the envy of the great, the flattery of the little, and above all, the hopes of aspiring ambition, had become a brother of a poor monastic order in the near neighbourhood of St. Gertrude.

Rio de Janeiro,
October, 1841.

WRITTEN AFTER SPENDING THREE HOURS IN LOUGH'S STUDIO.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Bright are such chronicles which Memory true
Imprints in golden type, that can renew
—Whene'er in thoughtful mood we do unroll
Her chequer'd, and most strangely crowded scroll—
Reflected glory! 'Twas the sunlight hour
When my soul basked beneath the spell, and power,
And presence of thy marvellous creations
Till saturate by exquisite sensations
Reeled the full heart with its intense delight.
But Memory sheds, like planets in the night,
A borrowed lustre on that inner world
Where the mind's richest treasures are unfurl'd.
I feel it was a privilege most rare
To revel in the hallowed atmosphere,
Made by thy genius more than common air:
For thy great soul has from a loftier sphere
Wrested high things of majesty and grace,
Then 'prisoning them in senseless clay or stone,
Thou dost vouchsafe that meaner minds may trace
The lightning thoughts which thou, oh Lough! hast known!

Among the brotherhood of bards that chose
Pen—chisel—pencil, thou art one of those
Who sway mankind—a bright link in the chain
Of those immortal minds, which in the train
Of their great doings raise the human race,
And are, in their high rightful "pride of place,"
More truly rulers of the world than they
Who bear the crown, and regal sceptre sway.
What is the power of life and death kings know?
The spirit-half of man to mind doth bow.
Oh! are not they a great and glorious band,
As, stretching o'er the old earth's bygone ages,
To fancy's eye they linkèd hand in hand,
More great than Atlas on the Heathen pages
Uphold the mighty fabric of the soul,
O'er which Oblivion's waters shall not roll.
Thou hast communed with their spirits pure,
Already thou art brother of the band,
And in the forms that shall for aye endure
Thou hast proclaimed thy mission;—for *they* stand
The deathless records of that well-earned fame
Which doth love, reverence, admiration, claim.
Oh! that the princely twain (thy brethren both)
Shakspere and Milton, in some magic glass
Had viewed the subtle and most wondrous growth
Of their rich legacies, which thou dost pass
By the Promethean, kindred, spark of mind
Into the marble where they are entwined.
Not thine the tinsel trappings of the stage
Thou know'st a purer mine—the poet's page.

Thy speech I'll ne'er forget—a sculptor's "duty"
To shrine in more than words *his* dreams of beauty.
But turn we from poor mad Ophelia, or
The subtle fiend Iago—conqueror
(As the snake conquers by a poison wound)
Of the brave Moor of Venice and his bride,
We'll break the potent spell *this* flings around,
And quit the wonders gathered at its side,
And Venus stealing with a kiss away,
A dangerous weapon from her wayward son,
And him the fisher boy that 'neath the ray
Of loved Italia's sun, ere day be done
Repairs the needful fabric :—and the maid,
The Roman girl with heavy raven braid —
Whose was the blood that tinged her rounded cheek ?
Who—who—her sires?—can nought but echo speak
To tell if she be of Patrician race,
If her sires walked the Cæsars' marble halls,
Or wore the toga in the senate place ?
But we will quit all these, and other calls
On the heart's homage,—the fair Captive worn
By "hope deferred," by bitter anguish torn ;
Or thirsty Bacchus, whose free wild delight
Might tempt the stern and oath-bound anchorite ;
Mazeppa, Samson, and the radiant train
We fain must leave, yet gaze upon again.
The Prince of Darkness, yea, a PRINCE indeed,
Sits throned!—as if the better thence to read
And plan the fortunes of a falling world.
'Tis he from Heaven's empyreal arch was hurl'd,

The potentate to whom the choice was given,
" To rule a king in Hell or serve in Heaven !"
The Majesty of ill ! We see revealed
The lip of scorn, the hate but half concealed,
The anguish that the eye-balls cannot hide,
Despair, and yet indomitable pride.
The clenchèd hand proclaims the will to dare
The firm set foot the fortitude to bear.
We understand 't was no ignoble foe
That warr'd with man, and worked his greatest woe !
The breath comes thick—once more we look around,
And feel indeed we tread on hallowed ground,
Made sacred by the high mysterious spell
That only Genius knows to weave so well !
We turn to leave the feast of intellect
That the rapt soul with eager gaze drinks in—
Expression fails—no words I can select
Convey th' emotions that are felt within ;
And yet it is a luxury—how great !
The power, and privilege, to venerate !

A LYRIC.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

When the early stars are peeping
From their azure-tinted veil;
When the rose, love's vigil keeping,
Lists her faithful warbler's tale;
When the bat on drowsy pinion
Wheels in circles o'er the glen,
And soft twilight holds dominion,
I will meet thee, dearest, then!

When quivering moonbeams glisten
O'er the blue and tranquil sea;
When the ears of maidens listen
To love's whispered melody;
When birds for leafy dwelling
Quit the meadow, field, and glen,
While the vesper-bell is swelling,
I will meet thee, dearest, then.

When on misty vale and mountain,
Shades, like phantom-forms appear;
When the murmur of the fountain
Falls like music on the ear;
When nature seems reposing
In meadow, grove, or glen;
And labour's eyes are closing,
I will meet thee, dearest, then.



Drawn by R.J. Bonnington.

Engraved by A.L. Field

SHIPPING, AT THE NORE.

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THE RETURN.

"THEY come!" was echoed from the anxious band
Of weary watchers on the crowded strand,
As on the fair ships sped and proudly gave
Their canvass to the breeze,—as if the wave
Sparkled in sunshine ever bright as now,
In playful foam around the glancing prow.
Silent they furl the sails—for words are weak
The heart's own language and its joy to speak;
And many an anxious eye and toil-worn face
Seeks in the distant group some form to trace,
That should be there to greet, with voice and hand,
The weary wanderers from old Albion's strand.
What bring they from afar?—the costly gem
And orient pearl for courtly diadem—
Perchance too dearly won the gorgeous prize
That swells the wealth of India's merchandize;
The gum or spice from each far distant land;
Spoils from the South, whose odorous breeze has fann'd
The toil-worn brow, and with its soft breath made
The heart forget its cares, beneath the shade
Of the dark citron's blossoms—till the gale
Freshened and filled once more the slackening sail,

And, lured with promises of home again,
To dare the terrors of the treacherous main.
But dearer wealth each stately ship should hold,
Than merchant's stores or miser's cherished gold;
For months shut out from tumult's noisy tongue,
With only Hope to point where Mem'ry clung,
No wonder that the breath comes thick—the eye
Is strained of every watcher, to descry
The forms, that as they near the surge-lashed shore,
Take shape and likeness, till dark terrors o'er
The grateful heart bursts forth in joyous tears,
That now are banished all foreboding fears.
Oh! blessed you—to whom such hours are given,
To clasp the beings loved the most 'neath Heaven.
But should old Ocean to his treasure caves,
Have ta'en your wealth—the wild and treacherous waves
Performed their requiem o'er the lost and loved,
Oh! may ye feel, to brighter home removed,
They wait *your coming* on that happy shore
Where Earth and Ocean's sorrows are no more!

A POET'S WEALTH.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Yes, the worldling's word is sure—
"Poets always must be poor;"
Seldom are our names enrolled
With the hoarders up of gold;
Seldom are our homes allied
To the stately "halls of pride."
Yet, I'll tell thee, scorner, how
We are richer far than thou!

Thou hast fair and wide domains—
We have earth's unbounded plains;
Thine may bring thee strife and care—
None dispute with Nature's heir;
Thou hast gold thou darest not use—
We have wealth we cannot lose.
Nay, the more we give and spend
Doth to its increasing tend;
Happiness is all our store—
They who share it make it more.

Ours are Spring's first opening flowers,
Nursed beneath the hedge-row bowers;
Ours the keen delight to hail
First the evening nightingale;
Ours to catch the varying dyes
Of the glowing sunset skies,
And on memory's harp to bind
Every whisper of the wind.

E'en a careless word hath might
Oft to fill us with delight;
Speak of flowers—all Summer's hues
O'er our souls their smiles diffuse;
Speak of mountains—straight they rise
Pictured to our inner eyes;
Speak of waters—and we hear
Streams and cataracts rushing near.

Wheresoe'er our paths are traced,
Never seems the world a waste;
Still some pleasant thoughts awaken,
Still some bliss may be partaken;
And the rich men never guess
We *enjoy* what they *possess*,—
For, by fancy's magic powers,
All the wide-spread earth is ours!

JACOB.

A Tale of the Jews in Germany.

BY CELIA MOSS.

I.

It was a festival day at Munich, and the citizens held holiday in honour of the marriage of the Princess Matilda, the duke's only daughter, with the reigning prince of a neighbouring state.

The morning had been devoted to a tournament, in which Ernest of Wolfstein, the duke's favourite noble, had borne away the prize of valour from all competitors; and the principal street was now crowded with groups of idlers, watching for the return of the royal party to the palace; while the rest of the day was to be spent in revelry. Apart from the crowd, and leaning with folded arms against a projecting pillar, with his face bent down to conceal powerful emotions, stood a young man, whose garb proclaimed him to be a Jew. It was evident from the sadness of his brow, that no love of pleasure, no wish to mingle in the gaieties of the day had induced him to become one of the crowd of gazers. Yet there he had stood for hours, awaiting the return of the procession; unmindful of the bitter taunts, the curses, and revilings his appearance drew forth from

the people around him, until at length, his patient endurance moved them to forbearance, and they left him to the indulgence of his sad thoughts.

We shall not pause to describe the pomp and splendour that greeted the view of the watchers, when the procession at last made its appearance. Suffice it to say, that the rank and beauty of the greater part of Germany had assembled to grace the nuptials of the duke's fair child.

A loud and general cry rose from the populace, as the prince himself, mounted on a splendid charger, with his favourite, the victor of the day, rode forward; but above them all, was heard one voice exclaiming, in tones of agonized entreaty, "Justice, noble duke, justice!" and the speaker, the Jewish youth we have already named, flung himself before the duke's horse, though at the imminent risk of being trampled on by the spirited animal.

"Who hath injured thee, Jew?" demanded the prince, touched by the agony depicted in the upturned countenance of the suppliant.

"Even he who sits at thy right hand, generous prince,—Ernest, Count of Wolfstein!"

A frown gathered on the brow of the duke, as the Hebrew pronounced the name of his enemy, and he sternly demanded of what crime he dared accuse the noble Wolfstein.

All eyes were turned upon the Jew at this question; for the haughty count was hated both by the nobility and people; yet they marvelled at the Jew's courage, in

thus openly accusing to his face, the dreaded and powerful favourite, and waited with some eagerness his reply.

It was some seconds ere the youth answered with a solemnity that seemed to strike conviction into the minds of many witnesses of this singular scene; "I accuse Ernest, Count of Wolfstein, in the presence of God and man, of the murder of my father, Israel Herr Yusef."

Rage and astonishment appeared to struggle in the breast of the duke, as he exclaimed, "Begone, madman! and thank our clemency that we hang thee not on the first tree as an example to thy vile brethren how they dare slander the noble and highborn!" and urging his horse forward, forgetful or regardless of the danger to the Jew who stood in his onward path, the latter was thrown bleeding and senseless on the ground.

Without heeding the accident, the whole procession passed on to the palace, and but for the aid of a compassionate bystander, the Hebrew would have been trampled to death by their steeds.

The man who had rescued Jacob from his perilous situation, had not been originally one of the spectators of his interview with the duke; he had issued from a house nearly at the instant the accident took place, and was consequently ignorant of its cause. Although the crowd gathered round the senseless youth and his preserver, none offered the slightest assistance, for the knowledge that the sufferer was a Jew, appeared to have steeled every heart; and the stranger vainly en-

treated some one to procure a little water to bathe his temples.

"Are ye men, are ye Christians?" he said indignantly, "and see ye a fellow-creature perish before your eyes for want of assistance!—will none aid me to restore this unhappy boy to life?" No one answered his appeal, until a woman, apparently of the humblest rank of life, stepped forward and said, "My house is near; raise him in thine arms, and I will conduct thee to it; though poor and mean, it will at least suffice for a shelter."

Gladly availing himself of the offer, the stranger raised the Hebrew in his arms, and bore him to the friendly dwelling; and there, while the woman assisted to restore the senseless youth, she narrated the cause of his present condition.

"Poor youth!" said Carl von Adheim,—so was the stranger named, "thy rashness had like to have cost thee dear; but see, he revives."

As Carl spoke, the Hebrew unclosed his eyes, and gazing wildly around, uttered some words in a strange language; but as consciousness more fully returned, and he saw strangers beside him, the memory of what had befallen him came upon his mind; and he exclaimed in tones of anguish, "My father! oh! my father!"

"Be composed," said the woman kindly, "and bless God, that thou art spared to comfort thine unhappy mother."

"Who art thou, who speakest in tones of pity

to a Jew, and what dost thou know of me or mine?"

"I have received kindness at thy mother's hand, in bygone years, and would fain requite it to her child. Thou must leave this city; thou art in danger every hour thou dost abide within its walls, for thou hast braved the anger of Wolfstein; and no man ever braved it and lived. Tarry in this dwelling until nightfall, and then seek a place of more security. I will seek out thy mother, and acquaint her with what has this day chanced."

"Nay," replied the Hebrew firmly; "my path is chosen, and come good or ill, by that path I abide; for I have sworn by our law, never to know peace or rest until I have discovered the fate of my father, or died in attempting it."

During this dialogue the stranger stood aloof; but he now came forward and said, "Tell me the tale of thy father's death, and what ye seek at the hands of the duke—perchance I may have power to aid thy purpose when it is revealed to me."

The Israelite's tale was brief. His father, the chief of his congregation, had lent Wolfstein, under the vain hope of conciliating the powerful favourite, who was a relentless enemy to his race, a large sum of money. The bond had become due, and Wolfstein sent to put off the day of payment, and demand an additional loan. The Hebrew consented, and set out for the count's abode with the money. He had been seen to enter the dwelling, but from that hour no tidings of him had reached his

alarmed family. In answer to the son's enquiry for his father, Wolfstein replied, that he had probably fallen a prey to robbers, as he had never entered his castle.

"And how dost thou intend to act, as the duke has denied thee justice?" asked Von Adheim.

"I will seek the duke once more; he is just, and cannot refuse my prayers."

"Cannot!" repeated the German scornfully, "why hath he not already shown his power and will to do so? But for this arm, thou wouldst have been trampled to death by the horses of his attendants, for art thou not a Jew, and will not that circumstance alone bar thy claims? And the woman spoke truly when she said there was no safety for thee in Munich. But listen," he continued, "looking anxiously round, and perceiving the hostess had left the room; "Ernest of Wolfstein although possessing art enough to veil his real character from the duke, I know to be a villain; and one who hath been deeply wronged by him now stands before thee. It boots not to tell *thee*, who art one of that abject race who feel not shame and dishonour, how insult and wrong eat into the proud heart that is unable to avenge its injuries, and swallow up every thought and feeling but the one hope of revenge. Jew, I hate thine enemy with my whole soul, and would fain crush him to the dust. Nor am I Wolfstein's only enemy; he hath many who would fain attempt his ruin, but the duke's favor is his shield; it shall be thine to destroy that protection. Thy hurt is slight, and a night's rest will restore thee strength.

To-morrow, at daybreak, be thou at the palace gate, and ask for Baron Carl von Adheim. I will procure thee a private interview with the duke, and if thou hast daring sufficient to uphold thy accusation, Albert cannot refuse to investigate the circumstances of thy father's disappearance; and mark ye, forget not the bond;—if the count say it be paid, then the Jew must have visited the castle; and if it still be uncancelled, do thou demand its payment. Be brave and resolute, and thou wilt yet gain thine end; but if thou breathe to mortal ear what I have now said, I will strangle thee, and leave thy carcase for crows to feed on. Carl von Adheim never threatens in vain."

"Give me but vengeance for my father's death," replied the Hebrew, "and I will be silent as the grave, ceasing with life only to remember thy kindness."

"It is well; the woman is returning, and to her care I leave thee.—Farewell!"

On the morrow, as day dawned, Jacob was on his way to the palace. At a private gate Von Adheim awaited him, and at once conducted him to his own apartment.

"The duke is angry with me," said the German in a low voice, as soon as they had gained the room; "because I pleaded illness as an excuse for absenting myself from yesterday's revel. Therefore, to procure thee the interview I promised, I have been forced to ask the assistance of a friend; he will be here anon." As Von Adheim spoke, he flung himself on a seat, and commenced beating the floor with the point of his sword.

A few moments passed,—they appeared hours to the Hebrew—when the door opened, and a man of stately presence entered. He crossed himself, and muttered something like a curse as his eye fell upon the Jew, and turning to Von Adheim, said abruptly, "Is that he of whom ye spake?"

"It is," replied Von Adhiem calmly.

"Jew," said Baron Hernfels, addressing Jacob, "Baron Adheim has told me thy history; but if I gain thee the object of thy desires, what proof hast thou to advance to the duke, that Baron Wolfstein is the cause of thy father's disappearance?"

The pale cheek of the young Hebrew crimsoned at the scornful tone of Hernfels, for he felt that the haughty noble hated and despised him, even while using him as an instrument to work the downfall of his enemy. But conquering his emotion, he remarked with some bitterness:

"He was seen to enter the castle of Wolfstein, but the witness is one of my own despised and degraded nation, and of what avail is his testimony in a Christian court of justice? Besides, my countryman is aged and feeble, and hath, moreover, a helpless family dependent on him; and he fears to provoke the enmity of the powerful. Nevertheless, he has sworn to me by the holy law, that he beheld my father, at noonday, enter the castle of Wolfstein, and stayed till sunset for his appearance—need I say how vainly?"

"Well," said Von Adheim, drawing Hernfels aside, "how sayest thou?—shall he see the duke, and tell his

tale?—Should he fail to prove what he has advanced, the peril is his. But should he succeed in showing Albert the worthlessness of his favourite, the advantage is ours."

"He shall see the prince," replied Hernfels; "I go to prepare Albert for his coming."

In a few moments Baron Hernfels returned, and bade the Hebrew follow him.

The heart of Jacob beat almost audibly as, with a strong mixture of hope and fear, he found himself at the threshold of the room where his fate was to be decided; and the cold dew of dread stood on his brow, and his limbs almost refused their office when he found himself in the presence of the duke. Hernfels beheld his weakness with stern contempt; he knew not how the consciousness of unmerited degradation bows down the firmest spirit.

The duke, who was moodily pacing the room, motioned Hernfels to withdraw, and Jacob was alone with the arbiter of his destiny.

"Rise," said Albert, as the Hebrew bowed before him, "and tell me without fear and disguise what hath moved thee to accuse the noble Count of Wolfstein of so base a deed as that which thou hast named."

The kindness of the duke's manner restored, in some degree, Jacob's self-possession, and in a few words he narrated his father's disappearance, and his reason for believing Wolfstein to be the cause.

"It is a black tale," said the prince as he concluded. "Now tell me," he added sternly, "by all thine

hopes of life and safety, who hath tutored thee in this trying accusation. Give up thine accomplices, and I swear by my knighthood to pardon and reward thee beyond thy hopes. "It cannot be possible," he continued passionately, "that I have been thus deceived in Ernest. Vile Jew, confess that his enemies have forged this base tale to darken his fair fame; confess, or I will tear out thy false tongue by the roots as a reward for thy daring."

"I have spoken but the truth, dread prince," replied Jacob; "thinkest thou that I would have ventured into thy presence with falsehood on my lips?"

"I would I could doubt thee," muttered the duke to himself as he turned from the Hebrew; "this tale agrees, but too well, with the rumours that have lately reached me. I believed not Hernfels, for I knew him to be Wolfstein's enemy; but those tones, that look, cannot be false. Holy Mary! that he should be robber as well as murderer, almost passes belief: had he slain a foeman in fair feud, I might have pardoned him; but to slay an aged man in cold blood, for the sake of gold, is too black a crime to be forgiven."

While Duke Albert thus communed with himself, the young Hebrew, who saw by the clenching of his hands, and the working of his features, how much he was agitated, stood mutely watching the effect of the storm he had raised. At length Albert once more addressed him; "Dog of a Jew," he said sternly, "if I find thou hast spoken falsely against the noble count, I will have thy vile carcase rent asunder by wild horses, as a

lesson to false accusers. Thou hast asked for justice, and thou shalt obtain it; but listen to the terms. Thou shalt have a body of troops under thy command, to search the castle of Count Ernest for thy missing father, and should he be found there, alive or dead, Wolfstein pays the forfeit of his honour with his life: but if, on the contrary, thy search fail to prove his guilt, thou shalt die by such tortures as shall make death a welcome boon!—Art prepared to abide the issue?"

A cold dew stood on the brow of Jacob at the fearful alternative thus presented to him, and for a moment his courage wavered; but the memory of his father pining perhaps in a dungeon, or his corse resting in unhallowed ground, recalled his firmness, and with thanks to the duke for the promise of his assistance, he departed to prepare for his journey to Wolfstein.

II.

Jacob sought the elder of his congregation, and revealed to him the result of his interview with the duke, and entreated his prayers, and those of the congregation, for success in his perilous enterprize. The elder heard him with dismay.

"Madman!" he said, "why hast thou so rashly ventured thy life, and provoked the enmity of the powerful against thy people? Knowest thou not that these haughty nobles seek but some pretext to destroy our nation and confiscate our wealth; to succeed or fail will alike bring ruin on us all. It is better that one man perish, than that all should be destroyed."

"Alas!" replied Jacob bitterly, "oppression and contempt have changed the character of our people: the iron has too severely entered into their hearts and engendered cowardice and selfishness. But fear not, the bolt will fall on me alone should I fail in the endeavour to lay the bones of my father in the burial-ground of his people. I ask of thee only thy prayers to aid me."

"Forgive me, my son," said the old man, touched by his filial piety: "if I have chided thine holy zeal in thy father's cause, it is because I know too surely how small is thy chance of justice. Do not the Christians hate and despise our race as beings accursed?—and thinkest thou the flower of all the German nobles will suffer punishment for slaying a Jew? I tell thee, boy, the life of a hound is of more value in the eyes of Duke Albert than the lives of all our race. Be warned in time; fly from Munich, and leave to Heaven the task of revealing thy father's fate and punishing his destroyer."

"Never!" replied the young man passionately; "come weal, come woe, my purpose is fixed."

Once more the young Hebrew sought the presence of the duke to demand the promised aid, and Albert's fears that his favourite's guilt would be made manifest were renewed as he noted the firmness of the Israelite, and he determined to confront the accuser with the accused, ere he suffered them to depart for Wolfstein. In no placable mood (although unconscious of what awaited him) the favourite received the prince's sum-

mons: he had been gaming and losing deeply, and with a curse on his ill fortune, he followed Von Adheim to the cabinet. With all the haughtiness of a favoured courtier, Wolfstein saluted the duke; but his whole frame trembled, and his countenance grew livid with fear and anger when his eye fell on the slight form of Jacob. In the next moment, however, he recovered his self-possession, and his lip curled with haughty scorn as he turned to the duke, yet not before Albert had marked the new sign of guilt.

Briefly and sternly the duke narrated the purport of his summons, and the count's anger grew almost beyond control; with a fierce gesture he laid his hand on his dagger, and the presence of the prince alone prevented his plunging it in the heart of Jacob.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, his anger at length finding vent in words, "that Ernest of Wolfstein should be accused of robbery and murder! Had other than my liege lord dared but to whisper such words, his life had paid the forfeit instantly. And for thee, base dog! who hast ventured to brave the anger of Wolfstein, tremble! for not all the wealth of thy tribe shall save thee from my vengeance."

"Peace," interposed the duke sternly; "the Jew hath offered to prove his charge at the risk of his life. This day he goes to search the castle of Wolfstein for his missing father, and thou wilt accompany him; and should no sign of thy guilt be made manifest, I yield him forfeit to thy revenge. I have acted thus that thy innocence may be made fully manifest, and thy name

cleared from the vile aspersion that blackens it. But mark me,—should the body of the Jew be found, living or dead, within thy domains, not all thy rank, nor power, shall save thee from paying the just forfeit of thy crime. No remonstrance," he added, seeing the count about to speak; "I have resolved."

The noonday sun rode high in the heavens, as a troop of soldiers, with the count and Jacob, both under restraint, entered the castle of Wolfstein; and the relentless brow of the lord of the domain showed the poor Jew that his doom was sealed should the search prove unavailing.

A thrill crept over the frame of the Hebrew as he marked the defying glances of Wolfstein when they entered the castle-hall, and saw the gloomy and discontented looks of the retainers, at the dishonourable situation of their feudal master. "God help me," he murmured, "and protect the innocent!"

Night came on, and the soldiers, led by Hernfels, had searched every part of the gloomy old castle, yet no trace of him they sought had been discovered; and the count looked on, and smiled as he watched the convulsive working of the Hebrew's features when he saw how fruitless was their labour. Jacob stood in the castle-hall once more, and beside him stood its master, the powerful noble, whose hate he had provoked, and who was now the master of his fate. For the first time since they entered his domain, Wolfstein addressed him:

"Well Jew," he said, with a mocking laugh, "is

thy scrutiny over? Hast thou satisfied thyself that no hole large enough to conceal a rat or a mouse remains unexplored by thee in my dwelling?"

Jacob answered not; he was nerving his mind to meet his doom with firmness.

Hernfels now approached him. "Jew," he said, "but one part of the Duke's command remains to be fulfilled: art thou prepared for death? for, as thou seest, the Count will not easily be moved to mercy."

"I ask it not," replied Jacob; "but grant yet a few moments that I may pour out my soul in prayer to my God for solace to my wretched mother."

"What!" said Wolfstein, as Hernfels turned from the Hebrew, "does the coward fear the death he has provoked? Aha! the torments he will have to endure in this world, will the better fit him for the hell he is speeding to."

"That hell may yawn ere long for thee, guilty one," replied the Hebrew.

"Away with him to the torture!" shouted Wolfstein, fiercely: "his search is done, and I will bear his presumptuous insolence no longer."

With savage joy the followers of Wolfstein approached to seize their victim. He felt that his hour was come, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed wildly, "Almighty God, if my unhappy father has been murdered by Ernest of Wolfstein grant that his spirit may for one instant reveal itself to me, that I may know the truth, and not die cursing the innocent."

His prayer was answered, for in the violence of his

agony, his foot had touched a secret spring—a trap door flew open, and the corpse of the father stood revealed to the straining eyes of the son. A wild hysterical cry burst from the lips of Jacob, and he fell senseless on the body of his parent.

Detected in the moment of his triumph, Wolfstein stood a picture of guilt and terror; a violent and convulsive shudder shook his frame, and he clasped his hands wildly before his eyes, to shut out the evidence of his crime.

"Murderous robber!" exclaimed the duke, who, in the disguise of a soldier, had been a witness of the awful scene; "the ashes of thy victim have risen in evidence against thee, therefore confess thy crime."

"Since I am discovered, I will not die a death of infamy," replied the count; and snatching a dagger from the duke's belt, ere any one could prevent him, he plunged it in his own heart.

It was many hours before Jacob recovered consciousness; and when his senses again returned, he found himself in his own dwelling, with his mother weeping beside him. When she saw that he was recovered, she put into his hands a piece of paper, on which were inscribed the following words. "Leave Munich as early and as secretly as possible, for thou hast drawn upon thee the enmity of a powerful house, which makes it no safe abiding place for thee or thine: the bearer will furnish thee with the means for flight; be wise and avail thyself of them. Albert." Van Adheim, the bearer of the duke's letter, also urged the ne-

cessity of his availing himself of the advice contained therein, and, convinced of its wisdom, Jacob, with his family, after burying the dead, bade adieu for ever to Munich.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MARGUERITE POWER.

FONDLY I love thee, more I cannot say,
My heart is all too full for cold, tame words
To tell thee half its passionate devotion;
Oh let me gaze into those eyes, and gazing die—
Not *die*—'tis not the word—but let my soul
Melt into air, dissolve itself in sighs
So it may play around thee, like the air,
And be inhaled by thee, and thus become
Part of thy very being.

DEATH OF "THE GERALDINE."

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

A MOURNFUL wail, all sad and low, like the murmur which the breeze
On an Autumnal eve might make among the sere-leaved trees,—
A hush of silence, soul subdued, a saddened silence there,
With earnest supplicating eyes and hand-clasped burst of prayer.
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears which warriors shed,
When the chief who led them on to fame lies almost of the Dead;
When the eagle eye is dim and dull, and the eagle spirit cold;
When fitfully and feebly throbs the heart which was so bold;—
Thou might'st have fancied grief like this, if ever it were thine
To hear a minstrel sing the feats of the valiant Geraldine.

Where is that gallant name unknown? Wherever Valour shone,
Wherever mightiest chiefs were named, the Geraldine was one;—
Winning honour from his prince's praise, and favor from the fair,—
Wherever Erin's banner waved the Geraldine was there!
But now his course is over, for his final hour has come,
And, like a peaceful peasant, 'tis his hap to die at home.
The priest hath been to shrive him, and the leech hath been to tend,
And the old man, with a Christian heart, prepared to meet his end:
"It is God's will, the abbot says, that, unlike to all my line,
I should die, not on the battle-field," quoth the gallant Geraldine.

Within his tent the warrior lay, by his side his children three;
There was Thomas, with the haughty brow, the Lord of Offaley;
There was gentle Ina, wedded to proud Desmond's gallant son;
There was Richard, he the youngest born, the best-beloved one.

Lord Thomas near his father stood, fair Ina wept apace,
But Richard by the couch knelt down and hid his pale, young face.
He would not that the common eye should gaze upon his woe,
Or that how very much he mourned, his dying sire should know;
But the old man said, "My youngest-born, the deepest grief is thine!"
And then his pent-up tears rained fast on the face of Geraldine.

"Lead out my steed—the Arab barb, which lately, in Almaine,
I won in single combat from a Moorish lord of Spain.
And bring my faulchion hither, with its blue Damascene blade,
In temper true, and sharpness keen as ever armourer made.
Thou seest, my son, this faulchion keen, that war-horse paw the plain,
Thou hearest thy father's voice which none may ever hear again;
Thou wert destined for the altar, for the service of the Lord,
But if thy spirit earthward tend, take thou the steed and sword.

Ill doth it hap when human thoughts jostle with
thoughts divine—
Steel armour, better than the stole, befits a Geral-
dine!"

"My father, thou hast truly said:—this soaring spirit
swells
Beyond those dreary living tombs—yon dark monastic
cells.
The cold in heart and weak in hand may seek their
pious gloom,
And mourn, too late, the hapless vow which cast them
such a doom.
Give me the flashing faulchion and the fiery steed of
war—
The shout—the blow—the onset quick where serried
thousands are:
Thine eldest-born may claim and take thy lordships
and thy land,
I ask no more than that bold steed, this good sword in
my hand,
To win the fame that warriors win, and haply to
entwine,
In other lands, some honours new round the name of
Geraldine."

Flashed then into the chieftain's eyes the light of other
days,
And the pressure of the old man's hand spoke more
than words of praise:

"So let it be, my youngest-born! thine be a warrior's life,
And may God safely speed thee through thy coming deeds of strife.
Be valiant, fortunate, and true: acquit thee as my son:
Take knighthood from thy father's sword, before his course be run.
My harper here!—ere light depart, strike me some warlike strain;
Some song of my own mountain home I would hear once more again;
Unfurl the silken Sunburst* in the noontide's sunny shine,
In death, even as in pride of life, let it wave o'er Geraldine!"

The banner fluttered in the breeze, the harper's strain went on,
A song it was of mighty deeds by the dying Chieftain done.
At first, he listened calmly,—the strain grew loud and strong,
Like things of life within his heart did memory's quick thoughts throng.
Louder and stronger swelled the strain, like a river in its course;
From his couch the Chieftain started,—"To horse!" he cried, "to horse!"

* "The Sunburst," says Moore, "was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner."

And proudly, like a warrior, waved his sword above
his head:
One onward step—one gurgling gasp—and the chief is
of the dead!
The harper changed his song to grief,—the coronach
was thine,
Who died, as thou hadst lived, a Man, oh mighty
Geraldine!

RETALIATION.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"I roused the virtues that are dead in no man."—COLERIDGE.

EACH season brings its own beauty and pleasures, and poetry—the rich, varied, never-ending poetry of nature—to such as can read or enjoy them; and each month has had poet, or poets to hymn forth its peculiar attributes. Yet in England few scenes are more picturesque than those we view when the brightness of summer is melting into the glow of early autumn; when the reaper's task is completed, and his golden harvest stored carefully away; when the forest trees in their shaded garb look more majestic than ever; and when—if we turn to those highly cultured spots on which art and science have been careful nurses—we behold, in all their lusciousness and glory, the dainty fruit and flowers which are the step-children of our soil.

It was at such a season, and when the sinking sun was tinging surrounding nature with the hues of crimson and purple and gold, by which it seemed cano-

pied, that a gentleman might have been seen leaning against a little wooden gate which separated the churchyard of L—— from the park of one of the richest landholders in the neighbourhood. He was plainly dressed, almost to a degree of negligence, and though in reality his years were scarcely forty, he looked older. Yet it could not be said that his finely moulded features had lost in any degree the beauty of their outline, or the eye its eloquent fire; but his figure had contracted a slight stoop, some silver threads had crept among his dark locks, and his countenance bore the traces of deep emotion, and of suffering,—it might be long since passed away,—but both are wisdom teachers, and as they mature the mind, so do they leave on the human form an impress so like the touch of the despot Time, that the careless observer too often confounds them. Whatever his meditations might be, they remained undisturbed for a considerable time, till observing a figure approach from the park, he mechanically made way for it to pass. This was a hale old man, the gamekeeper of Sir William Ravensworth. As he touched the gate, he doff'd his hat in return for the stranger's civility, when their eyes met, and the casual glance was protracted to a long earnest gaze. The face of the stranger flushed, while tears sprung to the old man's eyes, as he eagerly though respectfully clasped the outstretched hand.

"Master Edward! Master Edward! is it indeed you?" he exclaimed, and after a moment's pause, "where have you been hidden these many long years,

and why have you left all our loving hearts in such cruel anxiety about you?"

"Perhaps it was a fault, Markham, for at least I should have known that yours was a loving heart."

"Oh, Sir! and many others!"

"Well, well, you and they will forgive me! nay more, I have enough of the stubborn leaven of former years, to ask you, my friend, not to mention this meeting. Yet as accident has brought us together, tell me first of yourself and of those that are dear to you, and then the news of the neighbourhood. I feel, while speaking to you, as if the last twenty years were only a strange wild dream, myself again a stripling; and you, Markham,—why I remember your wedding, how my father gave the bride away, after your long faithful courtship, and urchin that I was, how they made me godfather to your eldest boy, and named him after me. Is he living, and well, and prosperous?"

"Thanks be to Heaven and Sir William's bounty, he is; but, oh Master Edward! we have had great affliction,—little Lucy—you remember Lucy?"

"Aye, well do I,—the little blue-eyed sylph that seemed like a spirit of joyousness, sent to gladden the earth, and one that sorrow dared not touch—tell me Markham—no harm of her surely?"

"The deepest," murmured the old man, with visible emotion, "saving always sin and shame. She grew up as you have described her,—but let me tell her story briefly. She died of a broken heart, it is a slow but a sure death. They called it certainly consumption,

and so it was at last, but we—her parents, knew better. She was just like a flower that shuts its leaves up from the wintry wind, and droops, and withers, and dies. She was engaged to James Gibson—the son of the scoundrel you know of—and a regular chip of the old block did he prove, though he was varnished over with book learning and gentlefolk manners; and by these he won the heart of our poor girl, and we, thinking it hard to punish the son for his father's crimes, consented to the match. At that time he was to be a lawyer—yes, would you believe it, Sir William had paid for him—and I will confess my weakness, I did not see the folly of wishing that my Lucy might be a lady, for she seemed a delicate thing that was born for it. But he was base and unprincipled,—he was more than suspected of belonging to a gang of swindlers, and but for Sir William's influence, would have been brought to justice. For five years we heard nothing of him, till last season, having sunk to a level deeper even than that from which he sprang, he infested the country as an arrant thief and poacher. And yet Sir William shelters him on every possible occasion, and not ten minutes before I met you, I had a severe reproof because I mentioned him in harsh terms. To be sure, master's temper has grown more irritable than ever, but I never thought he would so have spoken to an old servant as he did to me to-day. To say truth, Master Edward, I have been told that the rascal is here again, and has positively been seen crossing the park at dusk for three successive evenings; if I meet

him I shall at least warn and threaten him, for he shall not pollute our village with his presence while I have a voice that can hoot him from it. But to-night I had some marketings to do in the village for my wife, though she will forgive my neglect when I tell her the cause. I must tell *her* I have seen you, Master Edward."

"Yes, and you must let me help the shopping with this," exclaimed the stranger, placing a ten-pound note in Markham's hand, "for the sake of former days."

"I do not need any thing to remind me of former days," said the old man, after a moment's pause, "and we are not poor; our only child is a thriving farmer, and we, in our old age, have all the comforts that we desire, at least that money can bring us. I would rather, Master Edward, you would give me something of less value—that you have worn —that you have used—that belongs to you—that does not change purposes like this piece of paper! even an old glove! oh, Master Edward, you know what I mean; but I would rather than all that you would come to our cottage. I warrant we could give you good fare, and you are not too proud—you never had any of the *wrong* pride."

"Pride would be out of the question, Markham, in accepting the invitation of an old friend," said the stranger, in a cheerful tone; "so I will come ere I leave the neighbourhood. Meanwhile buy your wife a winter cloak with the bit of paper you so despise,

and keep, yourself, this trifle, which will not be of lessened value when I tell you it was once my father's."

And so they parted with kindly words, and a hearty pressure of their clasped hands, never to meet in this world again!

That sort silent influence which every one in some degree possesses, and which, of course, is proportionally extended according to the power or station of the individual, was more than commonly perceptible in the neighbourhood of Ravensworth Park. Its haughty owner was a man yet in the prime of life, and as report said, of high acquirements; yet he lived almost in a hermit-like seclusion. He must have been deficient in that quality which has been happily described as "the genius to be loved," saving that his daughter, whom he had entirely educated, proved indeed the most devoted of children. On his first taking possession of his estates and settling in ——— shire, the usual interchange of civilities had passed between the leading people of the county and himself, but no friendships had been formed; by degrees acquaintanceship had almost ceased, and when he married, his wife became an object of that kind of interest which approximates very nearly to pity. At the time of which we speak, Lady Ravensworth had been dead about a year, and though it was strongly suspected, that his estates being entailed on the male line, and there being neither son nor brother of his to inherit

them, he would marry again, even the most scheming of mothers refrained from putting their daughters in his way; and as for the young ladies themselves, they regarded Sir William as a modern Blue Beard, and evinced no desire to enact the part of Fatima. Towards his tenants he was strictly just, but rarely generous; and to his servants harsh and despotic. There had been however to this general rule, two exceptions. To Markham and his family he had been a kind friend and liberal master, but as if to balance actions that might have won for him "golden opinions," he had showered his bounties yet more profusely on the worthless Gibson, and shielded him even from the arm of justice. In short, Sir William Ravensworth was unpopular, and the warmest feeling which prevailed towards him was the negative one of indifference.

This was the state of things on the evening on which our story opens; but the next morning the little village of L—— was thrown into universal horror and dismay, by the discovery of the mutilated remains of poor Markham, the gamekeeper! Now the proneness which exists, however unconsciously, to exaggerate evil report of those we dislike, is so universally acknowledged, that a tolerably sagacious or impartial stranger would have been slow in giving full credence to an accusation against the baronet, and would on hearing it have allowed due weight to the prejudices of the accusers. But the magistrates of ———shire were not more than ordinarily sagacious, and the very reverse of impartial; and in truth, when Sir William

was committed to take his trial for the murder of poor Markham, circumstantial evidence was quite strong enough to warrant the proceeding.

It proved that two of his servants had partly overheard his angry reproof and the threats he had used to the old man on the evening of the murder; near the body was found a pistol curiously wrought in silver and ivory, which was ascertained to match one in the possession of Sir William; and above all, a cornelian ring bearing the Ravensworth crest was discovered a day or two after the occurrence, within a few paces of the fatal spot.

Sir William was horror stricken at the charge,—but the terror of guilt and innocence are often confounded. Nevertheless, he refused to explain the quarrel with his gamekeeper, and while he denied all knowledge of the ring, declared the pistol had been stolen from him a dozen years before. The last assertion was the least of all believed, for he could bring no witness to prove that he had ever complained of its loss, and people seemed slow at understanding he could have had reasons for not mentioning it.

Since this memoir is intended rather to illustrate a principle than to present minute details and a catalogue of incidents, it would be irrelevant to describe the morbid interest which the murder of Markham created. Alas! scenes of guilt and wretchedness are only too familiar even to the mere newspaper reader; but few will deny the ill-directed excitement, almost commiseration, which prevails, when the culprit is of that very

class which is exempted from the hydra temptations of want and ignorance. As the trial of Sir William Ravensworth drew near, the county of ———shire was in a ferment; a few aristocrats, sticklers for hereditary excellence, would not believe that a Ravensworth—however disagreeable a neighbour—could be guilty of so black a crime; but the majority were of a different opinion. Isabella Ravensworth, however, claimed from all parties both pity and admiration—emotions but rarely combined.

There are some flowers which must be crushed ere we extract half their sweetness; and the starlight of woman's devotion shines brightest in the midnight of adversity. Either comparison might have been applied to Isabella. Gifted by nature with high talents and that deep, strong, under-current of sentiment and affection which almost ever accompanies them, her mind was of the kind which expands, not shrinks, beneath the influence of exciting circumstances. Whatever her father's faults might be, to her he had been the kindest of parents, nay she looked up to him with all the reverence which *should* belong to their relative positions, yet loved him with the fearless love of an equal, making a bond of affection, than which only one can surely be more ecstatic. She it was who calmed the first impetuous torrent of his anger and indignation at a charge from which her whole soul revolted; it was her presence of mind and coolness that collected the different points of evidence in his favour, and she it was who saw, and corresponded with

his counsel, and arranged with them the plan of his defence.

The assizes were near, and but a fortnight intervened between Sir William's committal and the day appointed for his trial. *Anxiety!*—how commonly and carelessly is the word used, and yet does its right meaning convey an earthly purgatory, cheered, it is true, by the heaven-born rays of hope, however "few and far between," but darkened by the shadow of despair; while the heart is gnawed by myriad fears, till by comparison it seems as if the worst certainty would be relief. Although most sanguine of his acquittal, something of these emotions oppressed the minds of the prisoner and his daughter, as when the day before the trial arrived, and everything that human foresight could achieve had been done, they could only sit calmly and watch the slowly revolving hours. Isabella was with her father when a messenger arrived from the leading counsel for the defence, desiring to see her immediately at a neighbouring hotel.

Serjeant Wilton received her with every demonstration of respect, for he had been deeply touched by her distress, whilst he felt the highest admiration for the energy of character she had evinced. A stranger, however, was with him, whom he introduced as Mr. Lerrington, the celebrated pleader. The name was familiar to her; for though living in seclusion his fame had reached her ear, and she turned, even at that moment, with something of interest, to observe one whose talents and noble qualities had so often been the themes of conver-

sation; and she felt that the character she had heard lauded was expressed in his countenance. But feelings stronger than curiosity were elicited, when Isabella learned, that Mr. Lerrington had posted a hundred miles for the express purpose of undertaking her father's defence. She wondered, certainly, that Serjeant Wilton had so easily relinquished it, but he professed himself under deep obligation to Mr. Lerrington, who had requested him, as the greatest favour he could confer, not only so to do, but to aid the fulfilment of his wishes, by the recommendation which was indeed most conscientiously given. Already master of all the circumstances of the case, the new advocate entered into it with enthusiasm, and at last admitted, that he was actuated by personal feelings; while, as earnest of his sincerity, he refused all pecuniary remuneration, declaring that he merely stood in the place of his friend, who had already received a heavy retaining fee. This seemed a strange caprice, but as Isabella felt that it was the wish, as well as the will of her new friend, she yielded to it; and with a heart bewildered, yet lighter than before, she returned to the gloomy abode within whose walls her dear father was confined.

The morrow came,—and at an early hour the court was crowded by auditors of almost every denomination, for among the surrounding gentry curiosity was stronger than delicacy, and not a few of his *ci-devant* associates came to watch the trial of Sir William Ravensworth; some, it is true, with sentiments of pity and indignation, and with hearts already leaping to congratulate him on

his acquittal; but many with feelings that it were as well not too closely to analyze. Murmurings of surprise and whisperings were observed, on its being reported that Mr. Lerrington would defend the prisoner, and the majority agreed, that however high his talents, they would prove but a doubtful advantage coming so newly to the case, and displacing one, who was accounted by many his equal, and who had from the first devoted himself to the investigation of every circumstance. Yet, as he entered, conducting a lady closely veiled, to a seat which had been reserved for her, and then took his own station, his very aspect seemed to inspire a certain degree of confidence. The lady was Isabella! For hers was the spirit which could bear with greater fortitude the agonizing scene which was to follow,—yet during which she well believed that hope would speedily change to certainty—than endure the torment of suspense removed from the spot where her own senses could instruct her reason.

How should we class the orator? His gift is not an art like the painter's, or poet's, or sculptor's, or melodist's, which can bequeath to succeeding ages an evidence of greatness; but the mere report of eloquence can be but like a dull and distant echo,—even memory sometimes grows faithless; and imagination, that both over and under paints the glorious efforts of genius is, at all events, but seldom truthful. As the trial proceeded, the interest became intense, for circumstantial evidence was strong against Sir William; but once, and once only did he appear to tremble, and his counsel

retained throughout the whole proceeding, that air of proud confidence with which he had entered the court. At last, it was his turn to speak, and in a few moments he won from his listeners an attention literally breathless. It is a strange sight to mark every eye, in a vast concourse of people, turned to one individual, and that individual, by his single will, swaying the mighty multitude,—divorcing their passions and prejudices from the objects to which they had previously leaned, and yoking them in triumph to his own cause! The orator's power is godlike,—oh! that he would always use it like a good as well as a great spirit,—that he would remember how rich a talent it is, and that Satan's fall was the deeper, because he had been an angel!

The point at which the prisoner had trembled, was one certainly quite irrelevant to the evidence;—a witness, with perhaps more boldness than discretion, had cast some aspersions on his former character, bringing forward a rumour which had long since died a natural death, that Sir William came not in the most honest manner by his title and estates. Nay, the story was more minute than before, for it declared that the prisoner had requited with the blackest ingratitude a kind relative by whom he had been fostered, by destroying the proofs of his marriage which had taken place on the continent, and thus not only depriving his benefactor's child of his inheritance, but sending him forth to the world with a brand upon his name. Mr. Lerrington touched but lightly on these observations — some said, because he deemed the subject one entirely remote

from the crime for which Sir William stood arraigned; while others remarked, that he here refrained from expressing his own conviction, as he strongly did during almost every other portion of the defence;—and a few keen observers were quite sure that, though his voice altered not, a peculiar expression rested for a few moments on his countenance,—that, moreover, Sir William looked at him with a long earnest gaze of recognition, and that then, with lips apart as if to utter some sound that would not come, tottered back a few paces for support.

The speech proceeded,—a bright stream of simple, yet most touching eloquence; but when Mr. Lerrington had answered every argument of his opponent, he claimed permission to say a few words of himself, and startled the court by declaring that he ought to have been in the witness box! He affirmed that he had known the murdered man, and conversed with him on the last evening of his life, and he believed that from poor Markham's own words he possessed the clue to the real assassin. He allowed that it would be naturally asked, why he did not immediately come forward with his evidence; but it appeared that on returning to his hotel, on the fatal evening, he had found a letter, sent by an express, requiring his presence in Wales, whither he had hastened, to assist a dear friend who had become suddenly involved in litigation. It might be remembered by some of his "learned friends," that he was originally to have gone the circuit; but had intended snatching a few days' quiet in the village of

L——, previously to entering the county in a professional capacity. This plan had been frustrated, and so absorbed had he been in the affairs of his friend, that the rumour of the murder had not reached him, until nearly too late for him to render his knowledge available. Perhaps, in the judgment of many, he would have been deemed wiser had he simply offered his evidence; but he had had but short time for reflection, and he confessed that he had acted almost from impulse, — feeling, as he modestly declared, that the inspiring certainty of the justness of his cause would lend a force and weight to his efforts that might balance them against the superior powers and experience of him, in whose place he stood. He was willing now to take the oath, if it were required that he should do so; but he declared on the word of honour, which never had been tarnished, that it was he, who had given the ring to the murdered man, and in confirmation of the fact, described it far more accurately than had hitherto been done; but it was by tracing a bank-note which was missing, that he hoped to bring the criminal to justice, and to effect this he had already taken measures. The oath was, as a necessary form, administered; but before Mr. Lerrington had concluded his address, the proud man, who had borne the earlier and alarming portion of the trial with iron nerves, — who, though guilty of many crimes, was innocent of that one, and had consequently repaid his accusers with scorn and indignation, — when danger was passed, and the haven in sight, Sir William Ravensworth fainted. Though

he heard not the verdict of "Not guilty," which was delivered without a moment's hesitation, nor the deafening acclamations that followed, his defender felt richly rewarded, by the thrill of happiness which he recognised in the figure of Isabella. Who has not traced expression in the slightest gesture? Aye, in the movement of a finger. Her eyes swam in tears; but they are *tears of joy only* which can improve beauty. Mr. Lerrington hastened to rejoin her; it is true, the crowd was dispersing, it was broken up into small knots, and every body seemed intent either on uttering some trite remark, or listening to the sapient speeches of his neighbour; it is true Isabella had remained unrecognized; but had it been otherwise—had every eye been bent upon her, she would still unconsciously have been faithful to the enthusiasm of her character — for deep feelings engulf those which only float on the surface — she would still have given vent to her passionate gratitude in the same action. As Mr. Lerrington took her hand to draw it through his arm, she stooped her head, and pressed a trembling kiss upon his hand. How strange a thrill ran through his veins at the contact!

To a far distant scene must I now conduct my readers; for though the actors are the same, and the time only one day advanced, few contrasts can be stronger than that which the dignified repose, pervading as it were the very atmosphere, of a noble mansion, presents to the sad associations of a criminal court. It is the morning after the trial, and Sir William Ravensworth

is again the lord of his own home. But the iron has entered into his soul, and there needs no prophet to tell that the finger of death is upon him. Isabella stands near with a face paler, and even graver than that of yesterday. The father has confessed his crimes to his child, — and oh! how fearful is the wrench when love and honour are torn asunder! Yet, compassion came to fill up the gap; and the father, whose mind was cast in so different a mould, never knew how dreadful a struggle his words had caused. They were expecting a visitor,—Mr. Lerrington.

The new friend — the eloquent pleader of yesterday had been sent for to receive a more certain pledge of gratitude and repentance, than those frothy words which, under exciting circumstances, rise to the lips even of the most cold hearted; or gold—that embodyment of the subtle spirit which men call Power — with which the rich can purchase the use of the towering intellect and hived wisdom that rule the world. He came to listen to a story of contrition, and to receive atonement. The injurer and the injured — the benefactor and the benefited — the *cousins* met with a degree of awkwardness that was foreign to their nature; for shame sits ill on a proud man, and the really generous feel painfully the degradation of a humbled foe. That is a beautiful theory which teaches us, that in the heart, even of the most hardened, there is a chord, could we but rightly touch it, which responds to virtue, and is the invisible link which binds him in the brotherhood of humanity. Such a chord

had been touched in the heart of Sir William Ravensworth by the generous requital of him he had so deeply wronged: for the reader needs scarcely to be told that he who has been called Edward Lerrington was the real heir to the Ravensworth property. Contempt was changed to pity as he listened to the confession, and when Isabella joined their hands he grasped that of her father with almost a kindly pressure. He did not *then* analyze his own mingled feelings,—he did not understand that when he insisted on time for reflection, ere any steps should be taken for the restoration of his rights, something warmer than admiration for the daughter's nobility of character, made him feel that he would rather suffer wrong — or penury—or toil, than degrade her from affluence, or associate her even in thought with disgrace.

It appeared that the elder Gibson had been an instrument of Sir William in concealing the proofs of Edward's legitimacy; but as a rogue is rarely faithful to the master villain, he had contrived to keep them in his possession, and at his death bequeathed them to his son: hence, the extraordinary influence both had possessed over him. To Markham and his family Sir William had been kind from different motives. Believing that the former, from the high favour in which he had been held by Edward's father, either knew or suspected more than really was the case: he thought to purchase faith and silence. But half Sir William's fortune could not have purchased Markham's secrecy, had he entertained other than the most vague suspicions of his master's treachery.

It will be remembered that steps had been taken, by means of the missing bank note, to trace the real murderer, and Edward Ravensworth was still a guest, bearing an assumed name, in the house that should have been his own, when a circumstance of some importance occurred. Gibson had been traced to the coast, where he had hastily embarked in a small vessel that had been wrecked during a gale which came on almost immediately. Some of the crew were saved, but he perished, and the body being washed ashore, a small tin case was found about his person, containing a packet addressed to Sir William Ravensworth. It was forwarded according to the direction, and contained the papers of such vital importance. *Now* there was not a shadow of difficulty in the assumption of Edward's rights, and yet he hesitated!

Weeks had passed—nay months, for winter had come, and the kindliness which had grown up, despite the peculiarity of their relations, between the inmates of Ravensworth Hall had lately changed its character. A terror had crept into the mind of Isabella,—a terror that she was an object of compassion—and no more. The strong excitement she had recently undergone had shaken her nerves, and dulled the clearness of her perceptions, or surely she could not so have thought. A constraint, a coldness of manner, came between herself and Edward, and when he, incapable of enduring longer suspense, besought her to listen to his vows of love, she rejected him with words that were at least decisive.

It was the following day, and the shadows of early evening fell heavily on a corner of the room, where, her form half buried in the cushions of a large old fashioned sofa, Isabella reclined. She was in one of those deep reveries during which the senses may be almost as completely shut as in the hours of slumber. But as in slumber, a low voice, or a light foot-fall will sometimes arouse us, when ruder means have failed, so are there mysterious influences which may startle the visionary from his waking dream.

It was a large room, and Isabella was utterly unconscious that her father had entered it, neither had he the remotest idea of her presence. But the voice of Edward, and her own name pronounced in a tone that was not to be mistaken, aroused her at once. She would not willingly have proved an eaves-dropper, but she was spell bound, and could not but hear.

She had dashed from her, with desperate fortitude, that with which all her dreams of earthly happiness had been associated—the hand of Edward Ravensworth. She had endeavoured to teach her heart that, by rigid schooling, peace—calm content—would be within its reach; for her womanly nature told her that an unloved, unloving lot would be preferable to an union *where woman loves the better of the two.* Alas! for the frailty of humanity and the woe that it brings. Would that the sex were more often as incredulous! Would that they could roll back like a receding tide, those soft emotions which blind their judgment, and become clear-sighted! Would that they could *all* un-

derstand as the *thinking* do, that such unions must surely prove like the fabled apples of "the Dead Sea Shore!" But Isabella listened not to words that should confirm her decision. No; she heard only the breathing eloquence of sincerity, and "passion from the lips of poetry." She listened to the story of one, who, like all lofty spirits, had known glorious visions of ideal love, even amid the shadows that had darkened his youth, for they are a portion of the inheritance of such natures. But he had been poor and obscure, and there is a legend which tells that the reality of love is not always, or often, within the grasp of such. Isabella heard too, how for many long years his mind had chosen another and a different mistress—Ambition; that her throne had been built upon the buried hopes which had gilded his youth, and that now deposed from her high station, she had sunk to be only the handmaiden to his heart's dearer wishes. Fame were valueless if he could not lay his laurels at the feet of Isabella. He repeated to Sir William (as he was still called) the particulars of the preceding day's interview, and prepared him for a speedy parting.

How do the merest accidents of life, and its dullest realities, weave themselves with feelings the most ethereal of our nature! — a mystical union like that of soul and body. At the moment when Isabella most truly felt the depth of the love she had slighted, when her bewildered brain forgot the desolation that seemed yet before her, and was only sensible to a thrill of ecstatic happiness, the neglected fire fell in with a

sudden crash, and the blazing coals illuminated the whole apartment, throwing their brightest beams upon the couch where Isabella still leaned — motionless, and almost breathless. Edward's eyes involuntarily glanced around, and his mind with a lightning flash comprehended in a moment all that she must have heard. An exclamation of surprise escaped him; but something there was in the countenance of Isabella — something in the blushes which suffused it, that led him to approach her. The hand he ventured to clasp was left in his, and the form, that with surely most wild daring his arm encircled, was but feebly withdrawn from its embrace!

For the admirers of minute detail, I am sorry that my chronicle goes but little further. It does not say how soon the lovers were united, nor describe the heroine's wedding dress. Neither does it very accurately determine in what manner certain legal matters were adjusted. But "there is a future for all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone," and he, who has been called Sir William Ravensworth felt deeply the truth of the poet's words. He lived only a few months; but it was not by *his* will that, during even that time, he retained a title to which he had no right. Edward Ravensworth sold his ancestral property: for he no longer loved the spot, to which recollections were attached, that reflected shame on the dear partner of his joys and sorrows. He took measures by which he legally adopted the name he so

long had borne,—the name with which he had emerged from obscurity to fame,—the name by which his genius had been acknowleged. Blessed with health, wealth, and love, he made Ambition indeed his servant, not his ruler, and Isabella learned to feel that another home might be dearer than that of her childhood.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY ELIZABETH SCAIFE.

Oh, she was very fair!
A creature of the mountains! whose delight
Was in their towering passes and their strength,
And in their solemn grandeur:—and she took
A fearful pleasure gazing on the foam
Of headlong cataract, whose distant fall
Was as the voice of many thunders blent!
The early flowers that graced the lowly glen
Were well-beloved companions; songs of birds—
The murmur of the river and the brook—
The gentle undulation of the lake—
Whisperings of winds and swaying boughs—in all
Her heart rejoiced;—but most, when parting day
Lingered an instant—as it were to gaze
On the subdued and melancholy earth—
Grieving at her departure—was her soul
Glorious within, and lifted up in thought
Above all human bonds! It came to pass
That she was promised by her sire to one
In wealth her equal, and in ancient name;

And she beheld him and she loved him not.
But all her tears were vain, and all her prayers,
And all her passionate sobs, and thrilling words
Of anguish and despair! And thus the wreath,
The bridal wreath, was bound upon her brow—
A simple wreath of early meadow flowers,
The flowers she loved so well! And so they came
Before the altar, and she knelt her down,
And crossed her white arms on her snowy breast,
And meekly bowed her head. The priest stood near
And blessed them—and the youthful bridegroom rose,
But she, the bride, rose not! And yet a space
He tarried, but she rose not—then he took
Within his own, her unresisting hand
Colder than marble stone! and, looking up,
She smiled most sadly on his face through tears.
He raised her in his arms—she struggled not—
And so they bore her home. But never more
She looked upon the starry heavens, nor
Upon the fragrant flowers she loved so well!
Oh! never more her footsteps scaled the height
Of towering mountain or proud precipice!
Nor ever did the early morning dew
Spangle her tresses, glittering then like gems!
Never again!—Those blessed days had passed
For ever, evermore! and at the hour
She loved, the calm, still evening hour—she died.





THE LADY LILLIAN.

A Border Ballad.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"What ho! bring forth my fleetest steed,
We'll scour o'er valley, hill, and plain,
And make each slumbering churl with speed
To seek the Lady Lillian.
Spur on, nor stay for mount or flood,
Halt not, nor rest one moment—see,
Broad lands shall prove my gratitude
To him who brings her back to me.

Set forth the blood hound! he will track
Her step o'er every path she past;
Aye! he will bring my daughter back,
Though this bright morning were her last."
So spake the lord of proud Lodore,
And forth his followers bent their way,
Corslet, and helm, and lance they bore,
That glittered at the dawn of day.

Spare thou thy threats, thou haughty lord!
A lover's hand now guides the rein
Of thy fleet steed; nor to thy word
Thy mettled charger bounds again.
The hound now crouches at her feet,
And kinder arms than thine enfold
The noble maiden!—Was it meet
To barter that fair hand for gold?

Oh! was it well that thou shouldst press
Thy foot upon a fallen foe,
And add the drop of bitterness
That makes misfortune's cup o'erflow;—
To lure within thy castle wall,
In kindly guise a banished man,
Then bid the dungeon wicket fall
On the last scion of his clan?

It was not well that thou didst dare
The trusting chieftain to beguile,
And lure him to thy treacherous snare,
With Lillian's voice, and Lillian's smile.
Of her bereft, 'tis true there fell
Stern retribution's darkening shade,
Dealt by the hand thou lovedst so well,—
Deceit is by deceit repaid.

Vainly they seek each city nigh;
The maiden passed the border side;
She dashed the bright tear from her eye,
And joyed to be Glengarry's bride.

She spurned the circlet from her brow,
And fled she with a banished man,
Who richer than his rival now,
Holds the true faith of Lillian.

I saw her in her father's hall
In robes of price a queen might wear,
And maidens answered to her call
To twine a gem or braid her hair.
Since then, by Yarrow streams I've seen
A mountain dweller there unshod,
Sweet Lillian,—and no forest queen
So fair, the heather ever trod.

I saw her pass yon rippling brook,
Her nestling children round her hung:
Thinkst thou she mourns that she forsook
The home round which her heart had clung?
Her cheek had paled in lordly bower,
And watched each day in sadness close,
Now see the sadly drooping flower
Transplanted, blooms a mountain rose.

Her home now seems a holy sound,
And welcome to the exile's ears;
Oh! woe to them who may surround
That spring of hope with grief and tears.
Woe! to the words that dim the cheek
Sheltered in home but smiles should wear,
Or bid the tortured bosom seek
The rest its spirit finds not there.

Now fairy voices—tiny feet—
Echo around the banished man,
And murmured blessings fondly greet
The listening ear of Lillian.
While sheltered 'neath her tartan's fold
Throbs every pulse with noble pride,
That woman's love spurned rank and gold
To be the forest dweller's bride.

THE MUTINY ON BOARD THE HERMIONE;

AND

THE CONSPIRACY ON BOARD LA RENOMMÉE.

[The following details, we believe, were never before communicated to the public. The subject, indeed, is usually avoided by naval men; and even in this simple relation given by one who served at the time, the causes which led to so alarming a state of feeling on board our ships of war are briefly and cautiously alluded to.]

The mutiny of the Hermione is a sad blot in our naval annals, in whatever light it is regarded. The contemplation of it, nevertheless, however painful, must be useful — if every thing in this world is for example or warning, and nothing occurs in vain.

The following particulars were current respecting it, when the writer arrived at Jamaica, in the year 1797.

It must have been in the early part of that year, or in the latter end of 1796, that the Hermione, 32-gun frigate, commanded by Captain Pigot, and the Diligence, 18-gun brig, commanded by Captain Mends, were cruizing off Guayra, on the Caraccas coast.

On the night in question, the brig was said to have

been some distance to leeward of the frigate, but still within sight of her; the mutineers, therefore, would naturally delay the execution of their plot until it was quite dark. Previous to this, however, the frigate, as is common on board cruizing men-of-war, both for practice and precaution, reefed her top-sails at sun-set. In the course of this operation, it was stated that the mizen-top boys having been left behind by the fore and maintop-men, Captain Pigot threatened them most emphatically, so much so, that two of them, either from fright or despair, fell from the yard to the quarter-deck, and were killed; one of them having in his descent struck the master, who was walking there, and injured him so seriously, as to oblige him to betake himself to his cot. The captain is described to have been so unmoved by these accidents, that, to keep his word with the people, and whilst the corpses were lying on the gratings, he seized the remaining boys to the quarter-deck guns, and gave them two dozen lashes each.

The latter part of this relation would appear utterly incredible under the circumstances; but the former part seems corroborated by a succeeding incident, and Captain Pigot had the reputation of being ultra rigid in his discipline.

Whether the flogging actually took place or not, the accompanying circumstance probably accelerated the impending catastrophe, for, on the same night, the mutiny broke forth.

It appears that the lieutenant of the first watch having been alarmed by some unusual disturbance below,

directed the mate of the watch to go down, and ascertain the cause.

This latter functionary, whose name was Turner, seems to have been the only person, in the character of a gentleman, who was concerned in the mutiny, whereof he specially figured as the ringleader, in being the first to show rebellion above-board, for he is said to have made answer to his officer, that "he might go himself." Such a retort, coupled with the increasing sinister sounds, and probably some previous indications, now recalled to his memory, so struck the lieutenant, that without attempting to acquaint the captain, he ordered the man at the wheel to put the helm up, intending to run down to the Diligence; and receiving both refusal and defiance to this command, he knocked the man down, but was instantly seized by the rest of the watch on the quarter-deck, and flung overboard.

The first bustle was probably occasioned by the crew, including the marines, making prisoners of the officers below in their respective cabins. The captain is reported, on his becoming aware of the state of the case, to have called out for his barge men, and to have been answered by them in insulting terms, that "they were come to sacrifice him." This they followed up with bodily injuries, which left him lying for dead.

They are then said to have opened the spirit-room, and after helping themselves at discretion, to have proceeded in the work of death with inexorable determination. Finding that the captain had not been effectually dispatched, and that the surgeon was with him in the

cabin dressing his wounds, they repaired thither, and threw not only the patient but the operator out of the windows, in conformity with an oath they had taken—to spare no one that was not sworn into their conspiracy — so that there should be no unconcerned witness left alive to appear against them.

In pursuance of this savage resolve they dispatched the wardroom and warrant officers and the midshipmen, without the power of resistance on their parts, sleeping and surprised as they were. The maimed officer who was ill, they lashed up in his cot, and consigned to the deep.

The poor purser was told that they had no spleen against him; but could not depart from their oath, and therefore, after thrusting the cook's tormentors into him, he was launched through a port from the galley.

The like awful fate, horribly varied, but with similar termination, befel all the before named officers, with the exception of the master. He happened to be a Shields' man, and there was a gunner's mate among the crew from the same place, who bore to him a devoted attachment. This man was sworn, with the rest, to the conspiracy; but when it exploded he immediately betook himself to the cabin of his disabled townsman, strongly armed, and swore that the mutineers should not sacrifice the one without the other.

Much expostulation is represented to have taken place on this infringement of the mutual pledge, and much disposition to have been expressed for dispatch-

ing them both together; when the general body is said to have been mollified by the timely remark of one of the parties, to the effect that "they could have little to fear from the adverse testimony of this injured officer, as he had come to his grievous hurt through the tyrannical conduct of their late commander."

This tragical consummation being ended, the frigate, under direction of Turner, was steered for La Guayra, where, on her arrival, she was delivered up to the Spaniards, who fitted her out for their service, manned her entirely with their own people, and sent her to Porto Cabello, on the same line of coast, as a more secure place. She was nevertheless cut out from thence, without ever having been on a cruise, some two or three years after, in the most gallant and able manner, by Sir Edward Hamilton, in the 28-gun frigate Surprise, for which exploit the reader is referred to his published letter. The re-taken ship, in allusion to the slaughter of the Spaniards at her re-capture, was named the Retribution.

The mutineers, with the careless recklessness common to their sea-faring character, had dispersed themselves shortly after the ship's arrival, without any particular recompense from the Spaniards.

Turner was living some few years after in or near Porto Cabello, and there were projects contemplated on board our cruizers on the coast, for landing, and carrying him off at night, but they were never put in execution.

However, if the arch-conspirator escaped, not so the subordinates.

The rescued master being set at liberty by the Spaniards after his recovery, returned home, and reporting himself to the Admiralty, was retained by that authority on board the guard-ship at Spithead, as a standing evidence against his guilty shipmates, who soon began to be picked up in all parts of the world, under the severe scrutiny that was established among the crews of all vessels, national, neutral, and hostile, which our cruizers were enabled to inspect; and from these the suspected parties were sent to the once-doomed victim for his identification.

Among the number was his townsman and preserver, the gunner's mate. This man was condemned by court-martial and executed like the rest; the report received in the West Indies, being, that the members would not recommend him to mercy, both on account of his common delinquency, and also because the influence he had exhibited in saving the master might have been more extensively exerted in resisting the general massacre.

Nearly the whole of the culprits were said to have finished their respective courses on the dark chart of their existence in the run of a few years, having been mostly traced, and accounted for, to an untimely close of existence, chiefly at the yard-arm!

Between the first act, however, of the foregoing frightful tragedy, and the capture and early execution of some of the perpetrators, a certain interval necessarily elapsed.

During this anxious period for the commanders and officers of men-of-war, the frigates Renommée, Captain Rolles, and Ceres, Captain Otway, were, shortly after the fatal event, on a cruize off the Havannah. Captain Rolles had the reputation of a severe disposition, and of being disagreeable to both officers and crew; Captain Otway, though a rigid disciplinarian, had better tact; did not torment the men by strictness about manœuvres, and materially diminished punishment by an unremitted vigilance.

The latter was dining one day, during the cruize, with Captain Rolles. After the usual cabin-quota of the Renommée's officers had retired, the two captains were canvassing the dispositions of their respective crews. In the course of the discussion Captain Rolles happened to mention that he had heard of one of the carpenter's crew having used some mysterious expressions, but which he had considered too vague and insignificant to inquire into. The other commander thought differently, especially under the circumstances of the times, and, consistently with his scrutinizing character, he urged an immediate enquiry. The carpenter was accordingly sent for, and as soon as he was questioned, fell at once into the most frightful agitation. He told the two captains that they themselves, and all the officers, might expect to be murdered as well as himself, if the ship's company had the least suspicion of him, being all united in an oath of destruction, similar to that of the Hermione.

To this Captain Otway replied by exhorting him to

take courage, since the boat belonging to the Ceres, being in tow close to the quarter, could receive him at any moment, and convey him aboard that ship.

Being thereby reassured, he readily pointed out the most active conspirators, among whom was one of the forecastle captains, and likewise certain of the topmen. When this revelation was considered sufficient, he was placed in one of the quarter galleries, with the door closed, under intimation that his appearance might be called for, but, that in case of any sudden outbreak he might readily transfer himself from his hiding-place into the Ceres's boat.

This preliminary being arranged, the captain of the forecastle was sent for. He apparently suspected that some investigation was going on, and said with some agitation on entering the cabin, that he knew nothing about any matter that might be in question.

To this Captain Otway answered, that Captain Rolles and himself had been merely consulting about an exchange of men — that he had been selected in lieu of one of the men of the Ceres whom Captain Rolles wanted, and had been called in to be shown accordingly, —but, at the same time, Captain O. wished to know what he meant by his ignorance of anything that might be going on?

Having by this time recovered himself, he affected to have been disturbed out of a nap, and to have spoken under the influence of drowsy and confused recollections. This resumed security was encouraged until Captain Otway, having insensibly edged towards the

quarter-gallery, suddenly threw back the door, and displayed the concealed carpenter to the astounded forecastle-man. He stood aghast, and being collared, and apostrophized by Captain O., no longer denied his guilt.

After placing him in custody, Captain Rolles had all hands turned up to reef topsails, and as the men descended from the rigging which was the position sought for by the order, the selected ringleaders were readily taken into custody.

These, to the number of four, at least, together with the aforesaid chief, passed in lingering ordeal by the irons, the tribunal, and the halter, to their final account; the last individual consoling himself, as he said, with the reflection, that he had ever opposed himself to the shedding of blood in the contemplated transaction, but to which, he was sorry to add, his fellow-sufferers were not disinclined.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

An Arab Tale.

BY ELEANOR LOUISA MONTAGUE.

Deep in a charmèd grot, 'tis said,
A little fountain rears its head,
Then turns to earth again;
And fed as by a constant spring,
Still dropping in a fairy ring,
The waters fall like rain.

Strange legends to that fount belong,
And relics dim of mournful song,
Whose grief e'en music had
Soft, tender dreams of olden times,
That like the sound of far-off chimes,
Have something sweet and sad.

There was a maiden — gentle, pure,
Born with a spirit to endure
Fond woman's tearful lot;
To see dead hopes around her lie,
For love's sweet sake to pine and die,
Unheeded and forgot.

There came a noble stranger-youth,
A loving heart — a soul of truth,
And wooed her for his bride,
And oft at even-fall they met,
When fairy-flowers with dews were wet,
By that fair grotto's side.

But sorrow came with changing time;
True to her creed, her race, and clime,
For him her dream was o'er;
And she hath vowed the youth she loves,
Because of alien faith he proves
Shall see her face no more.

She saw him pass the severing wave,
And soon the mantle of the grave
Enwrapped her in its fold:
Like a fair column fallen and lone,
Ere one swift year had o'er her flown,
They found her still and cold.

And thus the maid whose soul was given,
To one who stole her love from heaven,
Slept in her early years;
And in that grot, by foot untrod,
Her clay unto its native sod
Was rendered back in tears

TO MY LIBRARY.

BY JOSEPH FEARN.

Chosen favourite haunt of mine!
'Mid thy stores would I recline,
Gazing on thy crowded shelves,
Receptacle of fairy elves;
Who sleep each folded tome between,
And dream of souls that once have been!
Inspiration breathes around!
Lo! I move o'er hallowed ground!
Visions of past glory glide,
Palpably on either side;
Spirits of the mighty dead
Which for centuries have fled,
Visit once again the shrine,
Their ancient grandeur made divine!
What tho' now no mortal eye
Can their reverend forms descry?
What, though now no human ear,
The music of their voices hear?

Still, they *live* and breathe in *Books*,—
That dwell in yon secluded nooks!
There their *living* words I find,
Offspring of each mighty mind,
E'en as though but yesterday,
Their syllables had died away!
Spencer dwelleth here for ever,
With "Faery Queens" who perish never;
Shakspeare's spirit hovers nigh,
Uttering tones which cannot die;
While countless images I see
Summon'd by him who bade them be!
Now 'tis the solemn hour of night,
With Hamlet's mournful ghost in sight;
And now the sun ascends the sky,
When Romeo meets his Juliet's eye!
Now Banquo's shades arise from earth!
And quench'd is Macbeth's festive mirth.
Anon a mermaid from the main,
So sweetly sings,—and sings again,—
That angels stoop to catch the strain!
While wrapt in meditation deep;
Milton awaketh from his sleep,
And tells, as in the days of yore,
Of Eden lost,—and won no more,—
Till "the far greater man" restore!
Forth from imagination's cell
Appears a shade I love so well,
And *Coleridge* passeth by—whose spell
Oft bound my heart to "Chrystabel."

Now struggling thro' the mists of years,
The form of *Dryden* next appears,
And *Pope* vacates his home of clay
To sing once more "Cecilia's Day!"
Now *Cowper's* pensive shade I greet,
Anon with *Walter Scott* I meet:
And hold with each communion sweet!
Chosen favourite haunt of mine!
Sage — philosopher — divine,
Poet — statesman — here I find,
Many a high and noble mind!
Genius dwells in every nook,
Flashing forth from every book:
Solitude invests the scene,
Smiling in her sweetest mien,
While unto my soul are given
Visions of that sparkling heaven,
Holy bards with joy have sung—
Even with a seraph's tongue!
Here then would I oft resort,
And these hallowed precincts court;
Echoing with the wondrous tread
Of the spirits of the dead!
Rife with songs that never die!
Replete with immortality!

THE DESERT ISLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

He hath dwelt for years on that Desert Isle,
Where streams glide freely, and sunbeams smile,
Where roses bloom in the clustering bowers,
And the air is fragrant with dewy flowers;
Fruits are around him, as bright in hue
As those on Alladin's trees that grew,
He is lord of all—yet he sighs the while,
"Oh! drear are the hours on a Desert Isle!"

From the leafy woods the wild birds sing,
And the waves are ever murmuring
A greeting soft to that lovely land,
As they cast on its shore of yellow sand
Shells with the tints of the rainbow gay,
And sea-weed gleaming through feathery spray:
Faintly and sadly he strives to smile,
But he feels that he dwells on a Desert Isle.

On the beach he lingers, and longs to hail
The welcome sight of a spreading sail,
He heeds not the birds that warble round,
He is pining for man's familiar sound;
Oh! should a rescuing bark be near,
He would greet it free from a care or fear;
Nor flowers nor fruits could his heart beguile,
To tarry an hour on his Desert Isle.

Ought not this perishing worldly span
To seem as a Desert Isle to man!
We hope to dwell in the vaulted skies,—
We hope to commune with spirits wise,
The passing gauds that attract us here,
Mock the pure joys of a holier sphere;
Among them we stay our allotted while,
But we should not cling to our Desert Isle.

The time of our thraldom is almost past,
And if faith sustain us, we need not cast
One lingering look on the birds and flowers
That soothed and gladdened our captive hours;
The bark may be fragile, the waters deep,
But the Lord shall his servants watch and keep:
He holds us in earthly bonds awhile;
But he leaves us not on our Desert Isle.

THE TWICE-BETROTHED.

Abridged from the German.

BY ALEXANDER PATTEN.

Among all the young nobility of Naples, the Marchese della C—ika stood pre-eminent. He was young, handsome, rich, endowed with commanding talents, possessed of all which can render a man happy in this world, or raise him to distinction from among the unregarded crowds of his fellow-men. He was by no means unconscious of his advantages of mind and person, though contriving in the intercourse of society to throw over them a veil of modesty, the effect of which was to enhance their lustre, and so enable him the more surely to obtain the distinction to which he aspired in secret, as he the less offended public feeling by any avowed pretension to it.

Accustomed from early youth to see his every wish granted, and above all with women equally daring and successful and as fickle as daring, he felt himself in one respect only—but precisely in that which had the weightiest influence on his course of life—bound hard

and fast by a burdensome and yet indissoluble tie. His father, long before Geronimo (so was the Marchese named) was capable of forming an idea of the nature of the marriage tie, had betrothed him, for weighty family reasons, to the daughter of Count D—gi of Florence, whose family was originally of Naples, and was a younger branch of the princely house of Salerno.

Geronimo was thus bound eternally, indissolubly, to one whom he knew not, and whom he hated merely because it was his duty to love. People said, to be sure, the Countess Vittoria was beautiful, intelligent, noble-minded, and, under a certain coldness of manner, was susceptible of the deepest and tenderest feelings of our nature. These qualities, which would have tempted almost any other to try if *he* was not the happy being for whom it was reserved to awaken the slumbering flame, made no impression on Geronimo. He shuddered at the idea that, for his whole life long, he was to belong to her, and contrived by a thousand arts and excuses to evade the urgent entreaties of his father, who would gladly have seen him, without delay, united to the admired daughter of his friend.

In the meantime the war of the French Revolution broke out, and its flames soon spread to Naples, where troops were assembled to oppose the common enemy of all civil order and peace. Geronimo hastily seized the welcome occasion. He saw in it not only a brilliant field for his ambition; but also the means of postponing indefinitely the hated match which was perpetually present to his imagination. Time gained, all

is gained,—was his maxim, and his father was at length brought to give a reluctant consent to his son's taking an active part in a war, the object of which was to defend the privileges of the nobility, the inviolability of the throne, and our holy religion.

In the course of his military duty, he was directed to drive the enemy from a strong post they had occupied not far from the Florentine frontier. They were entrenched behind a river. Geronimo attacked them vigorously; but the contest was long and obstinate. At length the enemy gave way: the Germans pressed forward with impetuosity, and the retreat became a disorderly flight. In order to retard their pursuers, the French set fire first to a village, and afterwards to a convent, which lay in the line of their march. Geronimo followed them as far as his purpose required, and then turned hastily back to assist the sufferers. The village, composed of mean huts, had already fallen a prey to the flames, while the stately walls of the convent still resisted their fury. The soldiers were engaged in saving whatever it was possible to save. The nuns and their pupils had fled to a garden-house, which its distance and the direction of the wind rendered secure from the fire.

Among the crowd, Geronimo saw many a pleasing face, that at a disengaged moment might have invited his attention; but at present every vain idea yielded to the call of humanity and duty.

Suddenly a loud cry was heard: for it was recollected that an aged nun and her niece were left behind

in their burning room. C—ika forced his way up a winding and now tottering staircase, and entered the chamber, where a woman of middle age, whose aspect retained traces of former beauty appeared, crucifix in hand, to be awaiting with pious resignation the fiery death she wanted strength to escape, and to be exhorting her niece to leave her, and provide for her own safety. The moment the Marchese entered, the young person turned, exclaiming as she sprung towards him, "Oh! surely an angel of heaven has sent you to our aid!" The Marchese flew to the bed-side. He and some of his people who had followed him, laid hands on the sick nun, and with much care and delicacy, lowered her and her bed with ropes into the garden below, where the nuns stood in waiting to receive her. The Marchese then seized the trembling, yet silent niece, and made the best of his way down the half-burnt staircase. Here, having laid her inanimate form upon the grass, he hurried away with singed hair and blackened uniform, to save and assist wherever he was required.

Geronimo, as he marched his men away from the spot, felt his heart at ease; for the sense of a humane action—the consciousness of having at some personal hazard been instrumental in saving others, had diffused over his bosom a placid contentment—a feeling he had never before enjoyed in the same degree. Far otherwise was it with poor Vittoria, for she it was who, that she might tend a sick aunt, the sister of her deceased mother, in a long and painful illness, had some

weeks before left the convent in Florence, where she had hitherto resided, and had come to this establishment in the country. In the moment of fate, Geronimo had appeared to her startled senses like an angel of beauty and gallantry; and as she hung upon his breast as he bore her down the staircase, her emotions were so violent and conflicting, that it is no wonder she fainted away.

When his name was mentioned to her after he was gone, a new life sprung up in the heart of the reserved and lonely girl. This noble, handsome, gallant youth, Providence had allotted to her; in his arms was she destined to pass her days, and of all the women of Italy hers was the most enviable destiny. She never doubted that C—ika, when he learned the name of her whom, at the risk of his life, he had saved from the flames, would see in the wonderful coincidence the visible finger of Divine Wisdom, and would doubly rejoice that the important service he had designed for a stranger had been actually rendered to one allied to him by the holiest of obligations.

This was an illusion. Her name fell coldly on the ear of Geronimo. Months passed away — an entire year, and then, but not till then, she felt that capricious fortune had shown her her betrothed for a moment, and instantly again snatched him for ever from her sight.

Her health was visibly declining; her bright eyes were dimmed with tears; her delicate features became hollow, and her ruddy cheeks grew pale. But when the peace of Campo Formio had, after a long course of

storms, promised some repose to the weary world, and the different regiments were returning to their quarters, the news found its way into Vittoria's solitude, that the old Marchese was dangerously ill, and had desired to see and embrace his son, whom the peace had set at liberty, not only for the present, but for ever, to leave the service and take possession of his paternal estates; that there was no doubt he must immediately come to Italy, and that then, it was added, would Vittoria's fate be finally decided.

This intelligence roused every nerve of her heart into stormy commotion, and had an injurious effect upon her impaired health. With feelings highly wrought she awaited the decision,—pondered on every word that reached her ears—in every occurrence found reason of hope or of despair; nay, her mind, unhinged by love and fanaticism, looked for prophetical announcements in every trifle—read the happiness or misery of her life in every accident,—every flower leaf,—every wandering cloud.

At length it was known that Geronimo had arrived in Naples, just in time to receive the last blessing of his father. A brief period of suspense ensued after the death of the old count; and it was then necessary to announce to the unhappy invalid the decided refusal of her betrothed. All precautions to do this gradually were rendered fruitless by the impassioned violence with which Vittoria listened. In vain did her father and aunt endeavour to paint the loss of a worthless lover as a gain for her future happiness; in vain did

they seek to convince her that she would have found no destiny worthy of her virtues in the arms of an indifferent or reluctant husband. That single moment in which the god-like form had appeared before her—his heroism — his humanity, had been the crisis of her fate: the stories her relatives told of his profligate life she gave no heed to,—in his refusal to fulfil their contract she saw only misfortune and fatality—she would listen to no remonstrance, no consolation, and her mood alternated from tears to despair and dogged silence. The same evening she was seized with a violent fever, and three days after, during which she had either lain still in gloomy insensibility, or writhed in fits of raging frenzy, had constantly her destroyer's name upon her lips—his image before her eyes. She expired in convulsions, after having a hundred times declared and vowed her betrothed should yet be hers, and that not even in the grave would she part with him! Her inconsolable father caused her earthly remains to be conveyed to Naples, and there deposited in the family vault of the house of Salerno, from which he was descended. He survived his daughter only two years.

The traitor was informed of these events only through the medium of the public prints. Vittoria's death, which had followed so immediately the announcement of his refusal, it was impossible to mistake; the connection of the two occurrences, gave the offender some concern; for two days he was rather more serious, but was soon again drawn into the vortex of dissipation, and the comfortable feeling that he was

now a free man, deadened the reproaches of his at any rate not very sensitive conscience. The happiness he had reckoned on was not accorded him. Even his release from the yoke that had galled him, while it put it in his power to form any connection he pleased, gave birth to irresolution and hesitation.

He sank gradually into satiety and disgust. He visited Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, and saw again those provinces of Germany, which he had formerly traversed a light-hearted youth. He squandered his gold in handfuls, followed the chase of every pleasure, caught at every glimpse of happiness, and finally sank back unsatisfied, nauseated, after a short illusion, into his habitual gloom.

Amidst these fruitless endeavours, chance served him better than all his powers of invention. On a fine afternoon in Spring, as he was lounging through the streets of Naples, (to which he had returned after the wanderings of several years,) he entered, without precisely knowing why, the courts of a church where the afternoon service had brought together a crowd. The high altar was brilliantly lighted up, and its precincts resounded with hymns and with the loud ringing of bells, while in the side arches reigned twilight and gloom. In one of the chapels Geronimo observed the figure of a woman in deep mourning, kneeling in profound meditation before the altar. Her manner and dress were peculiar, and distinguished her from the common herd, who at this hour are in the habit of frequenting

the churches. The Marchese regarded her with attention. The black veil which shaded her countenance on the side he stood, prevented his discerning her features; still he could make out that she was nobly formed, and was dressed with the taste and nicety of selection which denote high rank and great accomplishments. He could also perceive two servants in an elegant livery who were standing a little apart, and who probably formed the lady's retinue, as there was no one in the church to whom she could possibly belong. He was not mistaken. The evening service was concluded, the congregation began to move, and with it the lady. A tall handsome figure arose from the steps on which she had been kneeling; the attendants came forward, one to carry her prayer-book, the other to bear her train; she turned round, and the Marchese beheld a face of such surpassing beauty and celestial expression, that he, the connoisseur of female charms, confessed with surprise, he had never seen the like. The remarkable paleness which shrouded her delicate proportions, gave, as she raised her large black eyes, a captivating expression to the whole form, and fascinated the Marchese's attention with a power he had thought no longer in his nature. Following her closely, he posted himself beside the gate, where she was detained some minutes by the pressure of the crowd, so that he had an opportunity of examining her, and of ratifying in the full light of day, the opinion first conceived in the deep gloom of the shrine. An elegant equipage drove up, the attendants let down the step, the lady mounted,

and while the Marchese stood entranced with the grace of her movements, the carriage rattled over the pavement. Geronimo immediately threw himself into a hackney coach which luckily was standing opposite the church, and ordered the driver on no account to lose sight of the carriage before him, but follow it wherever it might go. It proceeded first through various streets, and then without the town a good way into a thinly inhabited part of the country, where the houses all stood apart and remote. Geronimo perceived opposite some poor cottages a magnificent but apparently uninhabited seat, whose style of building and outward appearance spoke of ancient splendour and present decay. The gate was thrown open, the carriage rolled into a dark gateway, the folding doors jarred back with harsh sound. The Marchese sprang out, bade his driver wait, and pulled the bell. He grew impatient, and rang again and again. At length a postern door was opened, an old woman plainly dressed looked out, and asked what was his pleasure. The Marchese inquired "Who lives here?" The old woman seemed surprised, made no answer, and for some time refused to inform the presumptuous inquirer. At last his courage and his gold drew from her the information, that a strange lady of rank, who was inconsolable for the loss of her husband, had, some weeks since, rented this formerly unoccupied country house, to indulge her sorrow in the deepest seclusion. The lady's name the old woman could not be prevailed on to tell, and his failure to ascertain this, the Marchese

felt disposed to ascribe not so much to conscientious silence on her part, as to actual ignorance,—for the lady had probably thought it unnecessary to mention her name to the old woman, who seemed in no higher station than that of door-keeper or house-keeper.

Geronimo had not learned much, but yet enough to blow the spark which had lighted on his heart into a flame. The beauty of the unknown had been enough to awaken his curiosity and admiration; the strangeness of the adventure increased his anticipations; its difficulties provoked his spirit of enterprize; and he bore very impatiently that the old woman would give him no hope of being permitted to speak with her lady, nor would even promise to make his wishes known to her. Displeased, but nothing daunted, he returned to Naples, in the hope, in the circles of the great world, or by means of his confidants of lower rank, to hear some tidings of his fair widow; but all his efforts were vain, probably because, not to make his secret known, and perhaps bring rivals upon himself, he was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution.

The next day he stationed himself at the same hour in the same church where he had met the devotee. She was not there. He sought her in other churches; he went to the country. He walked round the lonely villa; no one appeared. He rang, no one came, not even the old woman. He was obliged to depart unsatisfied, but he did so with the firm determination that he would yet, as a hundred times before, attain his object by dint of gold, and the influence of his person and manners.

Somewhat cooled by unsuccessful attempts persisted in for several days, it occurred to him, at length, that such impetuous proceedings were probably ill-judged, and that patience and cunning were surer guides. He devoted himself to the work; he haunted the neighbourhood of the house; he lay in wait for every opportunity, and several days after, having observed the old woman proceeding to the village with a basket in her hand, he overtook her and entered into conversation. Of the lady he made no mention, but he had thought, he said, of buying an estate in the district. He inquired to whom the house belonged, was told in reply, the name of a foreign family wholly unknown to him, which many years before had acquired the property as a residence for one of its members who was labouring under serious indisposition, which the air of Naples, it was hoped, would relieve. Since then the house had mostly stood empty, unless when some one of that family happened to be in Naples, or some travelling friend of theirs had been permitted to occupy it; and in this way it had become the abode of the lady in mourning, who was a stranger in these parts. The Marchese requested to be permitted to inspect the house, without, however, troubling the lady; he proposed to name an hour when she was absent at church, or on a visit to some acquaintance. The old woman grew communicative. The lady knew nobody in Naples; her devotions were performed mostly at home; still she would try and prevail upon her to withdraw into the garden while the Marchese inspected the house.

Geronimo was satisfied with this; he rewarded the old woman magnificently, and promised to come again in two days: it was his wish to seem in no hurry.

The two days appeared an age, for on the third, he confidently expected to see his unknown. He had formed his plans, and by cunning or impudence had no doubt of success. He proceeded to the villa, the old woman opened, and he entered the court. Arches in a noble style of architecture inclosed a square space, in the centre of which a fountain from the midst of a group of river-gods of beautiful sculpture poured a perpetual stream of living water. In one corner a chair of marble stood in the shadow of two dark pines; the untrodden pavement was overgrown with tall rank grass; all was still and desolate, and bore marks of long disuse, perhaps of decay. The Marchese looked round; a strange feeling surprised him, a kind of melancholy he had never before known. The old woman led the way through an airy hall supported by lofty columns, into the garden where yews shaped into pyramids, long alleys bordered with shrubs carved into stiff forms, and statues placed in niches of dark espaliers, proclaimed the magnificence of its former proprietors, and the taste of the times they lived in. She then conducted the Marchese up a broad handsome staircase into rooms furnished with splendour, but in a style now somewhat old fashioned, praised the arrangements and conveniences of the house, and added in a low voice, "My lady is at home, and has no objection to any one seeing the villa, nay, would be well pleased

by an advantageous sale to do a service to her friends, who had allowed her to reside there for a short time." Geronimo heard these words with great satisfaction, which he took care not to show. He attended his guide through all the passages and divisions of the house, and then begged of her to thank the lady in his name, and request permission, if not inconvenient, to see the chamber which she occupied. The old woman went, leaving the Marchese to his meditations which were all of the unknown, and allowed him no leisure to remark what otherwise could not have failed to strike him, that in the whole spacious mansion there appeared not to be a single soul, but the lady and the door-keeper. The old woman returned, with the lady's consent. A blush of pleasure was visible on Geronimo's face. They proceeded through some rooms furnished with extreme simplicity, until they entered a cabinet imperfectly lighted with lofty arch and single window. The prospect extended over the garden as far as Vesuvius. An alcove, formed of tall marble columns, between which a black silken curtain descended to the floor, covered from view the interior of the apartment. The Marchese thought himself alone, he viewed the arrangements, the furniture all bore the impress of a mind darkened with melancholy ideas and intent upon the other world. On hearing the rustling of silk he turned round, and the Unknown stood before him, and perhaps for the only time since the days of first love did the sight of such great and transcendent beauty, render him incapable of desecrating the opening moments of ac-

quaintance by some cold and trivial compliment. He was silent until the lady, in a voice whose silver tones went to his heart, uttered a few words of ordinary courtesy upon the business which had brought him thither, and this enabled him to regain his self-possession. He recovered his presence of mind, reproved himself for his timidity, and was again as he had always been, the reckless and confident victor of the fair sex. In the present case, however, his often-tried arts appeared likely to fail him. Upon these noble, but grave and earnest features, no compliment had power to call forth a smile,—from these pale lips issued weighty indeed, but cold and passionless words; and the dark eyes, so rife with feeling, were but seldom raised to those of the Marchese. Every earthly desire, all sensibility to the pleasures of this life, appeared in this mourning form to have fled for ever with her beloved spouse, and to have left nought in their place but a shadowy existence. Yet this very withdrawment from all that was of earth or earthy, united with so much taste and genius as the unknown displayed, formed a whole so attractive, that the Marchese found himself much more seriously engaged with the adventure than he had ever contemplated. Prudence and a sort of timidity with which the lady inspired him, induced him to make his first visit very short; yet, in taking leave, he ventured to allude to the possibility of his returning to treat further with her about the purchase of the house. She said neither yes nor no, but looked on the floor in silence and with a sigh,

until C—ika was compelled to repeat his question, and beg her to name an hour. Then, as if awakening from a dream, she fixed her eyes with strange expression upon him, and simply said, "This day s'ennight, at ten o'clock forenoon." She bent her head, the Marchese bowed low, and departed. Thus had it never been with him before; he had never before at once felt himself so attracted and repelled. In a dreamy state of mind, yet, upon the whole, pleased with his new acquaintance, he returned to town, trying all the way, without effect, to call to his recollection of whom it was this unknown reminded him, where he could have seen those features, and above all heard the silver tones of that voice. For the longer he conversed with her the more certain he felt, that before their meeting in the church, he must have seen her somewhere. Yet with every effort of memory he was unable to arrive at any sure conclusion, and at length dismissed the idle conceit from his mind.

At the end of the eight days, and precisely at the appointed minute, he presented himself again at the villa. The door-keeper opened, and conducted him as before, through a long suite of apartments. This time it did strike him as strange, that except his guide, there should be no other attendant visible on the person of a lady, to judge by appearances, of high rank. This circumstance provoked his curiosity, and added a charm to the enterprize. With high-raised expectation he proceeded towards the cabinet, which the old woman opened, and bade him enter.

The Unknown stood before him. Some forward words of high flown gallantry which hovered on his lips, died away in presence of the grave and serious aspect with which she regarded him, without uttering a syllable. He bowed in respectful silence. Still, without speaking, she assumed her former place upon the sofa in the alcove, and motioned him towards a chair. Apparently she was not disposed to begin the conversation, and for the first time in his life he wanted courage. There was an expression of gravity and death-like coldness in her pale cheeks which froze his heart, and yet from the inmost depths of her dark eyes appeared a ray of warm life, or rather of soul-pervading love to stream forth, which made an indescribable impression upon him, and reanimated the passion which her coldness and seriousness would have congealed. At length, recovering himself by degrees, he began a conversation on some indifferent topic, in which the stranger at first took little part; but the sentiments which fell from her, emanating from the fulness of an impassioned heart, and from a soul familiar with all the sufferings and purer joys of life, their discourse soon became extremely animated, and the Marchese, as the hour of departure drew near, was compelled to admit to himself, that no woman had ever at one and the same time at once so powerfully attracted and held him at such a respectful distance, to transgress which no audacity, no experience he felt availed aught. Towards the conclusion of the interview the icy coldness of the lady appeared somewhat

melted: it seemed as if she took no little pleasure in the conversation of the all-accomplished man of the world; and she permitted him, at his earnest but modest request, to repeat his visit in four days, at the hour of six in the evening.

The fourth day came at length. The Marchese had perhaps forgotten to set his watch, for it wanted yet a long time to six o'clock, the hour appointed, when his carriage drew up at the gate. The door-keeper made him wait some time, and told him, when she did come, he might loiter in the garden till six o'clock, for that her lady could not be seen before that hour. It seemed strange; he looked at the clock of the villa, it wanted just thirteen minutes to six. This was undoubtedly being very punctual. But despite all his surprise and impatience, there was nothing for it, but to submit, and take a turn through the garden. The solemn stillness which reigned here,—the old-fashioned formal alleys,—the dried-up half-ruined fountains,—the silent grotto, in which no trickling rill sported amid the moss-grown pebbles—these untended borders edged with dark box, displaying here and there a solitary flower, the relic of better times; all he saw inclined the Marchese to melancholy thoughts. Images of a fairer, more life-like past thronged upon him: his own youth wasted in unsatisfying enjoyments, the recollection of which was anything but grateful, nay, sometimes disturbed his peace of mind; the high endowments with which he had commenced life, and the contrast he now presented,—a solitary being satiated

with existence, feeling nothing but disgust where others felt pleasure; the whole picture appeared in the dead and desolate scene it resembled with painful distinctness before his eyes, and for the first time, the idea crossed his mind, how much better it would have been had he but obeyed his father,—given his hand to the innocent and enamoured girl, to whom he was betrothed, and had led a quiet domestic life with her as husband and father. Often since Vittoria's death had similar contrasts intruded upon his imagination; but he had always refused them entrance. Now, however, these images of fallen magnificence which proclaimed the transitory nature of human glory, exercised a softening influence on his heart. "Poor Vittoria!" exclaimed he, with a sigh, as the clock struck six, the hour appointed. The Marchese shook off his unwonted tremor, and flew to his fair widow. She advanced to meet him, as the door of the cabinet opened. Her manner was changed; her features appeared convulsed; her eyes betrayed violent emotion. The Marchese supposed she had just risen from prayer, or at least from meditating on her deceased husband, and that that was the reason he had not been admitted before. In the frame of mind in which the walk in the garden had left him, he was gratified to find her less reserved, and it almost seemed as if in her also, through some sympathy of souls, similar feelings were at work, and transpired in the tender welcome she now gave her friend. Her words and looks exercised a gentle witchery over his heart; her whole manner was soft

and insinuating, and Geronimo was in the very mood to receive such impressions. This single hour did more than all their former interviews to remove the barrier between him and his Unknown; and he parted when obliged to leave her, much further advanced than he had arrived. His better feelings, — his aspirations after virtue were all with her; and, himself surprised and gratified at this sensibility of his heart, which he had little expected, he went back to Naples, shut himself up, and shunned all society which might have unhinged his present frame of mind, until the return of the appointed day again enabled him to see his friend, and receive new fascination from her presence.

In this way, the ties which bound them to each other, grew every day stronger. The beauty of the Unknown; her amiable qualities — her high accomplishments—her very coldness of manner, veiling as it did, a heart which glowed with fire,—the deep-felt regard for him which for all her reserve transpired in her every movement; in fine, even the strangeness and mystery about her, which threatened to oppose serious obstacles to his inclination—all contributed to heighten his love to passion, and to bring him to the point, that in spite of reason, — pride, — his whole nature, he had serious thoughts of offering this unknown stranger his heart and hand. Long did these obstacles contend with his silent desire for the inalienable possession of that which seemed to him the greatest good on earth. At length, love and desire triumphed, and C—ika flew at one of the hours which

the lady herself always fixed, and which he was permitted neither to accelerate nor postpone, to her feet, and declared to her he could no longer live nor be happy without her. At this declaration she was violently agitated. After a while, however, she recollected herself; nay, she allowed her lover twice to depart and twice return, before she would yield to his impetuous desire, and then only, under certain conditions, which he took a solemn oath to observe, would agree to give him her hand at the altar. These conditions were, first, never in her presence or absence to ask after her name or family; secondly, never to come before the appointed hour, and never to remain one moment longer; thirdly, to bear true and steadfast faith to her, for in the contrary case—and here she darted an indescribable look at him, and appeared violently agitated—some frightful evil was certain to befall both her rival and himself. Besides, the marriage was not to take place for three months; this long period being designed by her to test his fidelity. The Marchese thought the conditions hard; but finding that agreeing to them was the only means of attaining his object, he would in the tumult of unsatisfied passion have engaged for yet more, without reflecting whether he could or would hold to his engagements. He took the oath required, which was administered to him, in the most solemn manner by wax-light, before a crucifix, and rejoiced in having thus acquired an incontestible right to the dear object at his side, over whom a softer feeling of placid satisfaction now seemed to diffuse itself. After this, every day at the appointed hour he

made his appearance : he sat by the side of his beloved ; he spoke of his love, of his desires, and was met with equal, nay, even with deeper fervour on her part ; as she endeavoured to give a definite direction to the play of his excited fancy, and above all to lead the man of the world to more serious views on the all-important subjects of faith, hope, and eternity. Their intercourse was a heaven upon earth. But Geronimo was as yet no denizen of heaven, and earth began by degrees to resume her rights over him. After the first three weeks the regularity of his present life grew somewhat monotonous ; his friends in Naples rallied him on his retirement from the world ; he thought it whimsical in his bride, that she always insisted on keeping to the particular hour named ; he could not approve it, that she who belonged not so much to her dead husband, as to her living bridegroom, should throw a veil of secrecy over herself and her past life ; nay, he had even gone so far as to flatter himself that the strict barrier of reserve would have melted away by degrees in the warm beams of his love. As these and such like thoughts, the fruits of a passion now become somewhat lukewarm through certainty of possession, began to stir in him, his manner to his mysterious bride gradually changed. Every now and then something occurred to prevent his appearing at the villa with the stroke of the clock, or there was business connected with his approaching nuptials which compelled him to take leave before the appointed hour. Nothing of this, his bride appeared to remark. She

received him with the same tenderness; her heart had always love and sympathy for his pleasures, and relief or consolation when anything occurred to vex him. No reproach ever passed her lips, but sometimes she would remind him of the third point of his oath; and the evident pain with which she did so, the horror which thrilled through her, made a strong, but not a pleasing impression on the Marchese. New vows, indignant assurances followed every such warning, and peace was for some time restored.

This way of life had lasted about a fortnight, when one of his cousins was about to be married, and he was invited to the nuptials, which were about to be celebrated at a villa belonging to the future father-in-law. This invitation Geronimo would not accept until he had consulted his bride, and prepared her for a two days' absence. As she listened to the proposal, some foreboding of ill appeared to agitate her violently: for a moment she was silent, but instantly recovered herself, and gave him the permission he desired. "She had," she repeated emphatically, looking him full in the face, "the most undoubting confidence in his attachment,—in his oath." With light heart, and with the agreeable feeling of release from irksome restraint, he commenced the journey, and after travelling two leagues between flowery fields, fanned by the morning breeze which blew from the sea, the villa appeared before him upon a hill of moderate elevation. It was built in the noblest style of architecture, and with its airy porticoes and marble courts, reminded the spectator of the finest re-

mains of antiquity, of which it appeared a fresh living image; dark pines waved to and fro in the morning wind, alternately concealing and displaying the dazzling white of the marble columns; terraces covered with orange and pomegranate trees arose above each other as far as the foot of the hill, where a copious spring poured its waters into a spacious basin. All was fresh, and gay, full of life. Geronimo was in ecstacy, and the very soul of the company. Holding the happy bridegroom by the hand, he flew up the marble staircase, and entered the lofty pillared hall filled with masterpieces of the arts. The Duchess was a handsome woman of middle age, a tall Roman figure, who, with the accompaniments of her saloon, might have been mistaken for some great lady of the ancient world, some Portia or Cornelia; and by her side sat the bride, a rosebud yet unexpanded, a bright blooming child of nature, composed of love and youthful joy, breathing life and pleasure, with the most charming proportions of limb, and the most winning assemblage of features, scarcely yet fifteen, ignorant of the world, of life, and of herself. At once Geronimo's experienced eye was struck with the graceful apparition, and in that moment he had conceived the project of becoming her instructor, of teaching her to know the world and her own heart. Still the occasion of the meeting, the presence of the parents and bridegroom,—more than all, reflection on the ties by which he was himself bound, commanded him imperiously to stifle every such wish in the bud, and he lectured himself to behave with

prudence,—with honour. Well it was he had schooled himself, for the very first day he had all but forgotten his part, when the lively girl, with the thoughtlessness of her age, manifested a marked preference for his conversation richly stored with anecdote, and with the results of his long experience, over the somewhat formal and sleepy manners of a bridegroom equally a stranger to her. This and the following day all went on happily. Towards evening the priest bestowed his blessing on the pair, and the ceremony closed with a magnificent ball in the villa, and illuminations and fireworks in the garden. The ball was kept up till daylight.

From the ball, from the midst of the merrily moving throng, from noisy pleasures, and all the ingenious inventions of pomp and wealth, Geronimo returned to town, alone, yawning and chilled by the cold air of the morning. It was a few hours' drive to Naples: when arrived there, he had to change his dress upon the instant, and travel some miles further to the lonely villa to visit his bride. His bride!—at these words arose in his mind the image of her he had just quitted in the early spring-time of love, of youth, of pleasure. What a contrast! it struck with icy coldness upon his heart, and he was unable to free himself from the chilling feeling. In this mood he reached Naples, and proceeded to the villa. Here, as before, all was dead, still, lonely, and cold. To be sure his bride received him affectionately, but after a separation of four days her manner was unchanged, and expressed no joy

no pleasure in meeting again. Geronimo had to give an account of his excursion. He had the prudence not to tell how much he admired his new cousin, and to guard against awakening by a too glowing description of her charms, the suspicions of his betrothed. His story accordingly had but little interest; the conversation languished; both seemed out of humour, and Geronimo had, on returning from the country, found, he told her, so much to do, that he must, sooner than he could have wished, hurry back to town.

Here, towards evening, had the newly married pair arrived, and Geronimo received, upon alighting, an invitation to sup with his cousin. A ray of joy passed over his countenance; he dressed himself with taste, and proceeded to Felicio's palace. As a near relation, and valued friend of the family, he was greeted by all as a distinguished guest, and soon felt himself quite at home. His little cousin was this time even more fascinating than before. Her dress less magnificent, but more fanciful; the rich chaplet of flowers which confined her hair, the nosegay in her bosom, that chosen seat of the loves and graces, all became her exceedingly. Geronimo was enchanted, and yet upon his guard that his feelings might not betray him, for his cousin was jealous of his honour, and fondly attached to his wife; and he himself had a tremendous vow to observe.

Thus matters went on for a while. The Marchese paid his daily visit to the villa, spoke with energy of the time when he should be permitted to call the object of his attachment wholly his own—only just at present

had so much troublesome business on hand. He usually came later, and departed earlier than the appointed hour, and even during the curtailed period of his stay, seemed absent and out of humour. His bride was unchanged; she appeared to believe all, and to find all perfectly natural; only now and then, when she thought herself unobserved, she would dart such a wild and soul-piercing look from the depth of her dark eyes at her now lukewarm lover, as might have turned to stone the very soul within him.

In Naples again it was otherwise. Geronimo's arts had soon won the young weak heart of Fiorilla, and she became attached to him with all the fervour of a first passion. Felicio had no suspicion of his cousin, for he knew something of the other engagement, and had always found him a man of honour, and his friend. Geronimo had been prudent enough to impress on Fiorilla the necessity of the utmost caution, so that nothing transpired to disturb their intrigue, to which secrecy and mutual danger lent new charms. But Geronimo's visits to the villa grew daily shorter. He never spoke to his bride of the now approaching ceremony, and of their future life, without a repressed shudder of horror, and their conversations assumed a new character. In one of these, when he mentioned his just curiosity and his expectations, she rose from her seat, and said solemnly: "The oath has been sworn and recorded: therein can nothing be undone by you, by me, or even by the Almighty himself—it must be held sacred!" With these words she turned away, and

an expression of the bitterest grief was visible on her countenance, as she left the apartment.

The warning had been bestowed in vain on his fickle heart. For a moment he sat still, immersed in thought, until a clock struck the hour which recalled him to Naples. He quitted the villa, bade the door-keeper inform her lady he would return early to-morrow, and flew to Fiorilla. There was a ball at the house of one of their acquaintances, and she was more charming than ever. Geronimo forgot all but her; he entreated her to grant him a private meeting, and she was weak enough to consent. The time was fixed for the following evening, when Felicio was to sup at his father's, and his lady would be at liberty for two hours.

On the next day (that of the meeting) he made his usual visit to his bride. These daily duties had for some time past been felt a burden; and on this occasion, with such charming prospects in view, he found himself utterly unable to maintain his share of the conversation. But there was something further to keep him at a distance from his bride. Her freezing, almost appalling looks and manner repelled the Marchese, and put an end to all unreserved communication. In such a state had he never before seen his mysterious bride, and a secret horror assailed him. He took leave before the appointed hour, and was astonished, as he issued from the gateway and entered his carriage, to find himself enveloped in a thick fog, which at this season of the year was very unusual. The carriage, however, proceeded, for the road was good and straight; it oc-

curred neither to the Marchese nor his coachman that they could miss it, and the latter drove on his high-spirited English horses. But the sun went down; it was twilight, the fog grew thicker and thicker, and the coachman went on, but without reaching Naples. Two hours had elapsed, when through the darkness they observed lights twinkle. The coachman drove up to them, and as they were now near houses, soon learned where they were. He had gone astray in the fog, and had lighted upon a village situated to the right of the high-road, and almost two leagues from the town. Here the Marchese, who was much incensed at the delay, hired a countryman for his guide; but at the same moment the fog dispersed, the clear, full moon broke through, and Geronimo at length arrived more than an hour too late for his appointment, very impatient and in very bad humour, before Fiorilla's hotel. To his astonishment he saw lights in many rooms; servants were moving rapidly to and fro, and as the carriage stopped before the gateway, a courier rushed forth in great haste. As the courier issued from the arch, he turned round and called to some one within;—"And should I not find the Doctor Usberti?" "Then bring the first, the best, for the danger is pressing!" was shouted from the staircase in tones of distress, which Geronimo at once recognized as his cousin's. They fell upon his heart like a weight of lead, and he flew up the staircase.

"Ah! is it you," exclaimed Felicio, pale and in tears, "it is kind of you to come,—but how have you heard?"

"What have I to hear!" answered the other; "I have just arrived from the country, and passing your house, where I thought there had been nobody at home, I saw lights, and entered.—But what has happened?"

"Oh God! you know not!—Fiorilla—"

"What of her?" exclaimed the Marchese, alarmed.

"She is ill, very ill, and what makes me most uneasy is the incomprehensible rapidity with which every moment she grows worse and worse. Only two hours ago she was in perfect health; she was first attacked with giddiness, then seized with violent headache, latterly with cramps and convulsions in every limb. I had gone to my father's, but was immediately sent for, and flying home, I found her pale as death, with distorted features, her eyes fixed on one point; she does not observe me, but utters unintelligible phrases respecting some female figure which she thinks stands before her, and glares fearfully upon her. By this apparition she feels chilled to the heart's core, and declares she will die unless the figure is driven away."

The Marchese started, for he remembered his oath, and a death-like feeling came over him.

"And does not Fiorilla know or describe this figure?"

"It is that of a beautiful female, she says, but pale as death, and attired in deep mourning. We did our best to make her receive the thing for what it is,—the mere chimera of a heated brain; but she insisted she saw it bodily, that it fixed upon her great black but inexpressive eyes like those of the dead,

pointed at her with its finger, and breathed upon her the ice-cold breath of the grave. These ideas we cannot remove. They are symptoms of her complaint, but distress her as much as if they were real. I sent for my physician, but he had gone to Portici to some strangers. So I have sent again for my father's, and at this moment await in the deepest anxiety his arrival, and his opinion."

The Marchese had sat down. The fever of despair boiled in his veins; a fearful series of events lay open before him.

"My God! what is the matter?" exclaimed his cousin, "how pale you are!"

"With me there is nothing the matter," answered Geronimo gravely, "I am only concerned at your news—the young, the blooming wife!"

With these words he took some pains to appear more composed. In the meantime the doctor arrived. Felicio accompanied him into the lady's chamber; Geronimo went with them as far as the door, and there, his heart all the while beating violently, awaited their return. During this interval a wild storm of thoughts and feelings raged in his bosom. It was some time before the door opened again. The Marchese was on the rack. At length Usberti came forth, and Felicio followed.

"What then is your opinion?" exclaimed the distressed husband.

"I can give no decided opinion," answered the doctor; "the illness, however violent, it seems, is only

commencing, and I have never met with a similar case. Above all, apply the remedies I have ordered; I shall return early to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Geronimo, whom grief and remorse had hitherto kept silent; "no, doctor, you leave us not; give us this night: your kindness shall be gratefully acknowledged. Oh! till morning! —What may not happen before morning?"

Felicio united his prayers to those of the Marchese. They prevailed on the physician, who agreed to stay, and returned with the husband into the sick-chamber. Geronimo passed the night, the most wretched of his life, in the room immediately adjoining Fiorilla's. As often as the door was opened, he sprang forward, to seek in the looks and words of the incomer an answer to his anxious inquiries. In these his breaking heart found little relief. The physician was much disappointed, he had but faint hopes, and Fiorilla grew every moment worse, while the suffering and distress of the Marchese on her account increased. Her ravings in wild broken accents, of the apparition of the pale lady became more horrible, and the spasms and convulsive fits more violent. Towards morning a priest was sent for, though the patient was scarcely in a fitting state to receive the sacrament. Geronimo in utter despair threw himself upon his knees, while the priest prayed aloud by the sick-bed; and through the half-open door, Fiorilla's sobs and expressions of pain were distinctly audible. After the ceremony she became more composed; the holy rite had relieved the

sufferer; she sank into a gentle sleep. Felicio and the attendants thought this a favourable symptom, but the doctor shook his head. Geronimo beckoned to him.

"All is over!" said he, "nature, exhausted, has ceased to struggle; the aid of men and saints has at least smoothed her passage to eternity."

"Then she is dead!" exclaimed Geronimo, "and I am her ——:" he was not permitted to finish the appalling confession, which the consciousness of being the guilty occasion of her death had forced from him, for at that moment Felicio entered the room, pale and trembling. Geronimo looked on him, and saw in the expression of his countenance that all was over. She had expired. Gently, and without a pang had the soul returned to its Creator. Death had terminated her sufferings. Felicio threw himself on his cousin's breast. In the arms of his friend and kinsman he would fain have let his wounded heart bleed, and wept over the memory of her he had scarce time to call his own. But the Marchese's mind was in no frame for consoling another. His conscience upbraided him in a voice of thunder with the violation of his oath; he looked upon himself as Fiorilla's destroyer; his bride was ever present to his imagination as a form of horror, as an avenging spirit; and, moreover, the feeling of having betrayed the unsuspecting Felicio, who was very far from having any idea of the real course of events, made the latter's presence at this moment utterly unsupportable. Under the pretext, therefore, that he was in want of rest, he took his leave, and

that instant proceeded to execute the resolution he had taken to hasten to the villa, to call to account its formidable inmate, be she sorceress or spirit, and make her feel his vengeance. The way by his palace, where he had sent his carriage, being long and circuitous, he hurried at once through the nearest streets into the open fields, and in a state of violent agitation had soon reached the villa. He rang, — he knocked, — he beat with all strength against the gate. No one came. He waited awhile, and made another attempt; but all continued still as death. At length it occurred to him to repair to some one of the cottages which lay behind the garden, and there inquire for the inhabitants of the villa, (for now he had no more reason for caution,— hardly anything worse to fear,) and procure assistance to break open the gate, and take ample revenge. As he approached the village, a woman sat spinning at an open door. The Marchese proposed his question.

"Is it there," said the woman, pointing,—"that great house among the pines?"

"Yes! there."

"That house is uninhabited."

"May be so, to-day; but yesterday, and the day before, and for the last four months, there resided there a lady, who — "

"God forbid!" exclaimed the woman, "the house belonged to the prince of Salerno, and has stood empty for years."

"To the prince of Salerno," repeated Geronimo, and a ray of light dawned on his boding spirit.

"Yes; it is the family burying-place, and none may live there; for," added she, in a lower tone, "the house is haunted."

The Marchese listened with fear and horror. As a man of the world, it became him to doubt where the vulgar trembled; and he would fain have supposed himself the victim of delusion and deceit, rather than of the workings of invisible spirits. He persisted in his request. The woman called to her father-in-law, who was at work in the neighbouring field. He confirmed all his daughter had said, and at first refused to comply with Geronimo's request to open the door of the haunted house. The Marchese's gold, and a pledge to take upon himself the whole danger and responsibility of the act, at length prevailed. The villager's axe had soon forced the lock, which was rusty with want of use, and seemed never to have been very strong.

Within all was silent. Court, garden, and house appeared to the Marchese infinitely more decayed,—more desolate than the day before; still he struggled hard to subdue the rising horror, and advanced boldly through halls and apartments. Not a trace of habitation. At length he stood before the so-often opened door of the cabinet; he forced it away with trembling hand from the rusty hinges, and found himself within a chapel. Where his eyes formerly wandered freely over the waving tops of the trees, as far as the summit of Vesuvius, stood a simple altar with its lofty cross; and on the left, where the once-loved form had so often

emerged from the alcove, a staircase led down into the vault beneath. Geronimo recoiled. The ice-cold breath of the grave—the vapours of death floated towards him. Horror seized him; the desolate chambers echoed his footstep, as he rushed through them with hair on end, and stung with amazement and remorse. "Thou, the twice perjured!" his conscience repeated: it seemed to him as if there were a spirit at his heels following him close,—as if he heard footsteps behind, and felt upon his neck the cold breath of his pursuer. It was mere fancy, his reason assured him; yet he was unable to subdue the illusion, and rushed, haunted by the terrors of an unknown world, first into the open air, and afterwards to Naples. Here also the Unknown was at his side; and the man who had never before entered a church but to feast his eyes or his ears, to see handsome women, or hear good music, now flew to the first which offered, in the present hour of trouble; snatching at the devout belief of childhood, that within the consecrated circle he would find an asylum where no power of darkness dared intrude. He advanced along the dusky arches. They were hung with black; wax-lights burned upon the altars; in the midst stood a coffin covered with sable velvet, and adorned with magnificent arms, encircled by burning tapers; the priests in their funeral robes knelt around, praying the last prayers for the soul of the deceased, and sprinkling the coffin with holy water, while the choristers broke out into a solemn hymn. Geronimo was astonished; it was not the usual hour to bury; he

looked round and recognised the same church in which some months before he had first met the Unknown. Fresh horrors seized him; he approached the coffin,—the arms struck him,—they were those of his own family. "Fiorilla!" he thought with a sigh; but these were no female arms. A priest was near him,—"Whom do you bury to-day, reverend sir?" he asked.

"The Marchese Geronimo della C—ika," was the answer: and he fell lifeless to the ground.

When he recovered from his trance, he found himself lying upon his own bed, in the sleeping apartment of his palace, whither, being immediately recognised, the crowd with compassionate sympathy had conveyed him. His servants, and his physician stood around, with grief and consternation in their looks; for it had taken hours to restore animation, and more than once all hope was lost, and every spark of life supposed to be extinct. He looked round—he began to reflect; a dark world of fearful recollections lay behind him; but his strength was exhausted, his course run. He desired a priest to be brought to receive his confession, and a notary to draw up his last will.

Felicio was, in virtue of old family arrangements, the heir of most of his property, in case of his dying without issue. His will gave him all. He felt he owed him a debt which could never be paid with treasure. A codicil to his will directed that with the sanction of the house of Salerno, the body of the Countess Vittoria, which some years before had been deposited in the vault of the villa Salerno, should be

taken up, and in future should repose beside himself as a betrothed bride, in his own family vault; so that in death might be fulfilled the solemn contract which in life he had twice broken.

The evening of the same day he expired. To his confessor alone is known his account of the true character of those remarkable events, which is thought to have been revealed to him during his prolonged swoon. Felicio presided at his interment, which took place the second day after Fiorilla's, and in the increased wealth he derived from Geronimo's bequest, found but slender consolation for the double loss.

THE GODS OF GREECE.*

(Translated from the German of SCHILLER.)

BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

WHEN ye still commanded willing nations,
And with light and joyous guiding-band,
Led through life rejoicing generations,
Ye bright beings out of fable-land!
O, the change since all the pomp was beaming,
Of your worship with its glorious sheen,
Since thy shrine with flowery crowns was gleaming,
Venus, Amathusian queen!

When fair poesy its magic covering
Poured round truth with loveliest controul,
O'er creation's deadness life was hovering,
Soulless things were then instinct with soul.

* The translator can scarcely venture to present this poem to the British public, without a word of explanation. While the unhappy state of mind which suggested it, cannot be sufficiently deplored, it is hoped that its great beauty may prove the translator's sufficient apology, especially as its errors are so plain, that they cannot mislead even the most unwary reader.

Nature was endowed with nobler graces,
Thus to press her to the breast of love,
And the eye beheld a godhead's traces,
When anointed from above.

Where a lifeless globe of fire is rolling
Now, as sages tell us, through the sky,
Phœbus once his golden car controlling,
Moved in dread and silent majesty;
Orcads dwelt in every rocky mountain,
Dryads haunted every living tree,
From their bubbling urns the silvery fountain
Naiads poured eternally.

Once that laurel was a helpless maiden,—
Once that marble was proud Niobe,—
Once those reeds with Syrinx' woes were laden,
Phelomela sighed in yonder tree;
For her daughter lost Demeter weeping,
On yon brook the tear-drops poured amain,
Here lorn Cytherea vigil keeping
Called her much loved friend—in vain.

When the flood of waters erst was ended,
To Deucalion's race the gods came down,
Pyrrha's daughter fair to win descended,
Clothed in shepherd's form, Latona's son.

Venus held in chains of pleasing duty
Vanquished gods and godlike mortals then,
And the mighty bonds of love and beauty
Bound together gods and men.

Gloomy sadness, mournful self-denial,
From your cheerful worship stood apart,
None were doomed to pangs of bitter trial,
Grief had no dominion in the heart.
Nought was holy, save where beauty gushing
O'er the world its kindred pleasures shed,
Which the Muse and Graces chastely blushing,
Hallowed with their sanction dread.

Temples rose to you serenely gleaming,
Stirred for you each hero's inmost soul,
Where the Isthmian crowns were brightly beaming,
And the chariot thundered to the goal.
Full of life and symmetry your dances
Circled round the flowery altar there,
Glorious chaplets won 'mid glittering lances,
Crowned your incense breathing hair.

Shouts of worshippers their pine cones swinging,
And the panthers harnessed to the car,
Told of Bacchus joys and pleasures bringing,
Fauns and Satyrs stagger from afar;

Round him dance the Mœnads in their madness,
In their dances praise his gifts of wine;
He, their host, invites them to the gladness
Found within the cup benign.

Then no ghastly form of speeches started
Forth to fright the dying:—as it fled
A kiss received the breath of the departed;
And quenched his torch the genius of the dead.
Ev'n in Oreus' realms of grief a mortal
Held the scales of human crimes and fears,
And the Thracian poet at hell's portal
Melted furies into tears.

Gladdened spirits found once more their pleasures
In Elysium's ever-blooming plain,
Faithful love rejoined its long-lost treasures,
And the charioteer his course again.
Linus still his wonted strains is singing,
Admetus' and Alcestis' sorrows end;
Philoctetes hears his arrows ringing,
And Orestes sees his friend.

Then men strove in virtue's path laborious,
Roused to higher aim and nobler prize;
And the doer of high deeds and glorious
Found a loftier home in purer skies.

Silence held the gods in reverence bending
To the summoner of the dead, and fair,
Light and guidance to the seaman lending,
Shone the bright and heavenly pair.

Oh! where art thou, world of beauteous seeming?
Nature's gentle blossom time return!
Only in the worlds of fairy dreaming
Live the dawnings of thy fabled morn.
Wail 'neath death's cold hand the blooming meadows,
And no god is there to greet my gaze,
What were warm with life are now but shadows,
Dreams, and idle vanities.

Woe is me! those blossoms all are scattered
'Neath the north wind's harsh and chilly thrall,
All this beauteous world of gods is shattered
To enrich but one amid them all.
Mournfully I scan the arch of heaven,
Thee, Selene, find I there no more,
And no echo to my voice is given
From the woods and winding shore.

Of the joys unconscious which she giveth,
Undelighted by her nobleness,
Knowing not the life that in her liveth
Never happier through our happiness.

Nature careless for her Maker's honour,
Like a clock with dead unconscious beat
Bows 'neath laws of gravitation on her
All the gods forsake their seat.

To arise anew at dawn of morning,
Diggeth she to-day her own chill tomb,
And on dull unchanging axle turning
Moons alternately depart and come.
To the land of poesy returning
Fled the gods, all useless to a world,
Which its helpless infancy now spurning
Self-controlled through space is hurled.

Yes, they fled, and with their flight departed
All things high, and fair, and beautiful,
All sweet sounds that unto life had started:
What remained was soulless all and dull.
Lost to Time for ever they are flying,
Rescued upon Pinda's heights sublime;
All that is to live in song undying
Must be dead to Earth and Time.

TO A LADY AT BRIDGENORTH,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY C. S. HERVE.

In days of yore great Jove essayed,
If heathens tell aright,
To form in heaven a perfect maid
For earth-born man's delight.
Jove failed—yet failing wrought so well
Man only seemed to rue
She ever came on earth to dwell
So false, but lovely too.

The Muses next their power combined
In emulative strife,
A perfect form and perfect mind
To decorate with life.
Each Grace was summoned to their aid,
The three came at their call,
But still to form a perfect maid
Outstripped the power of all.

A beauteous fault, a pearl just riven,
A star of mortal birth,
A flower whose leaves spread out towards heaven,
Yet fixed its root in earth,
Her beauty seemed.—Both fair and bright
To eyes of mortal skill,
Yet like th' eternal vault by night
'Twas beauteous darkness still.

Despairing, hoping, half dismayed,
They sought th' eternal Jove,
When o'er their pathway loitering strayed
The little urchin—"Love."
They bore him in their arms away,
Despite his boyish cries,
And showed him where the maiden lay,
With slumber on her eyes.

"Behold," one cried, "that bosom fair,
That cheek of morning's hue,
That ruby lip, that jetty hair,
That form of beauty too.
Can aught of grace yet unpossessed
Thy simple power descry,
To add new tremor to her breast,
More brightness to her eye?"

While yet they gazed, an arrow sped
From Cupid's glittering bow,
And quickly o'er her features spread
Love's own bewitching glow :

Her lip—the ruby's crimson shamed,
As morning's blush her cheek,
"Behold," each eager voice exclaimed,
"The very charms we seek."

Rejoicing then with common mind
O'er this their great success,
Each sought a fitting name to find
For so much loveliness.
Disputes grew high—for all essayed—
At length one name was hit on,
'Twas "Dalcia," whilst in *heaven* she stayed,
On *earth* 'tis—"Mary Gitton!"

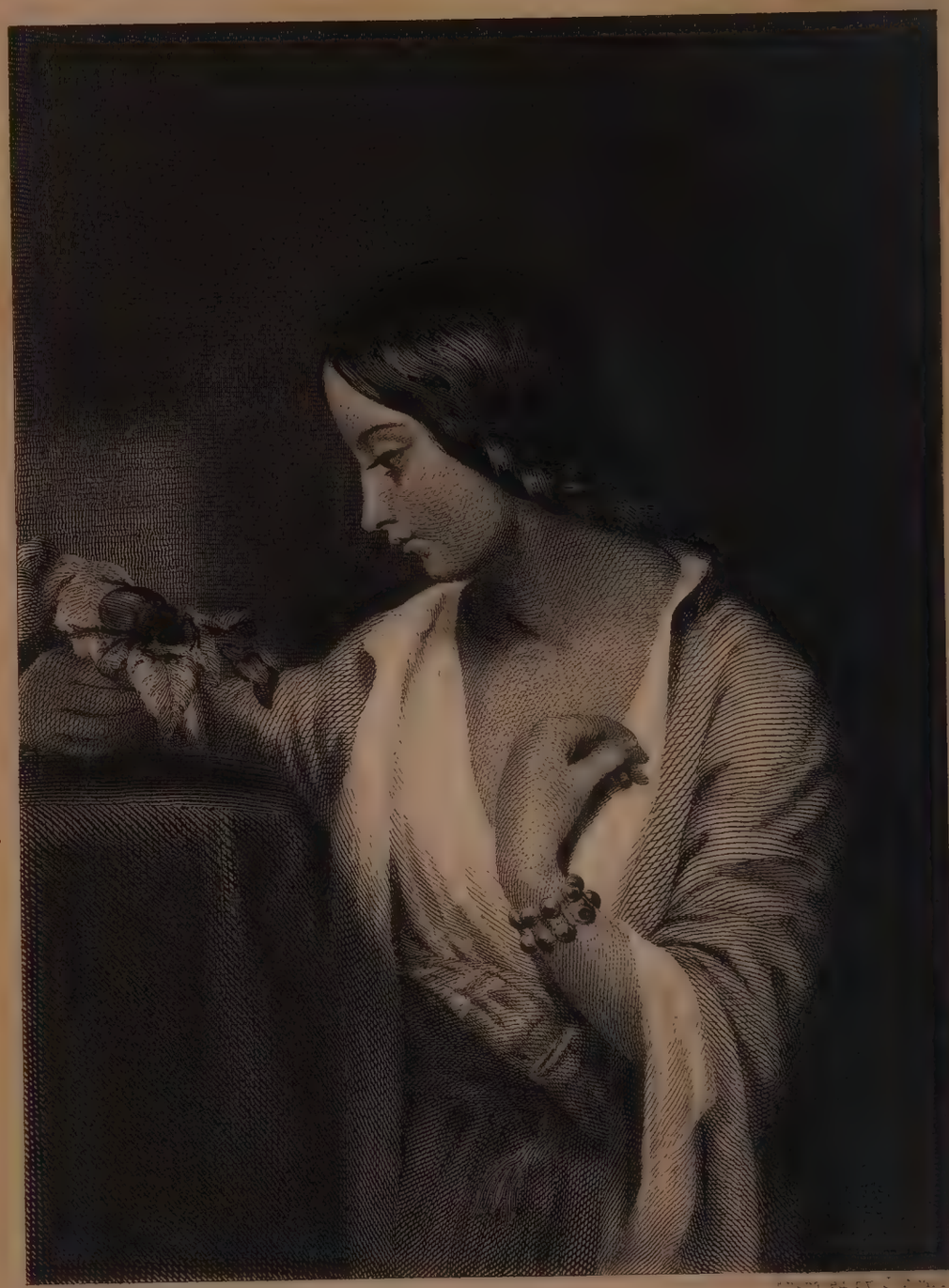
ON BEING ASKED TO MAKE MYSELF USEFUL.

What, dance? My feet would wake the dead,
And spectres from the trembling floor
Arise, to scare you in your mirth,
And bid the happy dance no more.

I sing! The horrid tones would call
A thousand echoes from the ground,
And voices of the loved and lost
Would mingle with th' unearthly sound.

Light heel — light voice — light heart no more
Are mine, 'tis vain with time to strive;
I cannot of your joy partake,
Or sing, or spring, at forty-five.

But something yet has fortune spared,
I am not all the wreck you fear;
For though for song and dance too old —
I still can hold the candle, dear!





THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I.

How com'st thou on that gentle hand, where love should kisses bring
For beauty's tribute? — answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipp'd stars that light some youthful poets dream?

II.

"When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command,
From the cracked earth I creep to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

III.

"Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head."

IV.

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?
"The Useful is the Beautiful; the good and kind and true
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

V.

"Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man;
Both foul and fair alike from HIM the Lord of Love do spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not EVERY THING."

KEEPSAKES.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

Perhaps old letters are of all things the most capable of vividly recalling the past; the characters still express the feelings which then prompted them. We recall the anxious throb with which we listened for each long-expected post—the sickening disappointment of delay—the dread that like a phantom glided in to cast a shadow on the joy that was to gild some bright day-dream with its reflection.

Letters that household ties have hallowed with their sacred names, dwelling on the minutiæ of each domestic occurrence with privileged security, certain of the interest they would excite; of these each familiar phrase brings back some memory of childhood, and has a sanctity in its revelations that forbids indifferent eyes to scan them. The home and all that endeared it are no more; and memories arise with every line. Yet still we read on—and the tears that fall are like the dews that refresh the thirsty ground—we seek not to restrain them, they bring us—peace. The next—a friendship that offered every sacrifice when none was

needed, and fell away at the first cloud that darkened the horizon of our fortunes;—the outpourings of affection that defied alike time and distance to diminish; its last reward the discoloured missive we hold in our hand: we have no tears now—there is more bitterness in the sorrow with which we gaze on the words—we have no need to read them, they are seared upon the memory—tears would not refresh us now. Faded flowers in many a cluster meet our view—from the wild blossom gathered from some favourite haunt, to the *bouquet de bal* of exotics, still retaining its faint aromatic perfume—drawing us again to scenes of gaiety, and recalling the whispered adulation or holier breathings of affection of the passing hour it was destined to record.

The miniature, its faded tints still shadowing forth the face we once best loved to gaze on—how often has the short-lived sorrow been murmured to this daily mimic participator of our joys and griefs; the prayer—the most fervent the lip could breathe—how often reiterated for the idol our hearts worshipped! In agony we close the inanimate ivory that smiles still fondly, still unchanged — for our prayer was unheeded — the idol destroyed.

The lock of hair—a part as it were of the beloved one—that twines its long silken fold round the finger full of life and beauty as if in mockery of our despair! The head it once adorned with its rich luxuriance lies mouldering in the grave; or, it may have been given with some whispered vow we believed would have remained ours for ever, granted in playful fondness and

received with the proud joy of a first gift; or perhaps when our lips dried the tear of presentiment, whose gloomy prophecy we had inwardly promised should never be fulfilled.

Yet these, one and all, (if the moral world remains unvitiated,) are looked upon as holy relics!—and why so?—Because they mark the sepulchres of bright hopes we know life can never bring again for us;—because they are landmarks to show where the tide of Time has passed, carrying away the trusting faith, and hopeful spirit of youth on its turbulent waves; because they present mirrors of our own early hearts—for we feel that we too are changed not less than the fragile remembrances we destined to reward all we thought inimitable.

Yet this is not without a salutary lesson; we have invested them with an unreal lustre; we have given angelic perfection to creatures whose nature were of *earth*; we have wasted the spring-dew of the heart, and each glorious aspiration on objects that were without security, and then we murmur that they fail us. The stream whose course is directed with care, will fertilize the land, and be a source of joy to many a weary wayfarer; but without a restraining power, it overwhelms and destroys where it should have blessed, or flowing in a still narrower channel, it is a bitter fountain, neither imparting nor receiving.

There is something peculiarly touching in the harsh and rugged nature of man, being softened by an unexpected chord vibrating from some forgotten memory

called into action by a trivial object like those to which we have alluded; and even in a character possessing so little of our sympathy as Shylock, in the midst of his passionate and avaricious regret for his "ducats and his daughter," a remembrance is awakened in his heart, of days, when, maybe less rancorous and blood-thirsty, less persecuted, and therefore less revengeful, he received the love-gift from his wife,—"It was my turquoise;—I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." We know not what green spot in memory's waste was conjured up, in connection with this perhaps hitherto forgotten gem—possessing less intrinsic value, yet endeared by the one redeeming feeling of his grasping nature.

Sneer not then at the aged pilgrim of many a rugged pathway, who reverentially places (to your careless eye) a valueless relic in the casket after a brief but tearful survey—smile not at the quivering lip—the tear—the perishing fragment may call forth. There may be many a cloud darkening the fair promise of a happy future, which a withered flower, or a tress of hair might reveal.

THE DREAMS OF OLD.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

The dreams of old have faded,
  Their wondrous power is o'er;
We cannot be persuaded,
  To try their spells once more.
Our wisdom now is scorning
  What our fathers deemed a boon;
The world's bright clouds of morning
  Have melted in her noon.
Yet, for the parted glory
  They shed on mortal mould,
Think gently of the phantasy,
  That framed the dreams of old!

Where are the fairy legions,
  That peopled vale and grove,
And overspread earth's regions,
  With strange ethereal love?

The flowers their beauty haunted,
Are blooming gaily still;
But time hath disenchanted
The meadow and the rill.
There's not a child who listens
When their magic tale is told,
Who does not know they were but dreams,—
Those radiant dreams of old!

Where is the high aspiring,
That the star-watcher knew,
Born of the pure desiring,
For the holy and the true?
The faith that never halted,
Heaven's starry page to read,
And framed a dream exalted
Unto a prophet's creed.
Who *now* would seek the planets,
The future to unfold,—
Who, as the grave astrologer,
Revive the dreams of old?

Where is the kindred spirit,
With weary endless quest,
Still hoping to inherit
Earth's riches, and be blest?
No more beside his furnace
The alchemist may bend,
No more in lonely sternness
His secret labours tend.

We have a bolder wisdom
To multiply our gold,
An open craft to supersede
That strangest dream of old.

So pass the dreams of ages,
And leave but little trace;
Visions of bards and sages
New wisdom can efface.
Dreams that have won the fearful
To hope for better days;
Dreams that have filled the cheerful
With terror and amaze.
All pass—doth nothing linger
With deathless things enrolled,
That shall not perish and depart,
Amidst the dreams of old?

Yea,—what upheld the martyr
Amidst the final strife,
When he refused to barter
His holy faith for life?
What cheered the pilgrim strangers
To lofty thought and deed,
To sow, 'midst death and dangers,
The gospel's sacred seed?
They hoped the world's wide nations
Its fruit should yet behold,
And was their glorious faith a dream —
A fading dream of old?

No; by the babe's devotion,
  Lisped at its mother's knee,
And by her deep emotion,
  Its early trust to see;
And by the bond of union
  The faithful here may prove;
And by the blest communion
  Of ransomed ones above —
We feel that *here* no vision
  Was with the past enrolled,
That the Christian faith may never be
  A baseless dream of old!

STANZAS.

BY VICTOIRE VICTOIRE.

They say that beauty is a flower,
That hasteneth to decay;
They say it is a summer cloud
That fleeteth soon away.

And they say well—it *is* a flower,
But, O, how passing rare!
How full of every honied sweet,
How fair, how "fearful fair!"

And if it be a summer's cloud
That fleeteth from the sight,
Yet O! it sails in glory on,
A winged thing of light.

Then tell not of its vanity,
It is a priceless dower;
The beautiful are blest indeed,
And rule by love's own power.

For all do love the beautiful,—
  Wisdom, and power, and might,
Ye are not proof against the strength
  Of beauty's dazzling light!

The beautiful—the beautiful!—
  The old man lifts his eye,
The strong man looks devoutly on,
  As the vision passeth by.

The beautiful—the beautiful!
  Alas! I grieve for them
Possessing not the grace that is
  Sweet woman's diadem!

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